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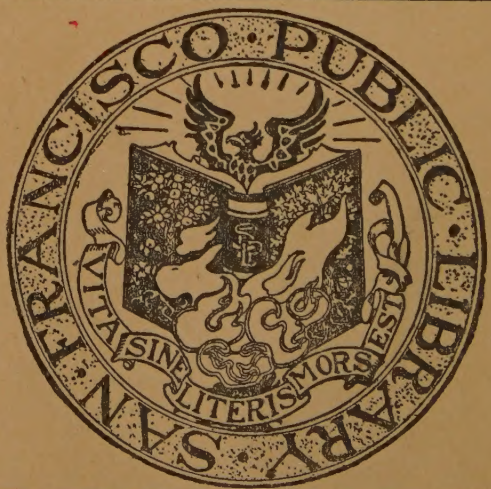

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SPINOZA

SEED OF ABRAHAM

TEN JEWS OF THE AGES

MORRIS S. LAZARON

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New York & London

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TO PAULINE

MAN'S LOVE IS NOT OF MAN'S LIFE A THING APART

FOREWORD

THIS book is called SEED OF ABRAHAM: Ten Jews of the Ages—not The Jews of the Ages. No one can choose a list of Jews which would be satisfactory to all, Christian and Jew alike.

I can almost hear you say: But why didn't you include So-and-so or So-and-so? And why did you exclude So-and-so? Perhaps you are right. Probably your selection of names would have been better than mine. Just remember, please, that these personalities are the choice of but one man and that you are entitled to include any other names you wish. Only, I pray you, let me have the same privilege.

Furthermore, bear in mind that I did not start out with the idea of selecting the greatest Jews who ever lived—I leave that task to the Jewish weeklies; nor was it my purpose to include only those Jews whose lives and labors have been primarily among the Jewish people. Such a book would have been a different work from this.

This is a book about Jews whom the world has claimed for its own. Some of these Jews left the Jewish faith for one reason or another. But the

world regards every one of them as Jews, and the gift of their lives is, I believe—with one exception —the gift of the Jewish spirit, no matter what their denominational labels may have been.

Moreover, these papers are not so much critical studies and attempts at appraisal as they are efforts to appreciate and understand. I have tried to catch the spirit of my subjects, to get inside their minds and hearts, look out at the world and see men and things as they saw them. We are not so much interested here in knowing just what they did and said, and the books they wrote, as we are in trying to find out the influences that made them what they were and the ideas that moved them.

It would be impossible for me to say thank you to other writers who furnished grist for my mill; this would mean printing a lengthy bibliography; I have tried to make acknowledgment in the course of the essays. In the Moses every one will recognize my debt to Flegg and to Achad Ha-am; the Heine translations are Mr. Untermeyer's, to whom I make grateful acknowledgment. I wish to express my thanks to Dr. Joshua Bloch of the Jewish Division of the New York Public Library for help in selecting the pictures. To my friend Dr. Herbert Adams Gibbons my gratitude; this book is his inspiration.

Finally, I want to express my appreciation to my secretary Miss Rose Greenberg for typing the manuscript, to my wife for the wisdom and value of her criticism and to an indulgent congregation whose love for its minister allows him the time to do this work.

As I rehearse in my mind the personalities whose life-stories I have told, I regret that from Jesus, whom the world calls Christian—though he lived and died a Jew—the Jews of these latter ages with one exception have not been professing adherents of their faith. Spinoza, Heine, Disraeli, Marx, the world calls you Jews! How sad that the intolerance of the world and the rigidity of your traditional religion placed you outside the pale of Judaism. Perhaps in this new day of greater liberality in the world and a broader interpretation of what is essential to Judaism, the Jews of the Ages in this day and in the days to come may not only possess the Jewish spirit *but* profess the Jewish religion, and, interpreting that spirit and that religion as did Spinoza, Heine, Disraeli, and Marx, make their contribution to the betterment of the world.

MORRIS S. LAZARON

Baltimore, Maryland
January 1930

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MOSES

We have yet to reach the heights where Moses climbed. He belongs not only to the Jews. The world has claimed him as its own.

MOSES

I STOOD in the Museum at Cairo and looked upon the withered face of Rameses II, who reigned in Egypt over 3,000 years ago. Those eyes had seen things of which all the world would like to know. What stories you might tell, proud Pharaoh, if those lips of yours could speak!

And did you know Moses? Did you see him? Did you hear his voice thundering, "Let my people go, that they may serve God"?

For sixty-seven years Rameses II ruled over Egypt. In his youth, proud, tall, handsome, there was in his eye the vision of the dreamer. A strange combination of qualities was this Pharaoh: ease-loving, pleasure-seeking, and vain, he was yet a man of fine courage and personal bravery. This last great Pharaoh of the empire has left his monuments from Thebes in southern Egypt to Beirut far in the north. He built Karnak, of which some one has said: "He who stands for the first time in the shadow of its overwhelming colonnades, that forest of mighty shafts, the largest ever erected by

human hands—crowned by the swelling capitals of the nave, on each one of which a hundred men may stand together; he who observes the vast sweep of its aisles, roofed with hundred-ton architraves, and knows that its walls would contain the entire Cathedral of Notre Dame; he who notes the colossal portal over which once lay a lintel block over forty feet long and weighing some one hundred and fifty tons—will be filled with respect for the age that produced this, the largest columned hall ever raised by man."

But to build these temples and monuments the land was filled with Asiatic slaves, among whom were the Hebrew tribes.

Men are insatiable hero-makers. The great and the true have always been lifted by the imagination to something more than human. Miracles attend their birth, their lives, their death. Fathers tell the story to sons, and each generation embellishes the tale and another hero is added to the universal pantheon. Yet, who will deny that these heroes projected by the idealism of a people are historical personalities? Created out of the despair, the hopes, and the dreams of mankind, they are the profound influences which mold our institutions. Of their real lives we know practically nothing. But of what men

have made of them, and what they have made of men, we know much.

At the dawn of Jewish history stands a dim figure, rising to majestic proportions—Moses, the redeemer of his people, the lawgiver, the prophet.

As a lad brought up in the house of Rameses the Great, he learned the names of the gods of Egypt: Anubis, the jackall, embalmer of the dead; Hathor, the fostering cow; and Horus, the hawk—and all the gods of Memphis and Thebes. But at night his mother, Jochabed, came to him and sang the songs of the tribe of Levi, the songs of a god who had no form, who could not be seen, yet who was everywhere, in sun and cloud, in beauty and in holiness. He was taught all those things which a young prince destined to sit upon the throne of Pharaoh should know: for had not Bithiah, daughter of Rameses, adopted him as her very own? And so he learned the history of Egypt, a mighty tale of conquest and glory and all the pageantry of royalty. As he grew to youth and manhood, pride was in his bearing but humility was in his heart.

Sent one day to report on the building operations at Pithom, near the city of Rameses, he saw how the glory of Egypt was builded upon the backs of slaves. He saw men, yoked one hundred strong, laboring

like oxen to lift a load of stone. He saw the sweat dripping from their bodies, and the hurt and hunger in their eyes. He saw one man fall as he made a last effort under the pitiless sun; saw him thrown aside to die, like some animal worn out and useless. Moses saw these things and thought of them, and they became a burden and a question in his heart.

One day he came upon an Egyptian smiting a Hebrew slave. An indignation which he could not understand rose up within him. He smote the Egyptian and hid him in the sand.

He went out another day, and two Hebrew slaves were striving together. He said to him who did the wrong: "Why do you smite him?" An ugly leer came upon the face of the man as he answered: "Who made *you* ruler and judge over us? Would you kill me as you did the Egyptian?" And Moses did not understand.

Up to that time his days were as sunlit as the bright oasis near Luxor's stately column; as the glistening of the marble of the Temple of Osiris. All the magic lore of the centuries which a hundred Pharaohs had employed was an open book to him. Youth! Freedom! Power! But what was this vague uneasiness which filled him as he saw the Hebrew slaves bearing serfdom's burden under the scorching desert sun to build a tomb for Pharaoh? Why did

he feel kinship with these mean laborers—he to whom the most brilliant court of all the world was open?

Then his mother came to him. She who had been nurse, companion of childhood's play, and confidante of boyish troubles; she whose hands had lingered tenderly over him, with a longing in her eyes as if about to say a word which stayed silent on her lips. His mother came and made herself known to him.

It was all clear then. The vague unrest he felt. His sympathy with the Hebrew bondmen.

"Flee, my son. There is no other course!" And she left him to the anguish of his spirit.

How could he leave Egypt—a prince, soon to be a Pharaoh?—skilled in priestcraft, statecraft, lifecraft. He would stand at the head of armies and mold the destinies of the world. His voice would be heard from the upper cataracts of the Nile to the sources of the Orontes. Peoples and kingdoms would smile at his smile and haste to do him honor. An empire at his feet!

But God overhead! He who had created the sun and the stars and the earth and nations and men; He who was King of Kings and mightier than Pharaoh. Why could not He leave him be? Why not let him enjoy the gifts so near to hand? Vision of

slavery; men in guerdon; the cruel wrong. His people, his very own, his flesh and blood!

Long moments on the parapet under the Egyptian night he stood, the cup of empire lifted to his lips. And then—the choice was made. He came down into the silent city, resolved to cast in his lot with the slaves, his people, and with the God of righteousness his God. And Moses fled into the desert, there to prepare himself for his ministry, to await the call which would summon him to leadership and set the bondmen free.

Moses lived as a shepherd in Midian. There is a legend of the rabbis—how one day a lamb wandered from the flock. The trail was rocky and dangerous, though it led to a spring of living water. Moses heard the cry of the animal as it stumbled and fell. He found it and carried it on his shoulders to where it could get drink. "Poor lamb," he said, "you must be tired." And on his shoulders he brought it back. And God seeing, said: "Since he hath pity upon a poor kid, bearing it upon his shoulder, taking upon him its weariness, then will he have pity upon my poor people, bearing them in his heart to take upon him the burden of their redemption."

"And in Egypt the children of Israel sighed by reason of their bondage, and they cried and their cry came up unto God."

The desert sojourn lasted many years. In the wilderness Moses found the strength which comes from loneliness. He made his own the tenderness which the sunset teaches and the anger of the loosed lightning and the power of the storm. The desert taught him many things. The hardness of the life, and the blinding, all-pervading sun, wrote on his heart knowledge of man's dependence on God. Simplicity of life in the broad, open spaces had taught him the equality of men, the lesson of human brotherhood. What puny gods the gods of Egypt, of stone and wood, wrought by the hand of man, gods which could not see nor speak nor hear. God was the mind that created the universe, the power of wind and storm, the beauty and pageantry of nature. God is He who calls into life, who does not exist for a day or a lifetime; who is ever and always; the will and love that abideth forever—the Great I AM. In his night broodings, when the stars shone out so clear, he seemed to hear the voice of the Great Creator calling him, challenging him: Oppression is wrong. Slavery is wrong. Go in unto Pharaoh and

say unto him: Let My people go that they may serve Me!

"And now, God, Thou hast called me. I am not worthy to speak in Thy name. Yet hast Thou said: I will be with thee. It is this which strengthens and sustains me. I shall go in unto Pharaoh. I shall demand in Thy name: Let My people go that they may serve Me!"

We do not know what transpired in Egypt. A grateful people redeemed from slavery painted a picture of heroic proportions. It is impossible to detach fact from glamourous legend. All became truth in the memory of the liberated Israelites. The forced audience with Pharaoh; the tall, angular, prophetic figure; the plagues; the night of terror; the mad haste of departure; the pillar of fire by night, the pillar of cloud by day; the pursuing Egyptians; the fright-maddened people; sea before them, Pharaoh behind them; hemmed in; caught in a trap!

"Is it because there were no graves in Egypt that thou hast taken us away to die in the wilderness? Aye! it were better to serve the Egyptians than die in the wilderness."

Ah! Moses, this is but one of many heartaches that will be yours. The first of many murmurs from this

people. Slaves cannot be made freemen overnight!

Moses climbs upon a hill and before him gather the Hebrews. "Fear ye not, stand still and see the salvation of God, which He will work for you today."

Can any one plumb the depths of that heart? Its despair, its hope, its prayerfulness, its faith?

Something took place there at the Red Sea which forever wrote itself in the memory of the Hebrew people. Father told it to son and son to his son and grandson. Out of the distant past the memories of the people reconstructed the scene. It became a miracle, the miracle of redemption. Through the generations this proud people celebrated the story of its birth as a nation and exalted the name of its hero who had led them forth from Egyptian thraldom.

"Egypt will never see you again. God has delivered you, not I. God has delivered you to make of you His people!"

Then sang Moses and the children of Israel:

The Lord is my strength and my song
And He hath become my salvation.
He is my God, my fathers' God,
And I will exalt Him.
Who is like unto Thee, O God, among the gods?
Who is like unto Thee, glorious in holiness,
Fearful in praises, working wonders?

"Moses led the children of Israel through the serpent-infested wilderness of Shur to Marah, whose waters were bitter. And they came to Elim and then to Rephidim." So runs the ancient tale. And the people hungered and thirsted, for the drought was in the land and the springs were drying up. And they murmured against Moses.

"Have you brought us up out of Egypt to kill us and our children and our cattle with thirst in the wilderness?"

And Moses said to the people: "When ye complain against me ye complain against God. Do ye not see that He is trying you as He tried the Egyptians? Will ye fail in the trial or will ye prove yourselves worthy of God?"

And Moses prayed. Stout-hearted, faithful Moses. Your anguish has just begun. Then Amalek, fierce Bedouin tribe of the desert, rose up against Israel and blocked the way so that Israel could not pass, and the people were faint of heart and had no stomach for the fight. Moses summoned Joshua, pure of heart and valiant, loyal warrior, to lead the embattled and reluctant Hebrews. And he said to them: "Ye have but to fight against men, for God is with you." And Moses filled them with such courage that they themselves clamored for the fray.

Remember the legend with which this incident is

associated? Moses goes to the hilltop overlooking the plain where the battle is fought. Hur and Aaron hold up his hands until the going down of the sun. And Israel conquers Amalek (for Amalek became in Hebrew tradition the symbol of Israel's enemy). And all through the centuries of his wanderings, when other Amaleks blocked his way, the vision of that lonely figure on the mountain, with upreaching arms, buoyed the fainting soul of the Jewish people and gave them strength to face pyre, pogrom, and rack and death with fortitude. "Blessed art Thou, O Lord our God, King of the Universe, Who didst perform wonders for our fathers in days gone by."

In the northeastern part of Arabia between the Gulf of Suez and the Gulf of Akaba there lies the peninsula of Sinai. Above is the wilderness El Tih and below the mountainous mass Jebel El Til, Nubian sandstone rising to a height of 3,000 feet. There is a deep-cut valley and beyond a mass of towering rock of granite and porphyry. This is the traditional Mount Sinai. Walls of stone, jagged, toothlike peaks, lifting themselves far up into the skies and catching the moods of the sun, or holding the dust-clouds that rise up from the desert.

The rabbis say that God chose Sinai, for, like

Israel, it was in No Man's Land, in the desert; and no people could say "This teaching is for me alone"; but it is destined to be the possession of all nations.

Moses well knew that with the Exodus his work had just begun. In those long years of preparation in the wilderness he had conceived a plan of organization and had fashioned a Teaching which at the appointed time he would reveal to Israel, laws of government, of justice, and of loving-kindness. And now the time had come.

Legend has garmented the occasion with a rich embroidery. And why not? That took place at Sinai under the inspiration of Moses which, at least as much as any other single event, had profound influence upon the world. There Israel was born as the people of religion. What took place there was conceived to be a covenant, an eternal covenant between the newly freed slaves and their God who had redeemed them. They were to be His people; He was to be their God. They pledged allegiance to Him! He pledged guidance and protection to them if they kept His Teaching. And ever through the ages the memory of that eternal covenant strengthened them. Where they could not understand God's dealings with them, they yet trusted in His love. Nor has Sinai been an influence upon Jewish life alone.

Its thundering challenge yet echoes round the world. Wherever law is exalted and freedom glorified, wherever justice rules and faithfulness ennobles the people, there is the sway of Moses, prophet and lawgiver.

Moses went up on the mountain, says the ancient account; for forty days and forty nights he stayed there. And in the silence and the loneliness he wrought out the Teaching which was to govern Israel and form the basis of morality, religion, and ordered human relations.

Moses had tarried on the mountain, and the people were weary with waiting. And as he drew near the camp he heard the noise of the people shouting. And lo! he saw a golden calf in the center of a mob of men and women and children, singing and dancing. Moses was disheartened.

"My task is greater than I can bear. They scorn the promise of the future. They forget the God who freed them. They fall upon their knees and worship an idol."

The task of deliverance from Egypt was easy compared with that which faced the disappointed leader. He had delivered them from physical bondage, but how could he save them from spiritual slav-

ery? The shackles of Pharaoh had bound their bodies. Now they were free. But their souls were still slave to Pharaoh's gods.

"Deserters of heritage and God!" Involuntarily the words fall from the lips of Moses. "O my God, Thou great Spirit Who hast claimed me and hast led me to do this thing. Hear me! This people have sinned a great sin and have made a god of gold!"

If God dealt with them as was just, Moses believed that all was lost. Perhaps they did merit destruction at God's hand. But no, no, that could not be. Anything but that. Destroy his people? No, no!

"Forgive them if Thou wilt, O my God. But if not—then blot me out, I pray Thee. Take me; spare them."

His love of his people burned in his heart. What was his life, one life, one single life, compared to the life of Israel? Others could carry on. He would die. He would gladly give his life for his people, if the example of his martyrdom could seal the covenant and consecrate Israel to the holy purpose of his dream.

There was a silence roundabout. The earth and the heavens were unheeding. And so it is always, when human despair knows no bounds. Man often lifts his voice to the skies and beats his arms against the battlements of eternity. Open to me! Open to me! Some answer give to my prayer! But no an-

swer comes from out the void, and the spirit of man draws back upon itself and struggles with the God that is not if He be not in us. And Moses found, as many a man has found, that God is not only in the silence of the heavens and in the majesty and beauty of the earth, but that God is within. A great illumination came into his soul. A sense of presence, of new strength. A great resolution.

"I shall not leave this people to the snares of the wilderness. If Thy presence go with me—!" It was the whisper of his unquenchable hope.

Then follows the work of organization. Tradition ascribes to Moses the teaching of the sacrifices, the offerings and even the traditional prayers, as well as the body of the ethical and moral laws which were to govern the nation. "Then he taught them the chanting of prayer, and this chanting must never stop; for when Israel on earth ceases from its chanting, the song of the angels in heaven ceases also."

The *cultus* was organized. Aaron was chosen as High Priest. Did Moses desire it for himself? Who knows? The rabbis declare he chose his brother to show his own humiliation.

And Moses taught them all the Teaching.

I am the God of history and all the peoples.
I am not God of Israel alone.
Ye shall not utter a false report.

Ye shall not follow a multitude to do evil. Ye shall not even favor the poor man in his cause; neither shall ye turn against him because of his poverty. But justice shall ye pursue.

Ye shall not afflict the orphan or the widow.

When ye reap the harvest of your land ye shall not wholly reap the corners of the field nor the full gleaning of the harvest; ye shall leave them for the poor, the stranger, the orphan, and the widow.

Keep holy the Sabbath day!

Ring in the year of Jubilee that it shall ring out oppression and want and poverty and slavery and ring in freedom and equality once more.

The stranger shall ye not oppress, for ye know the heart of the stranger; ye shall love the stranger, for ye were strangers in Egypt.

Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself—

Holiness, holiness shall ye seek, because the Lord God is Holy.

And through the ages of its wandering, Israel remembered that he was a "stranger in the land of Egypt." This thought charged his heart with tenderness and understanding, deepened within him a sense of responsibility, quickened his passion for justice, and his desire to minister to the downtrodden and oppressed. This is the legacy of Moses—his Teaching—to the children of men.

Have you ever set your heart upon some cherished

object? You dream of it; labor for it; sacrifice for it. Then comes the day when it seems within your grasp. The end of your longing. You reach out your hands to take it—it vanishes into nothingness. Gone are all your dreams, your labor, your sacrifice. It were better to die than to live on, haunted by the memory of what you would, should be, and racked by the pain of its futility.

It is comparatively easy to renounce one's life for a cause. Ask any hero. Nathan Hale said, "I have only this regret that I have but one life to give my country." This is a commonplace of heroism. When a challenging purpose claims a man, his own life seems a paltry thing to pay for it.

But the supreme heroism is to renounce the cause, not the life; not because you do not believe in it, but for the reason that you know its hopelessness. The supreme heroism is to tear a dream out of your heart, to reach down into the roots of your soul and pluck that dream out and lay it tenderly on one side. And then to go on, amid the ruins of your dream-castle, and quietly, courageously build again with hope and abiding faith. This is the epitome of heroism! This is sublime!

Realizing it was necessary to learn something of "the promised land," spies were sent out into Ca-

naan to bring back report as to the topography of the country, the fertility of the land, and the character of its inhabitants. The spies returned with discouraging report.

"We are not able to go up against this people, for they are stronger than we. They are men of great stature and warlike."

Dathan and Abiram rebelled. "We will not go up," they said. "What dost thou bring us, son of Amram?" cried Dathan the scoffer. "Locusts or lice? Hail or darkness?" "And what wouldst thou have of us," cried Abiram the slanderer, "our gold? Thou hast taken it already for the Tabernacle. Our cattle? Thou hast already taken them for burnt offerings."

And the sons of Korach rebelled. "Art thou the only one to know the will of God? Thou pretendest that He speaketh to thee, secretly. But did we not see and hear at Sinai? Wherefore shouldst thou alone speak in His name? Are we not all children of Israel? And are we not old enough to choose a leader or not to choose one as we desire?"

The multitude gathered round in ugly mood. "Aye, we are all equal. We desire no longer a leader. Thou hast lied to us and brought us here to die. Thou hast killed us by hunger and thirst. Thou hast made thyself an idol and askest us to worship thee. Thou art not God!"

And Moses, say the rabbis, answered them: "Fools! I was King in Egypt, and for you I left my crown. I was shepherd in Midian, and for you I left my solitude. I spake before Pharaoh. I brought you forth—nay, not I but with God's help—I brought you forth. Forty times I faced death beneath the stones hurled from your hands and forty times have I pleaded with God to pardon you!"

And Moses left them and went into the Tabernacle.

"God, my God. Was it I who asked of Thee to lead them? Have I not entreated Thee to leave me to my littleness? I have followed Thee. I have served Thee. For Thee have I suffered reproach and anguish. Yet what else shall I do when Thou commandest?"

Ah, Moses, know you not that every great man yields himself to a cause? He becomes its mouthpiece, its instrument. God speaks through him—he can but prophesy!

"How shall I pledge this people to Thee? How shall I inspire them with dreams for the future? How cause them to see that for which Thou hast destined them? This generation is not worthy. But let their children be their pledge. This generation shall wander in the wilderness till all of them are no more. I will teach their sons and of them I will make

a new generation that hath not known Egypt nor the idols of Egypt nor its sins nor the sins of the fathers. Their children shall cherish the Teaching above all things. From father to son it shall be handed down. It will be unto them a path of life in which they will walk."

And Moses deliberately rooted from his heart a hope which had nourished him for years; the dream and ambition of his life. He tore it from his soul with a moral courage sublime and set himself to the task of teaching, patient teaching of his people.

Moses had grown old. And he felt his work to be almost done. A new generation had grown up, hardened to the life of the wilderness, faithful followers of the prophet, pledged to keep the Teaching and conscious of its destiny. He gathered the people about him. In a last address he rehearsed the history of the years and filled the hearts of the people with the joy of confidence and hope. In the presence of the multitude he summoned Joshua, who had shown himself a man of valor and dependable, and Moses blessed Joshua, anointing him for leadership. And Joshua wept, saying: "Wherefore is this greatness come upon me?"

Moses did not want to die. No man likes to lay down the burden before his task is done. Moses de-

sired to complete the work, to lead his people into the land of promise. But it is not given to men to finish the work. And Moses knew his days were numbered. No wonder he pleaded with God. "Oh, let me live to see the completion of my work!" A human longing. But Moses was a man, not God, and his heart's most cherished desire was not realized. Thus it is with all of us. At the root of life is relinquishment; for man, so runs the ancient tale, was created not only from the dust of the earth, but with the dust God mingled a tear. Pain and heartache are of the very stuff of life.

Legend paints the picture of Moses' end. He heard a voice: "Moses, Moses. Go up alone unto Mount Nebo and die. Thou shalt see the land, but thou mayest not enter into it."

Moses went up to Mount Nebo and died there on the mountain. And "no man knoweth his sepulcher unto this day."

Why, ask the rabbis, did not God wish the grave of Moses to be known? For if mankind knew the place they would go there and worship him and make there an idol, and of Moses they would make a God. This would set at naught the teaching of Moses that God alone is God and there is none like Him.

But to-day in Palestine every spring, when the

hills of Judea are clothed in beauty and the poppies crown the land with a carpet of red, the Moslem people, to whom Moses is likewise sacred, make their pilgrimage—Nebi Musa—to a place in the wilderness of Judea, overlooking the Dead Sea. Here, says the Moslem tradition, is Moses' tomb. Thousands go there amid pomp and great ceremonial; they go there as to a shrine. But for the Jews the older tradition holds. "No man knoweth his sepulcher unto this day."

Shall we go with Moses as he leaves his people, standing silent in the valley? They see his noble figure with flowing beard and white crowned head make its way along the upward trail. A moment he stands where the rocky path bends round a curve. He lifts his hands in final blessing and—is gone!

Up, up to Nebo's mountain-top. And there he sees the outstretched land of promise, hill and valley bathed in the golden light of the dying day. The mountains of Moab rising from the Dead Sea, their upright cliffs all asheen with gold and red and brown; the far-off hills of Samaria, and snow-crowned Hermon rising like a wraith to the north; the distant blue of the Mediterranean. "Oh, my people, many vicissitudes will meet you in the years to come. Ye shall be tracked down barefoot and with

bleeding hands through the valleys and through the mountains, beneath the sun and beneath the storm, without a home and without a land, without rest. Untold pain and unmeasured sorrow shall be your portion. There shall never be a sorrow like unto yours."

A legend has it that God said to Moses: "I see your sorrow over your people. I have ordained death for all mortals. For Israel alone have I ordained life, in order that man shall live, and that there shall be the Messiah. If thou desire it, I can change my decree; thou shalt not die, but Israel shall perish. Thy day shall be stayed, thou shalt be eternal, but the Messiah shall not be born."

And Moses answered God: "Thou art a God of mercy, King of the world; let the Messiah come and let man live; let Israel live and let me perish."

He who relinquished the throne of Egypt; he who dared a hundred deaths; he who offered his life once before to save the people whom he loved; he who had redeemed them, taught them, anguished over them, what was his life compared with the life of Israel? He trusted them; had faith in the redemptive power of the Teaching!

"Kings and princes will rise up against them with hate in heart and the sword of death in their hand. The Teaching will be their comfort! Persecution and

torture will dog their wandering footsteps. The Teaching will guide and sustain them!"

Hope filled Moses' heart as in those last moments he beheld the distant future. He saw his people, unscarred, though having braved a thousand funeral pyres; unbruised, though borne upon by every tyrant's heel; united as brothers in a common heritage of the Teaching, living in Palestine, in every land and among all peoples, sprouting as the lily, blossoming as the rose, its fragrance sweetening the lives of mankind the world over. He saw Israel, with the Teaching in his hand, leading the peoples to the mountain of God, and all the nations he heard proclaiming, "The Lord, He alone is God!"

The Moses of Jewish tradition is the champion of liberty, the law-giver, the prophet.

What Garibaldi and Mazzini are to Rome, what Bolivar and San Martin are to the people of South America, what the men who wrote the Magna Charta are to England, what Washington is to us, Moses is to the Jew. He delivered them from Egyptian thraldom and made of them a free nation. His was the first attempt in the annals of man to found a free republic.

In the Judean commonwealth, based upon the laws of Moses is the inspiration for the democratic

ideal. It crossed the Mediterranean and molded the legislation of Rome; it crossed the Channel and inspired the protagonists of England's free government; it was borne across the waters of the Atlantic and formed the keystone of the legislative spirit of the New World. It stands for organization, for discipline, for stability and ordered progress.

What Savonarola and Huss and Calvin and Servetus and Luther are to the men of our Western world, Moses is to the Jew. He stood before Pharaoh, and his ringing cry is the protest of the free mind of man against priestcraft, the eternal challenge of the pure religious spirit to the cruelty of bigot and fanatic. "Let My people go that they may serve Me!" he cries to Pharaoh and the priests of ancient Egypt. "Only God is your inheritance," he proclaims to ancient Israel.

Champion of the poor and downtrodden, he was the friend of labor. In an age of tyrannies, tyrannies which made men bondmen and the spirits of men slavish and sodden, he promulgated laws of righteousness, of justice, and of loving-kindness.

In an age of brutality and bestiality, when God was worshiped in pagan rite and sensual practice, he summoned men to lives of goodness and purity and holiness. "Be ye holy as I the Lord thy God am holy!" he thundered in the ears of his generation, and the

echo of that mighty voice resounds to-day in every demand for right living laid upon the conscience of humanity, in every effort of the human soul to realize its best in conduct as well as in creed.

Above all, in an age of idolatry and superstition, his voice is heard above the cant of priests and polytheists: There is no God but God, awful in His Unity, the Universal Spirit, the Father of all humanity.

We have yet to reach the heights where Moses climbed. He belongs not only to the Jews. The world has claimed him as its own!

DAVID

The songs of ancient Judea associated with the name of David have become the prayer-book of our Western world. . . . Much of the blessed gifts of the spirit which are ours to-day have come to us out of the pages of the Book of Psalms. Thus has the house of David brought that much nearer man's hope and dream and prayer—the Messianic time.

DAVID

NIGHT on Lake Pleasant. The moon rides high and full. We row out from the dock upon the lake. One by one the lights of the cottages go out; the sounds of music and the happy voices from the hotel are stilled. We drop the oars and gaze around us. The noble ridges of the Adirondacks rise round about us. A path of glistening silver leads across the water to the moon. A magic web is spun between earth and sky. It melts the line of mountains, the line where shore and water meet. There are no sharp contrasts as at sunset, when the western ridges boldly silhouette the sky, but an infinite tender unity of grays and blues, shimmering water and phantom landscape. It is like the first dim dawn of the world when the fabric of creation rose out of the chaos. And I think of David's Psalm:

O God our Lord, how excellent is Thy name in all the earth!

Thou hast set Thy glory in the heavens.

When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy hands,

The moon and the stars which Thou hast established,
What is man that Thou art mindful of him?
And the son of man that Thou thinkest of him?
Yet hast Thou made him but little lower than the angels,
And hast crowned him with glory and honor.
Thou hast given him dominion over the works of Thy hands,
Thou hast placed all things within his power.
O God our Lord, how excellent is Thy name in all the earth!

I think of the slow rise of man from the skin-clad brute who lived in caves, and wrested a living from unwilling nature, to modern man. Just when, in the evolving process, did intelligence enter? At what point did sacrifice and love come in? And when did man first feel the urge of dreams and hopes and ideals? All the pageantry of history passed in my mind's eye. I saw mankind organized as clans, as tribes, as marauding peoples. I saw man worship idols and bow to graven images; breaking old gods and creating new ones. I saw him conquered by disease, yet valiantly battling for health. I saw him yield to superstition, yet falter forward to truth. I saw him victim of a thousand ills, yet struggle upward to the light. I saw him unite as nations for war; I saw his world laid waste by bloodshed and destruction, yet he rises, impelled by some mighty inner

power, driven by some dream of immeasurable glory, claimed by a hope that would not die. What is that dream? What is that hope that will not die?

All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good shall exist;
Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty, nor good, nor power
Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist
When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.
The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard;
Enough that he heard it once: we shall hear it by and by.[1]

When the times were darkest, man longed for the light. When tyrants trampled liberty, man longed most for freedom. When oppression bore down most heavily, man dreamed most of liberty. When war cursed him, he prayed most for peace. Man's ultimate dream was for redemption. Man's last hope was for salvation. Man's ever-present prayer was for Messiah. The idea of Messiah is the gift of the Jew

[1] Browning: *Abt Vogler.*

to the world. The personality of the Messiah is intrinsically bound up with David, King of Israel.

About the year 1000 before the present era, David, a shepherd boy of Judea, came upon the stage of the world drama. The fascinating story of his rise to power is told in the First and Second Books of Samuel, nearly contemporaneous accounts with the events they portray. This lad, whom tradition pictures as fair-haired, blue-eyed, and with a winning smile, changed the course of Jewish history. He so influenced the mind of his people with the impress of his personality that he became the ideal king, the anointed of God, the Messiah to whom they looked in later years for redemption whenever the oppressor laid hard upon them. Out of Israel's hope for a Messiah of the house of David there grew the conviction that the Man of Nazareth was that Messiah. And so strong was this belief that Jesus was the Messiah, and so general the feeling that he must come of the house of David, that both his Gospel biographers trace Jesus' lineage back to David. Thus has David, the Shepherd King, changed the face of our Occidental world.

The story is told by the biblical narrator with complete simplicity. David comes to the court of Saul, first King of Israel, as a minstrel whose talent

for music wins the stricken monarch some respite from his melancholia. Long years in the out-of-doors tending his father's sheep had strengthened his frame and fitted him for the lifelong battle to which his adventurous spirit now called him. He wins the love of Jonathan, son of Saul, and the hand of Michal, daughter of the king. His dashing courage makes him the idol of the people. He becomes a warrior of the king who "killed his tens of thousands." Saul's jealousy and attempts upon David's life force him to flee. Some years pass while David lives in the wilderness of Judea and on the borderland of Philistia, even as Robin Hood in the Forest of Sherwood.

But all's not well in Israel. The Philistine cities join together to do battle against Israel and destroy Saul's new-founded kingdom. The plain of Jezreel is strewn with the bodies of the Hebrew dead. Deep is the degradation of Israel, whose tribes once more become tributary to the Philistines. Short-lived was their hope of independence. Israel lies prostrate beneath the conqueror's heel, with none to save her.

David meanwhile had been living at Hebron as leader of the southern tribe of Judah. He too was a vassal of Philistia. To him the stricken tribes of Israel turned, for Israel had not forgotten David's earlier exploits. The Philistines attempt to crush his

growing power at once. Moab to the south falls on his rear; is beaten. In quick succession Ammon, Aram, and Edom attack him. Victory followed every battle. The invading enemy was repelled; the conqueror became the conquered and paid tribute to David. Israel was free and at peace and David sat upon the throne of Saul.

When called to leadership, the boundaries of his country were but from Dan to Beersheba. Now he ruled an empire from the river of Egypt to the Euphrates, from Gaza to Damascus. This quick turn-about of fortune sealed for centuries Israel's covenant of loving loyalty to the house of David. He was the redeemer of the people, their deliverer from the tyrant's yoke, the savior of his people.

It was not David's military prowess alone, however, which endeared him to Israel, and so stamped his name upon their memory that generations thereafter looked upon him as the ideal king. It was not his record as a soldier that caused the world to recognize his seed as Messiah. It was the character of the man. That character speaks throughout the ancient tale. David's biographers do not gloss over nor do they minimize or palliate his mistakes. Only later generations idealized him. The account in the Chronicles, written some hundreds of years later,

already drapes his figure with the garments of idealization. The authors of Samuel do not. In Samuel we see David the man with all his charm yet with all his weaknesses. But we see, too, a simplicity, a nobility of spirit, a depth of religious faith, a profound sincerity, and a genuine inner integrity. Building upon these foundations, and uniting with the memory of his martial victories, the David of historic tradition, the Messiah-David, naturally emerges.

A generally recognized authentic specimen of David's work is his elegy on the death of Saul and Jonathan. What ironic justice in the situation, that the avenger of Saul was the very man who had been persecuted by him! David, driven from court, a price upon his head, exiled, condemned to outlawry, forgets it all. He remembers only that Israel's king is dead, the leader of his people; he remembers only that his friend was murdered and the father of his friend. Out of the depths of his sorrow he speaks:

Thy beauty, O Israel, upon thy high places is slain!
How are the mighty fallen!
Tell it not in Gath,
Publish it not in the streets of Askelon;
Lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice,
Lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph.

Saul and Jonathan, the lovely and the pleasant
In their lives, even in their death they were not divided;
They were swifter than eagles,
They were stronger than lions.
Ye daughters of Israel, weep over Saul,
Who clothed you in scarlet, with other delights,
Who put ornaments of gold upon your apparel.
How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle!
Jonathan upon thy high places is slain!
I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan;
Very pleasant hast thou been unto me;
Wonderful was thy love to me,
Passing the love of women.
How are the mighty fallen,
And the weapons of war perished! [1]

Witness too the incident of Nathan the prophet. After the successful war against Ammon, David tarried at Jerusalem. One evening, walking upon the roof of his palace, he saw a woman bathing. The woman was beautiful to look upon. She was Bathsheba, wife of Uriah the Hittite. And David loved Bathsheba.

David wrote a letter to Joab, his kinsman and commander of his armies: "Set ye Uriah in the forefront of the hottest battle and retire ye from him so that he may be smitten and die."

[1] II Samuel, I.

Uriah the Hittite died in battle. Such things come sooner or later to light. The Bible narrator tells the story:

And Nathan the prophet came unto David and said unto him: "There were two men in one city: the one rich and the other poor. The rich man had exceeding many flocks and herds; but the poor man had nothing save one little ewe lamb which he had brought up and reared; it grew up together with him and his children; it did eat of his own morsel and drank of his own cup and lay in his bosom and was unto him as a daughter.

"And there came a traveller unto the rich man and he spared to take of his own flock and of his own herd to dress for the wayfaring man that was come unto him, but he took the poor man's ewe lamb, his only one and dressed it for the man that was come unto him."

And David's anger was greatly kindled against the man and he said to Nathan: "As the Lord liveth, the man that hath done this thing deserveth to die. He had no pity!"

And Nathan said to David: "Thou art the man!"

And David said unto Nathan: "I have sinned!" [1]

David loved Absalom his son. Absalom was strong and graceful of body, good to look upon, yet vain, ambitious, and unscrupulous. Absalom "stole the hearts of Israel" and sought to undermine his father and dispossess him. David was forced to

[1] I Samuel, XII.

flee for his life before the machinations of Absalom, whose followers cursed him and cast stones at him.

If by God's mercy I shall be permitted to return to Jerusalem, then shall I again behold the Ark of the Covenant and the sanctuary; if not, if God rejects me, I am ready to endure what seemeth good unto Him.

Again the loyal, valiant Joab saved his king. David, broken with disappointment at the rebellion of his son, mounts the ramparts of the palace to learn word of the outcome of the final battle. He had given order that Absalom, ingrate, traitor to his father and country, should yet be spared. Who can measure the end of a father's love?

The king sees a man running.

"He is a good man and cometh with good tidings."

And Ahimaaz called and said unto the king: "All is well."

And he bowed down before the king and said "Blessed be the Lord thy God who hath delivered up the men that lifted up their hand against my lord the king."

And the king said: "Is it well with the young man Absalom?"

And Ahimaaz answered: "When Joab sent the king's servant, I saw a great tumult, but I knew not what it was."

The king said: "Turn aside and stand here." And he turned aside and stood still.

And behold the Cushite came and said: "Tidings for my lord the king! The Lord hath avenged thee this day of all them that rose up against thee!"

And the king said unto the Cushite: "Is it well with the young man Absalom?"

And the Cushite answered: "The enemies of my lord the king and all that rise up against thee to do thee hurt, be as that young man is!"

And the king was deeply moved and went up to the chamber over the gate and wept; and as he went he said:

"O my son Absalom, my son!
My son Absalom!
Would I had died for thee, O Absalom!
My son! My son!" [1]

In addition to his qualities as a general, the genuineness of his feelings, and the childlike simplicity of his faith, David seems to have had rare qualities of statesmanship.

The bonds that united the tribes were rather loose at best. Saul's rule, unstable and brief as it was, had hardly made of them a nation. The tribes to the north were always jealous of those to the south. Ephraim looked with suspicion upon Judah. It was only the pressure of a great need and a common fear —the Philistine threat—that brought the sons of Jacob together. At Saul's death the loose union fell apart. True, they turned to David, but he was their

[1] II Samuel, XVIII-XIX.

only hope. He lived at Hebron to the south. The larger tribes and the greater number of the Hebrews lived to the north. Hebron could hardly serve as the capital.

David sensed the need for a more centrally located national capital. Nearly midland of Palestine was the last Canaanite stronghold, set upon a mountain, Jebus, home of the Jebusites. An almost impregnable fortress it was, approached from three sides up steep cliffs and from the north through the hills that slope down toward Samaria. Jebus, neither north nor south, identified with no tribe, would be acceptable to both Ephraim and Judah. Furthermore, as a redoubtable stronghold against attack it offered almost impregnable security. It was taken with little struggle and no bloodshed. Joab having discovered the entrance to the watercourse which fed the city, and crawling with his warriors inside the walls, surprised the unsuspecting Jebusites. One thinks of the fateful wooden horse of Troy.

Jebus (Jerusalem, the city of the god Shalum) thus became the political center of the kingdom and was called the City of David.

That David's choice was strategically a wise one is shown by the resistance the city offered in the later years to Assyrians, Babylonians, Romans, and Crusaders. The City of David is not an empty

phrase, for Jerusalem is really David's creation; and, as Cornill, the great German scholar, declares, "when we consider what Jerusalem was to the people of Israel and through the people of Israel to all mankind, we shall recognize in the foundation of this City of David an event of world-wide importance."

Under David, Jerusalem became not only the political capital of the nation but its religious center as well. The Ark containing the Tables of the Law, which had rested at Shiloh, was the symbol of Israel's faith. Traditions, even then centuries old, connected with Moses and dating back to the Exodus, had held out the promise that the tribes of Israel would inherit Canaan. That promise, under David, had been fulfilled. The Ark was a constant, daily reminder to the people of its God's providential care.

Amid pomp and ceremony the Ark was brought up from Shiloh and given a permanent home in Jerusalem. Some scholars assert that the famous Psalm 24 was composed by David to mark the dramatic occasion:

> Lift up your heads, O ye gates;
> And be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors;
> And the King of Glory shall come in!
> Who is this King of Glory?
> The Lord, strong and mighty,

The Lord mighty in battle,
The Lord of Hosts—
He is the King of Glory!

Nothing David could have done would have made a more profound impression on the people nor have claimed so deeply their loyalty. He thus firmly established the national religion, laying the foundations of that colorful *cultus* of the religion of ancient Israel, with its orders of priests and Levites, its singers and ministrants, which lasted with but brief interruption for nearly one thousand years.

A German scholar says of him: "However far I let my gaze wander among the ranks of the great figures of history, I find no parallel among them for so completely a 'self-made man.' He is one of those phenomenal men such as Providence gives but once to a people, in whom a whole nation and its history reaches once for all its climax. David created Israel and at the same time raised it to its highest eminence; what Israel was under and through David it never again became. And so we can easily understand how the eyes of Israel rested in grateful reverence upon this figure, and how a second David became the dream of Israel's future. . . . This king, who did more for the worldly greatness and earthly power of Israel than any one else, was a genuine Israelite in that he appreciated also Israel's religious destiny:

he was no soldier-king, no conqueror and warrior of common stamp, no ruler like any one of a hundred others, but he is the truest incorporation of the unique character of Israel, a unique personality in the history of the world, and we understand how he could become the impersonation of an idea—how the highest and holiest that Israel hoped for and longed for appears as the son of David." [1]

Thus David became the symbol of the idea of Messiah, an idea which perhaps more than any other single concept has dominated our Western civilization. Arising out of the yearning for redemption from the oppression of an enemy, the idea was developed and spiritualized by the prophets into the hope for a future when God would create His kingdom here on earth, through the person of the Messiah of the seed of David, and his coming would bring peace and good-will among the nations.

It is easy to understand how later Jewish tradition would regard such a personality. In our own times legend has grown about the character of Washington and Lincoln. Imagination wove wonderful stories about David, but these stories give insight into the place he had in the hearts of the people.

David was a lad of small stature, but when Sam-

[1] Cornill: "History of the People of Israel."

uel anointed him with oil and blessed him as the founder of a line of kings, he became tall. Saul's armor, though apparently too large for him, fitted the youthful giant-killer perfectly. On his way to the combat with Goliath, five stones rose up from the ground and placed themselves in his hands, becoming one great stone. When he besieged Jerusalem, the walls were miraculously lowered so that David might enter. Jewish legend naïvely sets back the origin of the Sanhedrin, that group of scholars who interpreted the law, to David's time and gravely represented the elders of Israel as upholding David's commands. He enjoys great distinction among the elect in Paradise, seated at the side of the Throne of Glory; and at the banquet which will mark the sundown of Judgment Day, David will close the heavenly proceedings with a blessing over the cup of wine!

Of the 150 Psalms, seventy-three were ascribed to David because of the superscription assigning authorship to him. It was natural for later opinion, both Christian and Jewish, to claim for David the authorship of the entire collection. Conservative scholarship credits him with having written the elegies and some of the poems which bear his name. Radical, critical thought reduces his poetic activities

to the dirge on the death of Saul and Jonathan. This much, however, is altogether true: these poems, which form so large a part of the liturgy of our Western world, are inevitably associated with the name of David.

Tradition has it that above the couch of David there hung a harp. The night winds, playing over the strings, made such sweet music that the poet-warrior-king rose from his bed and through the long hours till dawn gave utterance to words which matched the divine melodies. An English scholar, Rowland Prothero, in his thrilling book "The Psalms in Human Life," says of these Psalms of David that they contain the whole music of the heart of man, swept by the hand of his Maker. In the Book of Psalms "are gathered the lyrical burst of his tenderness, the moan of his penitence, the pathos of his sorrow, the triumph of his victory, the despair of his defeat, the firmness of his confidence, the rapture of his assured hope. In it is presented the anatomy of all parts of the human soul; in it, as Heine says, are collected 'sunrise and sunset, birth and death, promise and fulfilment—the whole drama of humanity.' "

The traditional songs of David were on the lips of the early Christians in Rome when the cruelty of Diocletian fell upon them. Columba, to whom

northern Britain owes its Christianity, was sustained by the Psalms of David. The Crusaders on every battle-field against the Saracens sang his songs; they were the war-cry of the Templars and the motto of the great Armada. Dante, immortal singer of Italy, passing through the gates of Purgatory, finds David "Israel's sweet harper." Again and again his great poem, which heralded a new day in literature, is charged with the spirit of the Psalms. The last work of the pure-hearted and martyred Savonarola was his meditations on Psalms 51 and 31. Luther, valiant founder of Protestantism, declares: "I love them all; they belong to me!" Bacon, one of the glories of the Elizabethan age, bases his "Mirror for Magistrates" on Psalm 101. "King David propounded a rule to himself for the choice of his courtiers. He was a wise and good king, and a wise and good king shall do well to follow such a good example; and if he find any to be faulty, let him take on him this resolution as King David did, 'There shall no deceitful person dwell in my house.' " The Psalms were the Huguenot Marseillaise, and singing these songs of Zion they fought the French wars of religion; their meetings were summoned by the singing of a Psalm, and by the Psalms their martyrs were sustained in the midst of torture. Cromwell, storm center during twenty years of stirring Eng-

lish history, opens Parliament with a speech on Psalms 46 and 85; every public utterance reveals them as his guide, his inspiration. He conceives himself to be England's David, an armed soldier of God. In his victories and in his defeats he summons the spirit of the singer of Israel to voice for him his joy, his gratitude, his prayer. The ships that brought the Pilgrim Fathers to the States set sail to the singing of Psalms, and John Winslow declares "it was the sweetest melody that ever mine ears heard." Benjamin Franklin, speaking before the convention assembled to frame a Constitution for the United States, bases his words upon the first verse of Psalm 127. President Coolidge, addressing a gathering in Washington, aptly quoted Lecky, who said: "The Hebraic mortar cemented the foundations of American Democracy."

"With a psalm we are married and buried; with a psalm we realize to the full and end our earthly existence. With what strange power do the familiar words of the Book come home to us as we grow older! Here are verses over which have stumbled, forty years ago, the childish lips of brothers, severed from us by years of change and absence, yet now by force of association with the Psalms seated once again by our side in the broken circle of the home. Here again is a passage which with trembling voice

and beating heart we read aloud by the death-bed of one with whose passing the light faded and our own lives grew gray and void and lampless. Yet it is still to the Psalms, even when they wound us most, that we turn for help and comfort.

"To weary travelers of every condition and at every period of history the Psalms have been rivers of refreshment and wells of consolation. They alone have known no limitations to a particular age, country, or form of faith. In them the spirit of controversy and the war of creeds are forgotten: love of the Psalter has united the Anglican and Roman Catholic, Presbyterian and Nonconformist. . . . Surviving all the changes in church and state, in modes of thought, in habits of life, in forms of expression, the Psalms, as devotional exercises, have sunk into our hearts; as sublime poetry, have fired our imaginations; as illustrations of human life, have arrested our minds and stored our memories.

"In the Psalms the vast hosts of suffering humanity have found the deepest expression of their hopes and fears. As Jesus himself died with the words of a Psalm upon His lips, so the first martyr, Stephen, had used the words thus hallowed. So also in prison at Philippi, Paul and Silas encouraged themselves by singing Psalms throughout the night. It was by the Psalms that the anguish wrung from tortured lips

on the cross, at the stake, on the scaffold, and in the dungeon has been healed and solaced. Strong in the strength that they impart, young boys and timid girls have risen from their knees in the breathless amphitheater, thronged with its quivering multitudes, and boldly faced the lions. . . . With the Psalms upon their tongues, myriads have died—now in quiet sick-rooms, surrounded by all who loved them best in life; now, alone, and far from home and kindred; now hemmed in by fierce enemies howling for their blood. Thus in the Psalms there are pages which are stained with the life-blood of martyrs and wet with the tears of saints; others which are illuminated by the victories of weak humanity over suffering and fear and temptation; others which glow with the brightness of heroic constancy and almost superhuman courage. Over the familiar words are written as it were in a palimpsest, the heart-stirring romances of spiritual chivalry, the most moving tragedies of human life and action." [1]

These songs of ancient Judea associated with the name of David have become the prayer-book of our Western world. They have accompanied the generations in the long march through the centuries toward freedom and truth and godliness. They have

[1] Prothero: "The Psalms in Human Life."

brought hope out of despair, strength out of weakness, and have inspired the martyrs, Jew and Christian alike, for liberty and righteousness. Much of the blessed gifts of the spirit which are ours to-day have come to us out of the pages of the Book of Psalms. Thus has the house of David brought that much nearer man's dream and hope and prayer—the Messianic time.

JEREMIAH

A patriot who loved his people yet dared to condemn them; a man to whom the injustices and wrongs of his day were a challenge; a social reformer who mounted the hustings and lifted his voice against the oppressor of the weak and the stricken; whose great heart bled with the sorrow of the disinherited of earth; a pious man to whom God was the greatest reality of his life—this was Jeremiah.

JEREMIAH

THOMAS HUXLEY wrote: "In the heart of the world of idolatrous polytheists, the Hebrew prophets put forth a conception of religion which appears to me to be as wonderful an inspiration as the art of Phidias or the science of Aristotle." This is high praise coming from the leader of that group of scientists who have usually been classed among the detractors of religion. Yet, strange as it may seem, religionist and scientist, orthodox and liberal, Fundamentalist and Modernist, bourgeois and Bolshevik, Protestant, Catholic, and Jew—all our Western world have claimed these Hebrew prophets as their own.

To some they represent the gradual evolution of the plan of salvation which reached its fullest expression in Jesus; they foretell the coming of the God-man Messiah; to others, their denunciation of the economic and social wrongs of their day, their message of social justice and righteousness, give them immortal modernity; and innumerable men and women delight in the beauty and sublimity of

their literary style, replete with vigorous figures of speech and exalted flights of the imagination. Indeed, these prophets themselves would be the first to deny many of the interpretations placed by later generations upon their words. They were *forth*-tellers rather than foretellers. The Hebrew word *Nabi,* prophet, comes from a root which means to "bubble forth." The exigencies of the times in which they lived, merging in the personalities of these men, created the genius of Hebrew prophecy. Often they sought to evade the burden their conscience laid upon them. "I am a man of unclean lips," says Isaiah, "unworthy to speak in Thy name." "I am but a youth," cries Jeremiah; "how shall I lift up my voice in denunciation or in pleading?" But the urge within them was greater than they could withstand—they could but prophesy. "When the lion roars," says Amos, "who can but fear; when God speaks, who can but prophesy?"

It is true, as Emerson writes in his Journal, that "every young man is prone to be misled by the suggestion of his own ill-founded ambition, which he mistakes for the promptings of a secret genius." But there is an inevitableness about prophecy as there is about poetry; a must-be-ness, inherent in the very scheme of things. The great god Pan, "while he sat by the side of the river," broke the

reed and "drew the pith" and "blew in power by the river." The prophet's spirit is but the instrument through which the divine spirit pours itself out upon the world. Twenty-seven centuries of world veneration have confirmed the exalted place of the Hebrew prophets.

At a time when every people had its own God and the heavens were filled with innumerable pantheons of man-made deities, the prophets proclaimed a universal Father; when every nation urged the protection of its particular divinity and worshiped its image of wood or stone, the prophets proclaimed the inscrutable glory of God the Spirit; when the tribes cowered in fear before the demons and evil agencies which inherited the forests and the skies, the prophets spoke in the name of the one eternal spirit of life and love; when the clans gathered for sacrifice and claimed special protection of the Theos-anthropos in pillage, spoliation, and rapine, the prophets thundered in the name of a God of justice in whose eyes every people was alike, and who could not suffer corruption and evil to go unpunished. When priests plundered and judges perverted justice, when nobles and princes were corrupt, and the poor, the orphan, and the widow were ground to earth and the masses of the people were bowed down, the prophets lifted their voices in

mighty denunciation. Their words, so simple, so trenchant, striking at the root of the social iniquities of ancient Israel, are intensely modern and have been the inspiration for social justice throughout the centuries.

Religion is not a matter of sacrifice and burnt offering, of worship in church or synagogue, of ritual, litany, and creed.

Amos speaking at Samaria in the days of Jeroboam II, cries:

Hear ye, who turn justice to wormwood
And cast down righteousness to the earth;
Who trample upon the poor
And afflict the just;
Who take a bribe and thrust aside the needy at the gate—
I hate, I despise your feasts
And I take no delight in your festivals.
Banish from Me the noise of your songs!
But let justice roll down as water
And righteousness as a never-failing stream.

These men were patriots, yet they did not hesitate to condemn the evils of their country because of which it seemed to be rushing headlong to destruction.

Isaiah proclaims:

Woe unto them that join house to house
And add field to field. . . .
Woe unto them who tarry late into the night
Until wine inflames them.
Woe unto them that call evil good and good evil,
That put darkness for light
And light for darkness.
Woe unto them that are wise in their own eyes
And prudent in their own conceit.
When ye spread forth your hands,
I will hide mine eyes from you;
And if ye make many prayers, I will not hear.
Your hands are stained with blood;
Wash ye—that ye be clean!
Cease to do evil; learn to do good;
Seek justice; relieve the oppressed;
Vindicate the orphan; plead for the widow!

So might one quote from every prophet words of burning indignation spoken by this little band of inspired men who trod the Palestinian hills centuries ago, preaching their message of social, moral, and religious regeneration; words of protest that ring down the ages because of their truth and their utter sincerity; words that need to be said again and again in our own time.

Is it any wonder Huxley wrote as he did? Did not these men enunciate for all time the fundamental

values of the religious life? And are not these values as real to-day as on the day on which they were uttered? It is because of this, because of the intrinsic worth of what they said, rather than because councils of religionists have declared them sacred, that these utterances have claimed the love and challenged the conscience of every generation.

Upon this background we shall paint the picture of one of the most striking figures among the prophets—Jeremiah.

There is a fascinating parallel between the lives of Jeremiah and Jesus. Both are called "man of sorrows"; frustration and tragedy seemed to haunt them. Anguish of body and soul was their portion; their ministry was the agony of the lonely and misunderstood. So intimate is the similarity, that when Christian theologians declared the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah refers to the coming of the Nazarene—

He was despised and forsaken of men,
A man of pain and familiar with sorrow. . . .
He was wounded because of our transgressions,
Crushed because of our iniquities. . . .
As a lamb led to the slaughter,
They made his grave with the wicked
And his tomb with the ungodly,
Although he had done no violence,
Neither was any deceit in his mouth—

Some Jewish theologians declared this a description of Jeremiah who "drank the cup of wrath," who preached to an unheeding generation, who saw his country ravaged and Jerusalem destroyed, and who met his death in Egypt!

About the year 650 B.C.E. Jeremiah was born at Anathoth, a village to the northeast of Jerusalem. It is here that the high plateau breaks and the land runs down sharply to the Dead Sea; a tortured land, torn as if by giant hands, rent by deep chasms which in the rainy season roar with flooding waters. Most of the year the desert reigns supreme, inevitable; the land barren, forlorn, a wilderness. Here Jeremiah grew into young manhood. The blinding clarity of the desert sun and the austerity of the open spaces burned into the heart of the youth.

Of a priestly family, he was familiar with the course of events at Jerusalem. Palestine, lying between the great world powers Assyria and Babylon to the northeast and Egypt to the southwest, was on the trail of the caravans and in the path of conquering armies. He had witnessed the reforms of Josiah in which attempt had been made to wipe out idolatry and purge priesthood, ruling classes, and people of the vicious practices which had crept into the religious life. He had seen the reforms fail with the death of Josiah, the Baalim worshiped side by side

with Jahveh, the masses burdened with taxation and unjust laws, and the rot of degeneration gnawing out the heart of the land. He had heard of the fall of the northern kingdom of Israel. He was familiar with the prophets who had gone before him, brothers of his spirit. He saw the ruler's vacillating foreign policy, flirting now with Assyria, now with Egypt. He felt that doom, stark, utter, and inevitable, was to be the portion of his country. The only redemption lay in a return to the pure worship of the One God.

Gripped by the power of prophecy, he entered Jerusalem during the reign of Jehoiakim, and at the temple gate on some festal day he gave voice to these words:

Thus saith the Lord of hosts, Amend your ways and your doings, and I will cause you to dwell in this place.

Trust ye not in lying words, saying, The temple of the Lord, the temple of the Lord, are these.

For if ye thoroughly amend your ways and your doings; if ye thoroughly execute justice between a man and his neighbor;

If ye oppress not the sojourner, the fatherless, and the widow, and shed not innocent blood in this place, neither walk after other gods to your own hurt:

Then will I cause you to dwell in this place, in the land that I gave to your fathers, from of old, even for evermore.

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JEREMIAH

From the frieze by John Singer Sargent.

But behold, ye trust in lying words, that cannot profit.

Will ye steal, murder, and commit adultery, and swear falsely, and burn incense unto Baal, and walk after other gods that ye have not known;

And come and stand before me in this house, which is called by my name, and say, We are delivered; that ye may do all these abominations?

Is this house become a den of robbers in your eyes?

There is nothing about this sermon strange to our ears; and yet when we consider its setting, the consummate bravery of the man calls forth our profound admiration. Jeremiah had told them that their belief in the magic efficacy of the sanctuary was futile. The things most sacred in their eyes, their offerings and immolations, were meaningless forms, without the purity of heart and life which alone the Eternal demands. One is involuntarily reminded of Jesus in the court of the temple seven centuries later. Who knows but that knowledge of Jeremiah's temple sermon was the inspiration of the Nazarene?

But word of Jeremiah's activities soon came to the governing powers. The mob gathered round him, hardly had he done speaking:

He must die! He must die!

He has prophesied in God's name the destruction of Jerusalem!

Graphically the story is told in Chapter XXVI of the book which bears his name:

Then spake the priests and the prophets unto the princes, and to all the people, saying, This man is worthy of death, for he hath prophesied against this city, as ye have heard with your ears.

Then spake Jeremiah unto all the princes and the people, saying, God sent me to prophesy!

Amend your ways, and your doings, and obey the voice of the Lord God!

As for me, I am in your hand; do with me as is good and right in your eyes.

Only know ye for certain, that if ye put me to death, ye will bring innocent blood upon yourselves, and upon this city, and upon the inhabitants thereof: for of a truth God hath sent me to prophesy!

Then said the princes and all the people unto the priests and to the other prophets, This man is not worthy of death; for he hath spoken in the name of the Lord our God!

Jeremiah returned to Anathoth and gathered round him there a small group of disciples, young men, among whom was Baruch, scion of a wealthy and noble family of Jerusalem, through whose devotion the prophecies are preserved to us. It was Baruch to whom Jeremiah dictated his words and who wrote them down for all time. But this respite was brief.

Now came word that the king had erected an altar at the very gate of the capital city, there to offer human sacrifice to Moloch.

Once more Jeremiah takes his way to Jerusalem and in the presence of a large crowd breaks a potter's vessel. The people stand by amused, wondering, looking at the fragments of the earthen vessel and the silent, forbidding figure of the man.

Thus saith the Lord of hosts: Even so will I break this people and this city as one breaketh a potter's vessel, that cannot be made whole again.

And Pashur, son of a priest and chief officer of the temple, smote him so that he fell to the ground. And they put him in the stocks so that the people as they passed by saw him and mocked him and spat at him. But Jeremiah said not a word.

It is probably at this period that many of the prophet's Confessions were written. Shunned by his friends, hunted by his enemies who sought to take his life, believing himself a failure, utterly despised and rejected, Jeremiah lives in hiding in the wilderness. Only the faithful Baruch with him—Baruch, the Boswell of the Bible. Perhaps Baruch came upon him in the silence of the night and heard him speak

involuntary prayer. When the burden of the heart is heavy, it must break or yield to song!

Jeremiah cries out:

Woe is me my mother that thou hast borne me,
A man of strife and contention to the whole earth!

It was useless, all this travail. Why should he further speak in God's name? It was not that he cared for reward. For his recompense was not only failure but the hatred of men who sought to take his life. He would no longer heed that voice, that voice which followed him with such persistence. He would no longer speak in God's name. Then—

Oh, my God! Thou hast enthralled me and I am utterly enthralled.
Thou art stronger than I and thou hast prevailed.
I am become as a laughing stock all the day; every one mocketh me.
For as often as I speak, I cry out; I cry, Violence and Destruction!
Yet the word of God is made a reproach unto me; a derision all the day.
And if I say: I will not make mention of Him
Nor speak any more in His name,
Then there is in my heart as a burning fire.
I am weary with forebearing;
I cannot contain myself.

I see terror on every side;
"Denounce him!" cry all my friends.
They watch for my fall.
But God is with me as a mighty one!
Therefore my persecutors shall stumble,
They shall not prevail!

Why does humanity persecute its dreamers? By what strange twist and odd quirk of the mind do men crucify those who would serve and save them? It is a tragic story, this resentment of him who brings light; this rejection of him who reveals truth; this persecution of him who would right the wrongs of life; this hatred of those who expand the human heart to broader love. Whatever the field of human effort—art, literature, economics, politics, or religion—the story is the same. Every dreamer of a better political organization of society is a visionary, impractical; every prophet of a new and juster social or economic order is a radical; every religionist who would redeem religion from the garments of theology and the trappings of ritual, who would purify it of its man-made creeds and reveal its persistent challenge to human brotherhood in the name of a universal, living God, is a heretic! One asks with Masefield:

"Why should such force fight such strength?"

But the cup of Jeremiah's bitterness was not yet emptied. Jehoiakim, yielding to the advice of the hot-heads who surrounded him as they surrounded Rehoboam, son of Solomon, and relying upon the support of Egypt, undertook a rebellion against Nebuchadnezzar. Jeremiah saw but one outcome: the complete destruction of Jerusalem and the Kingdom of Judah. While Nebuchadnezzar was engaged in strengthening his position in Babylon, guerrilla warfare rent the tiny Jewish state asunder. At the risk of his life, Jeremiah again addresses the people:

Thus saith the Lord of Hosts:

Behold evil shall go forth from nation to nation and a great tempest shall be raised up from the uttermost parts of the earth.

And the slain of the Lord shall be at that day from one end of the earth even to the other; they shall not be lamented, neither gathered nor buried; they shall be dung upon the face of the ground!

Wail, ye shepherds! and cry. And wallow in ashes, ye leaders of the flock!

Ye shall have no place to flee!

The storm gathers. Jehoiakim dies before he lifts a sword. Jehoiakin, his son, a mere youth, succeeds him and continues the war. But great is the power of Nebuchadnezzar. Jerusalem falls, the temple is ravaged, and the Holy Vessels taken away.

And he carried away to Babylon Jehoiakin the king; and the King's mother and wives and his chamberlain and the chief men of the land;

And all the princes and the warriors and the craftsmen and the smiths; he left only the poor of the land.

This first deportation took place in 597 B.C.E.

Nebuchadnezzar appointed Zedekiah to rule over the remnant of the people.

But neither he nor his servants nor the people of the land hearkened unto the words of the Lord, which He spoke by the prophet Jeremiah.

Zedekiah, misled by his advisers, seeks alliance with Hophrah, King of Egypt, who, intriguing Zedekiah with promises of military aid, urges him to rebel against Nebuchadnezzar.

Jeremiah then enters the field of politics actively. He was denounced by other leaders who called themselves prophets and whose honeyed words of flattery drew to them the support of the king and the war party. These men said what Zedekiah wanted to hear. A strikingly dramatic incident took place between Jeremiah and Hanniah, a leader of the party of pretending prophets.

Jeremiah appears in the market-place with a yoke upon his neck:

Bring your necks under the yoke of the King of Babylon and serve him and his people and live!

Why will ye die, thou and thy people, by the sword, by the famine and by the pestilence?

Hearken not unto the words of the prophets that say: Ye shall not serve the King of Babylon.

They lie unto you!

A horrible thing has come into the land;

The prophets prophesy falsely and the priests bear rule by their means

And the people love to have it so!

As for the people,

From the least even unto the greatest of them

Every one is given to covetousness;

From the prophet even unto the priest

Every one dealeth falsely.

They cry: Peace, peace,

When there is no peace!

Then Hanniah the false prophet took the bar from Jeremiah's neck and broke it, declaring: "Thus saith the Lord, Even so will I break the yoke of Nebuchadnezzar!" Jeremiah cries out:

Thou hast broken the bars of wood,

But thou hast made for thyself in their stead

Bars of iron!

Believing Jerusalem doomed, Jeremiah sends a message of encouragement to the captives in Babylon:

Build ye houses and dwell in them;

And plant gardens and eat the fruit of them.

And seek ye the peace of the city
Whither I have caused you to be carried away captive;
And pray unto God for it;
For in the peace thereof shall ye have peace!

The drama runs quick to its tragic end. Nebuchadnezzar appears before Jerusalem in 588. Within the city fear and famine; outside the walls the ruthless foe. A momentary surcease when Nebuchadnezzar turns away to smite the armies of Egypt—vain reed upon which the hopes of Judea had been hung. Jeremiah is captured on the charge that he had "fallen away to the Chaldeans"! Then said Jeremiah:

"It is false; I am not falling away to the Chaldeans." But they heard him not and smote him and put him in a dungeon where he languished many days.

Nebuchadnezzar returns. The city falls. Zedekiah flees with his family. They pursue him. They capture him and his family.

Then the King of Babylon slew the sons of Zedekiah in Riblah before his very eyes.

Thus there came to sad fulfillment the prophecies of Jeremiah.

One pictures the lonely old man standing on the Mount of Olives, overlooking the city, and brooding upon the desolation of Jerusalem:

Oh, let mine eyes run down with tears day
and night,
Let them not cease;
For the virgin daughter of my people is
broken with a great breach,
With a very grievous wound.

If I go forth into the field, then—
Behold the slain with the sword!
And if I enter into the city, then—
Behold them that are sick with famine!

Then he turns to God, the great spirit who has ever been so near to him; he cries out to him in plaintive words:

Hast Thou utterly rejected Judah?
Hath Thy soul loathed Zion?
Why hast Thou smitten us and there is no
healing for us?

We acknowledge, O God, our wickedness
And the iniquity of our fathers.
We have sinned against Thee.

Oh, do not abhor us!
Break not Thy covenant with us!
O Lord our God, we wait for Thee!

When the Chaldeans left the stricken land, Gedaliah, son of a family of scribes, was appointed as governor. To him Jeremiah looked for wise and

patient leadership of the people. Gedaliah and his kinsmen had always identified themselves with the party of Jeremiah, and Nebuchadnezzar believed that he might return to Babylon content in the thought that things would go well in Judea during his absence. But treachery came upon the scene and Gedaliah was murdered by Ishmael, a Judean chieftain of the royal family. All the Chaldean officers in Mizpah were slain. Consternation and despair seized the small group of Judeans. Well they knew the might and cruelty of Nebuchadnezzar. What would he do now? It were better to flee the land and take refuge in Egypt.

Once more Jeremiah advised remaining in Palestine, and loyalty to the conqueror whom he believed was but the instrument of God. Jeremiah pictured a new day, a Judea rebuilt by the grace of God:

> Behold, days come, saith the Lord,
> When I shall make a new covenant with
> the house of Judah;
> Not according to the covenant which I
> made with their fathers.
>
> This is the covenant which I will make
> with the house of Israel:
> I will put my law in their inward parts,
> And in their heart will I write it;

And I will be their God and they shall be
my people.

And they shall teach no more every man
his brother,
Saying: Know God!
For they shall all know me,
From the least of them even unto the
greatest of them.

Whence comes such faith in the face of facts that belie it? It is a quality of the prophet's soul! It is spun of the threads of hope and love which are eternal. These form the texture of the soul of the prophet; the pattern of the things that shall be!

The last days of Jeremiah are shrouded in mystery. It may be that he died in Judea a brokenhearted old man. There is a legend that he crossed the Mediterranean and came to England, bringing with him a stone from the temple upon which in Westminster Abbey the kings of Britain are crowned. It may be that he was forced to flee to Egypt with the refugees. The book which bears his name describes his thrilling protest there against the Egyptian Jews' worship of the Queen of Heaven. And the story goes they stoned him to death.

Jeremiah adds a new blending, a harmony, a synthesis in that symphony of prophetic voices which

proclaimed the eternal monotheism of the Hebrew religion. To Amos, God was the universal God of justice and righteousness; his was the deep resounding bass and the clarion call of the trumpet. To Hosea, God was the God of love, and Israel had forsaken Him, but God would welcome backsliding Israel once more, even as Hosea took back into his home the wife of his youth who had gone forth to play the harlot in the streets of the city; his was the note of the cello, the haunting appeal of lingering sentiment that drifts out into silence. Isaiah enunciated the holiness of God, that awful, abstract, inscrutable ideal, so distant from man; his was like some impersonal glorious moment in Beethoven when the sublime austerity of the music is like the towering summit of the Matterhorn catching the first glories of the rising sun.

In Jeremiah we find the blasting anger of the brasses as they blare out their passionate hearts in warning and denunciation—"God's house is a den of thieves!"; the foreboding gloom of the bass violin, lingering like some specter at the feast, the melancholy background of it all—"Israel is doomed; Judah must fall!"; the lyric tenderness of the woodwinds, the mighty contrasts, the futile longings, the ever-present ironies of life—"Why wilt thou die, O Israel?"; the stirring appeal of the strings as they

mount tremulously, hang poised at the height, fall and rise again; and in all and through all the gentleness of the cello, its compassion, its forbearance, its yearning, melting appeal—"Zion shall be redeemed and my people shall come from the east and from the west, from the north and from the south, and I shall write a new covenant on their hearts!"

A new blending of all the prophetic moods is found here, a mellow synthesis in which the everlasting, eternal spirit who inhabiteth the heavens is brought down to the heart of man: "O God, thou hast enthralled me and I am enthralled!"

Jeremiah's haunting phrases fall familiar from the lips of men:

> The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved.
>
> Is there no balm in Gilead?

Note the quaint naïveté of the words: "O God, why are they all happy that deal treacherously?" Hear the dire condemnation in the ringing phrase so often quoted in the crises of history: "Peace, peace, when there is no peace!" Consider the utter loneliness of these words: "Oh, that I had in the wilderness a lodging place!" or the mighty challenge of "Ye stand at the parting of the ways!"

A patriot who loved his people yet dared to con-

demn them; a man to whom the injustices and wrongs of the day were a challenge; a social reformer who mounted the hustings and lifted his voice against the oppressor of the weak and the stricken; whose great heart bled with the sorrow of the disinherited of earth; a pious man to whom God was the greatest reality of his life—this was Jeremiah.

Mighty men are these prophets! They molded the soul of the Jew and made him the eternal, protestant people. Jealous of the one living God, they flayed idolatry. No truckling to the heathen and the pagan who worship sticks and stones, images of wood or carven marble, which cannot see nor hear, much less answer prayer! No compromise with evil and wrong and injustice in a world where all nations and peoples are children of the one universal Father! Think ye that God is man and desires sacrifice and burnt offering, incense and ceremonial, pomp and show? These things are blasphemy. Truth in the inward heart; sincerity of life. Singleness of purpose. Duty! Duty! Duty!

These prophets kindled a flame in the soul of the Jew which he kept burning upon the altar of his life in home and synagogue, wherever he wandered. They lit the fire of his passion for righteousness

which gave him no peace. Why did he not snuff it out and lose himself, this Jew, among the multitudes of mankind? Why suffer this perennial martyrdom? Why continue to be the great misunderstood of history?

The squabbles and wars of the peoples were all child's play to him. Power and greed and ambition and aggression; joining house to house and field to field; adding might to might and sealing all with the mailed fist and the conquering sword. These things were not real! The only reality in the world is God. Speaking in the name of the Eternal God, these men claimed the soul of this people for God with an immeasurable loyalty to which the anguishing centuries bear eloquent witness.

In the tragic years of Jewish history men preyed upon him, they brayed at him, they prayed for him. He stood silent, wondering, waiting: What a strange way, indeed, to show one's faith in God's Fatherhood! Wrapping his prayer-shawl about him, he gathered in his synagogue or in his home and read the immortal words of his prophets, The Prophets; their condemnation he took deeply to heart. He flayed himself. He castigated his soul as never another people. Almost naïvely he cried: "Because of our sins these things have come upon us!" Divine pathos. Pathetic irony. Yet he was renewed in

strength through the promises of these prophets; he lifted the burden of his life upon his back and continued on his way.

Hostile was the world without. Though tears streamed from his eyes, prophetic faith and fire burned in his heart. They beat him. He cried: "God is One, Humanity is One." They burned him. He cried: "God is One, Humanity is One." They drove him into ghettos. He cried: "God is One, Humanity is One." Though every experience of his life ridiculed and gave the lie to his belief, nothing could destroy his faith in God's love and human brotherhood! The unflinching, deathless spirit of the Jewish people was molded by its prophets.

Down through the centuries he comes, this glorious weak one, this stalwart soul with frail body, this pathetic hero whom the cruel holiness of God seems to have claimed for its own. Down through the unfolding years he will go, refusing to accept defeat, trusting, confident that in the end truth shall triumph and God shall be One and His name shall be One in all the earth.

For to-day he sees the light on the distant horizon as his prophets saw it twenty-six centuries ago; he beholds the peoples of the world have caught the vision; the embattled hosts of humanity, struggling through the darkness, have reached the place where

the horizon of the prophets' eye unfolds before them. Men are beginning to understand that religion is not in creed and dogma; that theology cannot encompass God; that oppression and wrong and injustice and sin must go; that poverty and human misery are a shame and a blot upon God's fair earth. The faltering hopes of panting, heartsick humanity, are united in one mighty effort to liberate the peoples from the curse of war, to ring out the thousand years of blood and murder and ring in the thousand years of peace; when every man shall sit under his own vine and fig-tree with none to make him afraid; when they shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning-hooks; when the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of God as the waters cover the sea.

This is the vision of the Hebrew prophets, those mighty men whom the world has claimed for its own!

MARY

The peasant Jewess Mary, mother of Jesus, is a woman nobody knows. But Mary Mother of Jesus, Queen of Heaven, Mother of God is one of the personalities of the ages whom over six hundred million devout souls have made their own.

MARY

THIS is one of the strangest stories in the world. It is the story of how a humble, Jewish peasant woman became the Mother of God, the Queen of Heaven, and the object of worship of millions. Poets sang of her virtue, musicians builded architectural harmonies in praise of her, and artists painted her with all the beauty and imagination of their divine gifts; while countless millions of children even now learn to lisp their first prayers to her: "Hail Mary, Holy Queen, Mother of Mercy, our sweetness and our hope!"

The scene is Galilee, that country in whose rugged mountains there dwelt a virile people. For several hundred years they had cast in their lot with their brethren to the south. They were Jews. Judea groaned under Roman yoke. But the spirit of this mountain folk living in daily communion with the broad open places could never reconcile itself to Roman thraldom. Taxes were heavy, and the soul of

the proud Galileans longed for freedom. When the heart is heavy it yearns for the joy of life; when the back is burdened it would lift itself to liberty. Because these people were oppressed, out of their despair they prayed for a redeemer. Because their lot was desperate and forlorn, they dreamed of the Messiah who would deliver them. Every woman prayed that to her would be vouchsafed the blessing of giving birth to him whose mighty hand and valiant spirit would drive the conqueror out; every Jewish mother in Galilee prayed that she might be the mother of the Messiah. Mary, the young wife of Joseph the carpenter, gave birth to a son, Jeshua, Jesus of Nazareth.

The curtain falls. Nearly 1,900 years pass. The curtain lifts. The scene changes.

Rome. The year 1854. The Vatican. A hush as of great things about to be heard and solemn mysteries pronounced. The dignitaries of the Church far and near listen in silence; the devoted throughout the world give heed. For the Pope speaks! The representative of God on earth is about to make a proclamation. Pious IX, in a bull *ineffabilis,* promulgated, December 8, 1854:

"We declare, pronounce, and affirm the doctrine which holds that the most Blessed Virgin Mary, from the first instant of her conception, was, by a

most singular grace and privilege of Almighty God, in view of the merits of Jesus Christ, the Redeemer of the human race, preserved from all stain of Original Sin, is a doctrine revealed by God and therefore to be firmly and steadfastly believed by all the faithful."

The Gospel account, written down not by eye-witnesses but some fifty years later, is simple. The details are meager. Already legend had garnished the tale.

An angel appears to Mary, betrothed to Joseph, and promises her a son whose name shall be called Jesus. "And he shall be great and shall be called the son of the Most High; and God shall give him the throne of his father David; and of his kingdom there shall be no end."

Mary journeys to Ain Karim, a village a mile and a half from Jerusalem, to see her kinswoman Elisabeth, who in her old age was also blessed with child. In response to her greeting, Mary utters the unforgettable words of the *Magnificat:*

My soul doth magnify the Lord,
And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.
For He hath looked upon the low estate of His handmaid;

For behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.

The events, so familiar to the Christian world, follow. The Nativity. The flight to Egypt. The return. The long silence at Nazareth. The journey to Jerusalem at the feast of the Passover. Mary and Joseph, about to return, cannot find the lad Jesus. The anxiety of the parents' hearts. At last, after three long days, they found him in the Temple with the rabbis, hearing them and asking them questions. "And all that heard him were amazed at his understanding. And Mary asked him: 'Son, why hast thou dealt thus with us? Thy father and I sought thee sorrowing.' " And Jesus replies: "Know ye not that I must be in my Father's house." A boyish answer! A proud mother!

"And his mother kept all these things in her heart!"

How like a refrain this phrase recurs in the story. Blessed heart of motherhood that understands; blessed eyes that see where other eyes are blind.

After this, Mary is mentioned only a few times—at Cana, at Capernaum, and at the crucifixion. She stood by him at the cross. They take him down and rest him in her longing arms.

This was he of whom she had dreamed; for whom

she had prayed. And now he was gone. Had died a convict's death!

But all the things she laid up on her heart came to her to sustain and strengthen her. She wept as only a mother can weep for her beloved son.

> By the cross on which suspended
> With his bleeding hands extended,
> Hung that son she so adored,
> Stood that mournful mother, weeping,
> She whose heart its silence keeping,
> Grief had cleft as with a sword.

She lived in the house of the friend to whom he had confided her. We know not how she died. Tradition weaved its tales, but dogmatic theology has it that this simple, tender Jewish mother was raised on high and interceded with her son to answer the prayers of the faithful who gather at her shrines throughout the world.

How did this Jewess become the Mother of God and the Queen of Heaven?

Isaiah, prophet of Judea, who saw the northern kingdom of Israel fall before the attack of the Assyrians, gave voice to these words of comfort to the weakling king of the south, Ahaz: "The Lord Himself will give you a sign: Behold a young woman

shall conceive and bear a son," who shall be the deliverer. Matthew, who lived probably half a century after the events which he described, writing of Jesus eight centuries later than Isaiah, declares: "Now all this is come to pass, that it must be fulfilled which was spoken by the Lord through the prophet [Isaiah] saying, 'Behold, a virgin shall be with child and shall bring forth a son.' "

But the Hebrew original of Isaiah uses the word *Almah* and the correct translation of the Hebrew is "a young woman." *Almah* may mean any young woman, not necessarily a virgin or unmarried woman; it often means a young woman already married! David Kimchi, the Jewish commentator of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, whose interpretations were so often quoted by Christian scholars, says of this passage: "If virgin were meant, another word would have been used, the word *bethulah*." This word is usually employed to express the idea of virgin. The whole concept of the Virgin then is based upon a mistranslation of the original Hebrew text!

But the pious fiction rolled on through the centuries, gathering power over the minds and hearts of men. Pope Gelasius condemned it in the fifth century; but this early papal condemnation availed

nothing. The Virgin was the cause of bitter struggles for two centuries between the religious orders of Franciscans and Dominicans; the Dominicans opposed her; the Franciscans favored her. The people followed the Franciscans and the papacy followed the people. It was a conflict, as one writer has it, between popular piety and theology, and theology was forced to compromise. So deeply ingrained in the hearts of the masses was the idea of the Virgin, so great a hold had she gained upon their lives, that the idea of Mary as Virgin Immaculate could not be suppressed. It had to be interpreted.

The Church capitulated to the Jewish Mary. It could do nothing else. In the lives of millions of devout Catholics she was the Mother of God!

When the Emperor Constantine accepted Christianity and made it the religion of the Roman Empire it was inevitable that changes should take place in the simple ethical and religious truths of the early Judaeo-Christian religion. The world was pagan and, as Cardinal Newman aptly put it, "the spirit of the world was poured into the Christian religion." New peoples with ancient superstitions, beliefs, and customs and practices could not overnight become Christian. Nor could Christianity receive so tre-

mendous an infiltration of blood and ideas, races and philosophies without itself being profoundly influenced.

This genius for compromise as a practical policy of the Church is seen to-day. In Mexico the Maid of Guadeloupe, the object of superstitious worship by millions of the aboriginal inhabitants of Mexico, has become a saint of the Church. In Haiti to-day travelers speak of the strange intermingling of the original worship of the blacks of Haiti with the practices of the Roman Church, to which they have been converted, either voluntarily or under compulsion. Indian maiden shakes hands with Virgin Mary, and at the same altar Voodoo and Christ join in blessing their black followers.

Early Church had to do with a real world, which clung tenaciously to its old gods; and in the process of absorbing this world the spell of the ancient deities lingered in doctrine and ceremonial. It would have been a miracle of history had this not been so.

Similarly there were schisms within the Church which for a time threatened the body of the Church itself. For years the battle raged between the Unitarians, led by Arius, and the Trinitarians. This inner struggle brought honor to Mary. The Trinitarians supported the idea of Jesus' divinity, threatened by the Unitarians, the Arians. It was indeed

necessary to emphasize that it was the VERY God whom Mary bore. Therefore it followed that she must be honored. Therefore it was necessary too to emphasize her virginity.

One must try to get into the mind of the time, for only so can he understand the fascinating story of Mary's triumphal progress from peasant simplicity to divine parenthood.

It was a general conviction in days gone by that the merits of the dead plead for us. We share in their virtue, and they are intercessors for us in the struggles of our daily life. In Jewish literature there is found the doctrine of Reshut Aboth, the Merit of the Fathers, through whom blessing and good might be the portion of the sons.

At first there were no direct invocations to Mary. Yet St. Augustine reminded his contemporaries "the birth from the One Holy Virgin is the glory of all virgins; they are the mothers of Christ if they will do the will of the Father." Mary became a patroness of virgins, those bands of devoted, pious women to whom the Church owes much. As the martyrs were witness to the truth of the Christian doctrine, so the virgins were the exemplars of that purity of life so emphasized in early Christian centuries.

Remember, it was a time of pagan sensuality. The old gods had been but magnified men and women,

with the passions of men and women. Gibbon, quoting a contemporary historian referring to conditions in ancient Rome, declares "that every rank of subjects imitated the effeminate manners of their sovereign; that every species of corruption polluted the course of public and private life; and that the feeble restraints of order and decency were insufficient to resist the progress of that degenerate spirit which sacrifices without a blush every consideration of duty and interest to the base indulgence of sloth and appetite," and "confining ourselves to the public scenes displayed before the Roman people and attested by grave and contemporary historians, their inexpressible infamy surpasses that of any other age or country . . . the corrupt and opulent nobles of Rome gratified every vice that could be collected from the mighty conflux of nations and manners."

Contrast with this picture the exalted ideals of character and purity symbolized in the personality of Mary. No wonder there gathered round her the fine spirits of the time, revolting against the mean and ignoble and impure, and laying pledge of deathless loyalty upon the altar of her virginity.

Dangers threatened from the north; barbaric peoples knocking at the gates of Rome. The masses trampled down in sodden misery, grateful for free bread and the diverting brutalities of the circus! No

wonder men and women were driven to ask for help. . . . But where?

Christ was the judge of men, they were told. Approach him through the prayers of his mother, the Virgin Mary. Justinian pleads for her protection of his empire, and in the high altar of St. Sophia inscribes her name. In east and west her cult developed. Narses the Eunuch, whom Gibbon calls "the first and most powerful of the Exarchs," looks to her for direction in the agony of battle. He never showed fight till he believed she had given him word. Interesting conduct for a eunuch!

John of Damascus speaks of her as "the sovereign lady to whom all creation has been made subject by her son"; while Peter Damian, trusted counselor of many Popes, renowned Cardinal of the eleventh century, ascribes to her "all power in heaven and on earth."

Into the liturgies she found her way, the Alexandrine, the Syrian, the Armenian. "Oh, most Holy Mother of God, Light of my darkened soul, my Hope, my Protection, my Refuge," intones the Greek ritual. All the world was subject to her through her son; therefore, in her is the power to save. Many a dying man cried out, "Known Refuge of the sinful and the low, make known to me Thy mercy, O Thou pure One, and set me free from the

hands of demons which come about me like dogs!"

In the Roman Catholic world of the west she came into her own.

All Christendom had agreed as to Mary's virgin conception of Jesus, the Son of God. But during the centuries a discussion developed as to her own immaculate conception. Many held that she too like her son was immaculately conceived. Many held that she was not. This argument about her only tended to exalt her the more. And it does appear to be logically necessary, this insistence upon Mary's immaculate conception, whatever we may believe as to its rationality.

The argument went to fever heat. The Dominicans were strenuously opposed to any countenancing of the cult of Mary. They stopped at nothing in their endeavor to put down and stamp out the idea. They even perpetrated fraud. In the city of Berene there lived a tailor's apprentice, a simple, unsuspecting youth, who achieved immortality in history because the Dominican Order used him as the instrument to carry out its design. The young man declared that Mary had appeared to him and had earnestly protested against the doctrine of her immaculate conception. Great excitement prevailed for a while. But the fraud was discovered, and four of the too zealous brethren were burned at the stake for

the honor of Mary's virginity and the glory of God!

But two can play at that game! The Dominicans had asserted that Mary revealed to St. Catherine of Siena that she had been born in the ordinary, natural way; that she had been 'conceived in sin.' Most unfortunately, however, it appeared that the Franciscans had a saint of their own, St. Bridget, to whom Mary had declared with equal emphasis that she had been immaculately conceived, free from sin.

A miracle concocted in fifteenth century documents, but ascribed to the twelfth century, affirmed that the house of the Virgin of Nazareth had been moved by the angels. It was brought to Dalmatia in 1291 and from there to Loretto; here it became the object of pious pilgrimages, which take place even to-day, more than 100,000 people annually visiting the shrine of Loretto, which rivals Lourdes in popularity. The Madonna of Loretto has been tattooed on hundreds of pious arms. And if one journey to Ephesus to-day, pious credulity will point out there the humble cottage where she lived. There are hundreds of flourishing sanctuaries throughout the world devoted to the Virgin Mary.

But to return. The poverty-stricken masses of medieval Europe turned to her naturally as the symbol of pity and consolation. How far off God seemed in those days of blood-letting, when the plains of

Europe and Asia Minor were drenched with the blood of the pilgrims, devoted, however fanatic. And how near to the heart this Jewish maiden, mother of God! Mothers and wives and sweethearts left at home through the long months and years, knowing only that their sons and husbands and lovers had journeyed half across the world to redeem the holy sanctuary from the hand of the infidel, received consolation and strength through the weary days of waiting, unbroken by cheerful words from their absent dear ones, from the contemplation of the love and adoration and sacrifice of the Mother of God. Knighthood bent the knee to her in its chivalric quest and paid her homage in its secret orisons.

It was the period of the great Madonnas, when the genius of Latin Europe gave expression to their religious devotion in canvases of immortal beauty. No one who has stood before the Raphael Madonna can fail to sense that here the artist has caught up the longing of the generations of men and women and children, the age-old adoration of the human heart for motherhood, and projected it in a figure of transcendent beauty. The sense of life's mystery, of God, of man—man born of woman. The story is told that in 1734 the degenerate monks of St. Sixtus desired gold more than this masterpiece of theirs, and they sold the Sistine Madonna to Augustus II,

Courtesy of J. G. Kitchell, New York

THE FACE OF THE MADONNA

A composite portrait by J. G. Kitchell made from nearly three hundred paintings by the Old Masters.

Elector of Saxony and King of Poland, for the miserable pittance of 100,000 francs. At Dresden the Madonna was hailed with great pomp. Augustus brought it into the great hall of his palace, where, on a high platform dominating the room, was his royal throne. The king himself moved his throne below, crying, "Make room for the great Raphael!"

Musicians sing of her, and the litanies of the Church ring with divine melodies in praise of her name.

She moves through the pages of the world's literature. Dante, passing through Purgatory, hears the cries of a maiden in childbirth, "O Blessed Virgin!" and in Paradise he finds her "the lovely One of Heaven, the Queen." He was echoing the prayer of Christian womanhood.

Milton salutes her in Paradise Lost: "Hail, Mother of Mankind!" and puts into her mouth the pensive, yearning words of the mothers of the world.

In the strangely sad and haunting beauty of "The Blessed Damosel," who, leaning out from the "gold bar of heaven," dreams of union with her lover, Rossetti sings:

> We two will seek the groves
> Where the lady Mary is. . . .
> Herself shall bring us, hand in hand,
> To Him round whom all souls kneel.

All these, art, music, literature, felt the spell of Mary's power, and interpreted in painting, music, and poetry mankind's adoration of motherhood.

The Church's worship of her is but the religious expression of this adoration. Murillo and Raphael used pigment and color to utter their homage; the composers, blending notes, created their harmonies in praise of her name; Dante and Milton voiced the theme in immortal language. The leaders of the Church spoke their faith by exalting her as one of the divine mysteries. Mary in dogma is but the Church's tribute expressed as only organized religion can express its tribute—through creed and cult and ceremonial.

In the Mass, confession of sins was made to "Almighty God, to the Blessed Mary, ever Virgin." But this was hardly enough for the ignorant populace, who, seeing in her the instrument of help, desired greater and more direct appeal to her power. Therefore, the *Ora pro nobis* and appeals to her for personal succor of soul and body. Later, Feasts of her Conception, her Nativity, and her Assumption were introduced.

Catholic theology teaches that Mary is the Mother of God, the second Eve by whose means we receive blessing and life; that she is the Mother of

Pity and our very special Advocate; that her merits are highly exalted and her images are of the utmost utility. The Order of Redemptorists declares that it is necessary to invoke her intercession. The powerful order of Jesuits has added to the usual Christian conception of the Trinity one of their own, that of Jesus, Mary, Joseph, expressed by the formula, *J M J.*

Protestant Christianity, jealous for the pure worship of Jesus, declared the attitude of the Roman Catholic Church to be mariolatry and denounced it as pagan idolatry. While holding to the virgin birth of Jesus, Protestantism denied the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary and refused to concede to her intercessory powers. The hostility of Protestantism is not directed against Mary the woman but against the doctrines about Mary which are fundamental in Catholic theology.

Protestants feel no hostility toward the person Mary, the woman Mary, the Jewess Mary; indeed, they honor Mary as the mother of Jesus. But they deny this deification of Mary and the doctrine of her Immaculate Conception. They deny the whole cult of Mary as abhorrent to the spirit of Protestantism, based as it is fundamentally upon the gospel of Jesus. They well ask, Why stop at the Im-

maculate Conception of Mary? If you believe that Jesus was immaculately conceived and then through force of religious necessity believe that Mary, Jesus' mother, was immaculately conceived, then Mary's mother should have been immaculately conceived and her mother and so on. This would be logically essential to keep the line of the Messiah absolutely free from the taint of sin; for if any one of Jesus' forebears shall have been admitted to have been conceived in sin, that would most certainly mar the perfection of the line. But, says the Catholic, the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary is one of the divine mysteries. Answers the Protestant: That is only a statement; it begs the question; I simply do not believe it! The dogma of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary is one of the rocks on which the two great forces of Christendom are sundered to-day.

So far as the Jewish position is concerned, the whole idea of the Virgin Mary is so utterly incomprehensible, so beyond the bounds of reason, that it has never entered the consciousness of the Jew. There is a mysticism among Jews, a mysticism which often took vulgar and superstitious forms. But this mysticism was never elevated into the rank of a dogma the acceptance of which conditioned salvation. Indeed, in Judaism there are no salvation-

conditioning dogmas. "The righteous of all nations have a portion in the world to come."

Yet no Jew or Christian can deny that the personality of Mary as developed through the centuries in Catholic thinking and practice has exercised the most profound influence upon human conduct, customs, and institutions. The peasant Jewess Mary, mother of Jesus, is a woman nobody knows. But Mary, Queen of Heaven, Mother of God, is one of the Jewish personalities of the ages whom over six hundred million devout human beings have made their own!

This story of Mary reveals the struggle at the very center of every human being's life. It is the struggle of the heart against the mind. The masses of men and women caught up in the travail of life long for a deity whom they can know, whom they can visualize, to whom they can directly address their prayer. God *must* be near to those who call upon Him! The mind may analyze, the reason may say Nay!—that is superstition; but the heart demands, and conquers at the end in the great uneducated masses of humanity.

This is really the secret of Mary's power. The philosophic mystery of the Trinity was beyond the comprehension of the multitudes. God was remote from the concerns of the individual life. But the in-

stincts of humanity, its deep and utter need for personal help was ever present, pressing upon every concern of daily life.

From earliest times the elemental impulses showed favor toward woman, the active agent in the reproduction of the species. The appeal of motherhood, its tenderness, its overflowing, sacrificial, self-immolating love gripped human hearts with a divine challenge. All the ancient peoples had female deities in their pantheons. And, after all, the early world to which Christianity appealed was pagan. Minerva, Athena, Venus, and Diana were attractive, to be sure, and very real. Men and women could understand them.

Mary moves in the background of the Jesus story, a pale, devoted, almost silent figure, the Mother of the Messiah, witnessing his suffering, his anguish, his crucifixion. All this left scope for the imagination and moved the mob to pity. In her sorrow they felt a kinship with their own. And if Mary were the Mother of Jesus, the God-man, how natural and simple the next step—to invoke God's aid through her intercession. As a great scholar remarked: "Monasticism found satisfaction here for starved affection, as did chivalry for its romantic gallantry. Mary became the mediator between suffering hu-

manity and the glorified Christ, who yielded up his rôle of intercessor to her more and more, being in his turn moved to pardon by her prayers."

So the pious devotee prays in the Memorare:

"Remember, O most gracious Virgin Mary, that never was it known that any one who fled to Thy protection, implored Thy help and sought Thy intercession was left unaided. I fly to Thee, O Virgin of Virgins, my Mother! To Thee I come; before Thee I stand, sinful and sorrowful. O Mother of the Word incarnate, despise not my petitions, but in Thy mercy, hear and answer me. Amen."

It is easy to understand the attitude of mind of the Catholic lad at school from whose letters to his mother E. Boyd Barrett quotes:

"Nearly all the boys have pictures of the Blessed Virgin. . . . Yesterday there was a lovely procession in honor of Our Lady. The boys all carried candles and sang hymns and the acolytes scattered flowers. The statue was carried along the corridors and I never saw anything so touching. I saw some of the boys had tears in their eyes. There was a lovely sermon on the virtue of Our Lady and how every boy should always live as pure as the angels and that then he would be perfectly certain of going straight to heaven. I know that there are some of the boys who

tell smutty stories and I think they must have felt awful. I looked at one of them during the sermon and he was blushing like anything."

Blessed, simple heart of youth! How easily imposed upon when appeal is made to your finer feelings and nobler impulses. How spontaneously you respond to a cause and give your all, with an abandonment of self that is seldom seen when maturity comes.

But even if one can understand how the dogma of the Immaculate Conception of Mary arose in Catholic history, even if one can understand the idea as a logical extension of the dogma of Jesus' own miraculous birth and, furthermore, even if one recognizes the effectiveness of the dogma as an instrument for the building of character and as a source of consolation—even if one grant all these things—the question yet remains is it necessary under any circumstances to sacrifice the blessed gift of reason? The struggle of humanity out of ignorant superstition toward the light of reason, out of error toward truth has been a heartbreaking one. Along the roadway of the centuries men have fought and bled and died in defense of right and truth and reasonableness in social, scientific and political relations. Is it necessary only in the realm of religion to quench the light of reason? Can man remain religious only by pan-

dering to his elemental fears and superstitions?

I do not believe so! The light of reason must shine in the shrines of religion as it does everywhere else. We do not have to feed the tender, native emotions of youth such spiritual diet as the lad Barrett quotes was fed, in order to bring out the best that is in youth. And then to pile on top of this the fear of eternal damnation! That boy can be taught respect for womanhood, decency, and purity without demanding that he close his mind to reason. The good obtained is not commensurate with the loss: the relinquishment of the use of the mind. Such religious discipline *may* be faith triumphant; surely also it is mentality mutilated, denied expression, cramped, starved! We can achieve some worthier balance between the needs of the heart and the mind that will preserve all the sanctities of the human personality. To satisfy the one need we violate the other? I do not think so!

JESUS

The humanity of Jesus has been lost because of the emphasis placed upon his divinity. Jesus the God is but the creation of theology. Jesus the man is real. . . .

When you died, most unselfish of men, you died as a Jewish martyr; not the first nor yet the last of many Jewish martyrs. They have made of you a god and worshiped you. It is your people who know and understand you best.

JESUS

We have little authentic information of the life of Jesus. Imagination must paint the picture as it did the life of Moses. The writings which tell his story, the Synoptic Gospels, were written down, not at the time of his life nor contemporaneous with the events which they describe; they are not the work of eye-witnesses, but were set down probably half a century later. The Synoptic Gospels are the work of men to whom Jesus was the Messiah. They were prepared as propaganda documents to further that conviction. The prophetic books and all the literature of the Jews were scanned to prove the point. The Messiah must be from the house of David; therefore the genealogies in Matthew and Luke tracing his descent back to David. The Messiah must be born in Bethlehem; therefore the tale of the Magi and the manger and the babe of Bethlehem. Contemporaneous references to Jesus are meager and more often, as in the case of Josephus, have been proved to be spurious.

Yet we cannot understand the world-wide,

twenty-century-old influence known as Christianity without the dynamic of a great personality like Jesus. He probably did not perform miracles as related by his gospel biographers; but his transcendent goodness, his simplicity, the purity and nobility and unselfishness of his life, the unutterable tragedy of his death—all these combined to create in the hearts of his disciples a profound impression. That impression gathered force and power after his death and made the task of Saul of Tarsus a simpler one. We know to-day how legends grow about a man even in his lifetime, with all our modern means of communication and record, telegraph, radio, and press. How much more in a time of political unrest and religious breakdown, when ignorance was widespread and superstition avid, when the old gods, the man-made gods, tumbled awkwardly out of the skies.

Jesus founded no new religion. He preached what he had learned in the synagogue. He would have been the first to deny many of the things said of him to-day. Though the central figure of Christianity, he did not found Christianity. That was the work of Saul, the Jew of Tarsus. Saul gathered the nations under the banner of Jesus the Jew, man-God, God-man, the Christ, the Messiah, anointed of God. But the religion of Jesus of Nazareth was the religion of

his fathers, the religion of the prophets and the Psalmists, the religion of the Jewish people. The religion of Jesus was Judaism!

As we distinguish between the Moses of legend and the Moses of life; between Moses as projected in the imagination of the Jewish people and the man Moses of whom we know so little; between Moses the great historic influence and the Moses of fact—so must we distinguish between the Jesus of legend and the Jesus of life, between Jesus as projected in the imagination of the peoples and the man Jesus of whom we know so little, between Jesus the great historic influence and the Jesus of fact. In creating Jesus, the most profound influence in Western civilization, mankind, dreaming of the perfect human being, dowered *him* with the highest it could know, the noblest it could hope to be. The Jesus of history represents man as he yearned to be. Poor, driven, thwarted man, the prey of passion, the slave of desire, torn by prejudice and heartlessness and hate and selfishness, living only a few short years, years fraught with frustration and unfulfillment, this creature of time and feeling yet could aspire, could pray, could feel the urge and lift of exaltation, could sense the divinity around, about, and within him,

and so in this image of himself at his best, man created Jesus. This is the fact and the substance. The rest is theology and dogma.

And to this God-man the millions have come laying the burdens of their life at his feet. He has been comfort and counsel, guide and friend. The broken-hearted and the disinherited of earth found in him one who could understand. The noblest found their aspirations sanctioned and confirmed in him; the weak and the sinful heard the divine voice of his forgiveness. The inspiration of his personality has lifted countless millions out of degradation to lives of usefulness and beauty.

He is the way and the life for unnumbered hosts of humanity who to-day regard him as Redeemer and Saviour!

Night was falling in Nazareth. The great hill at whose feet the village lay cast a brooding shadow over the small houses which straggled along the circling road. At the spring a woman and her son. Mary filled the goat-skin bag with water, pulled the sturdy cedar branch through the top, caught one end and motioned to the lad to hold the other.

"Ben Isaac cometh from Jerusalem to our home this night. Friends will gather to hear the news.

There must be water to drink, as they cometh too who will take no wine."

The boy turned toward her questioningly.

"The Essenes, my child. Come let us go home."

Mary and Jesus carry the goatskin bag filled with water along the uneven road around the bend. One by one lights shine through the windows of the cottages. Woman and boy make their way slowly and at length reach the home of Joseph the carpenter.

Already visitors had assembled. As Mary and Jesus enter, the room seemed filled with men and women. Shadows danced on floor and wall as the guests moved before the open fire; for it was late fall and the Galilean nights were chill.

Ben Isaac sat upon a stool near the fire. He had just come from Jerusalem, where he had gone to celebrate the Feast of Tabernacles. It was the law that Jews should journey to Jerusalem three times a year to celebrate the pilgrim festivals. But extreme poverty and the distracted state of the country often made the journey impossible. ben Isaac, like the rest of his fellow-townsmen, all his life had longed to fulfil this command; but only now in his thirty-sixth year had he been able to realize his dream.

Mary set cakes and wine, bread and cheese, and a jug of water on the table as all the guests settled back on stools or on the floor. The lad Jesus sought out a

corner where the shadows were darkest. What if they should send him to bed? He wanted to know and to hear. O the beauty and wonder of Jerusalem, of the priests in their gorgeous raiments, of the sacrifices, of the Levitical choir; some day he would go there too!

Ben Isaac helped himself liberally and ate hungrily as a man will who has been long on the road. As he rested comfortably, bread in one hand and a goblet of wine in the other, questions were hurled at him.

"Is there none to break the power of Rome?"

"What doth the Sanhedrin? Still sycophants and lickspittlers?"

"Is there no talk of a Messiah?"

These people of Galilee were a mountain-bred folk, and the spirit of the mountains was in their hearts. They irked under the yoke of Rome. How heavy the taxation fell upon them! Tithes to the Temple and levies for the conqueror, and all they had was their mountain land and their passionate belief in their God who would deliver them at the appointed time. Daily they waited for the coming of His messenger, the Messiah; but he seemed to tarry. Again and again bold, adventurous spirits had essayed the task of redemption. Judas the Galilean led what seemed to be a successful revolt against the conqueror, terrorizing the proud Romans for

months, only to fall before the might of Varus; and 2,000 rebels had been crucified. These risings had served only to deepen the pit into which the Jews had fallen; to emphasize their humiliation before the powerful people beyond the western sea.

Ben Isaac speaks:

"The authority of our Sanhedrin is no more. Strong as it was aforetime, so now is its weakness. The glory has departed from Zion. The Roman Procurator names the High Priest, the representative of our people to our God. He has taken into his possession the holy garments and the sacerdotal utensils used in the sacrifices on the chief festivals and retains them from new moon to new moon. Locked in the fortress of Ansonia, he relinquishes them only at the time of the festivals. I myself witnessed with shame the visit of the High Priest when he presented himself before the Procurator and begged the return of the ornaments for the celebration of the Tabernacles. And so low have the mighty priests fallen that they vie with one another to pander to his vanity, for well they know that he who does not curry the favor of Rome falls!"

Cries of "Shame! Shame!"

"Woe unto us of the house of Israel."

"Aye! And all public documents henceforth are dated from the reign of the Roman Emperor. Gone

is our glory, and the pride of Israel is sunk in the dust. We are again a people of slaves, as were our fathers in Egypt."

The boy Jesus heard these things. And a great sadness for his people stirred his heart. Had he not been told the story of David the great king who had extended the boundaries of Israel to the north, to the east, to the south, and to the west; of Solomon, builder of the Temple? He remembered the heroic deeds of Judas Maccabeus and how Israel had thrown off the yoke of the Syrian tyrant. It was all so sad, so very sad. And was there none to save?

An old man asked a question:

"Tell us, ben Isaac, what say the teachers about the coming of ben David, the Messiah, the deliverer."

Others take up the cue. It is the thing closest on their hearts.

"Aye! Hath it not been foretold in the book of Daniel the Prophet that the four beasts will come; and there shall be terror and heartache, and Rome will fall, and the Redeemer will come to Zion?"

"And did not the Jew of Alexandria declare that God will send a king from the East who will put an end to all wars and establish a kingdom of righteousness?"

Back and forth runs the talk.

"It is also said that in the generation in which the son of David will come, scholarly men will decrease and the eyes of men and women will be swollen with sighing and sorrow, for great shall be the chastisement of our people. Scarce delivered from one evil decree, another shall come upon them."

"The leaders of the generation before the Messiah, said one of our teachers to me, will have the nature of dogs. They will bark and backbite. They are the Sadducees."

"O ben Isaac, but the time—the time. We have waited so long. So long have we groaned under the burden of our thraldom. Surely it is fulfilled that we are guarded and fortified no more."

"They do whisper round about—ye have heard it here these twenty-five years—that the wise have calculated that the time is approaching. The world will last six thousand years and will be in chaos one thousand years, they say. We are near the consummation."

It seemed to these simple peasant folk that every experience of their life justified this confident prediction. Every office of government had been taken from their hands; there were no judges in Israel, for Rome held power and the Sanhedrin could only recommend. Chastisements and evils multiplied upon them like "the waters of the rivers." The 5,000

years were at an end. The millennium they reckoned should be at hand. And with the millennium would come the Messiah. He would announce its advent.

And so the discussion continued long into the night.

Jesus' mind was filled with many thoughts as he stole noiselessly out of the room unnoticed by the excited disputants. Perhaps Mary saw him as he went. She was glad her son had heard. A vague sense of portent moved her. Her boy was different. A strange prescience about him—an apprehension beyond his years. Foolish thought that would not be stilled! Every Judean mother prayed silently the selfsame prayer. Why should she not do the same? But why should her boy be chosen? Yet strange things happen in this world. "Would God it might be true. The reckoning is right; the times are fulfilled. Why should my Jesus not be Messiah ben David?" These things raced through her mind as she heard the converse of the men, as she saw her son go out into the night, as she had seen him do so often before. She had followed him once and remained unseen as he sat thinking, dreaming, brooding.

And Jesus made his way to the top of the hill. The moon rode high and over the land was spun the mystic sheen of its magic light. Carmel, long camel-

back of a ridge, stretched far away to the west where was the great sea. And beyond the sea was Rome, proud mistress of the world, Amalek who crushed his people. What power came from that distant city set upon the hills! What was power? Strange thing that could issue from one man, ride the waters, circle the lands, bestow privilege and wealth or decree misery and heartache. Exalt this one; degrade that one. Punish that people—enslave his people. Power —strange thing.

And yet—!

Look at this moon-bathed world. How at peace! How beautiful! But no more beautiful than when, the other day, he sat on this selfsame stone and saw a thunder-storm come up from over Tabor. The angry boiling of the clouds, the racing, driven clouds; the menacing gloom; the lightning bolt; the crash; the rain, the heavy, torrent rain as if the heavens were rent and the waters of the upper world poured through. Here were power and might! Could Cæsar make a thunder-storm? The break in the clouds. The shaft of light coming as it seemed from on high, straight across the valley. The silence as the rain stopped. The song of birds. The glistening foliage. The sense of freshness, of renewal, of sweetness and purity. Here were beauty and glory. Could Cæsar create such things?

This power and glory were of God. Of Him had he learned in the synagogue. He was the creator of the ends of the earth, as the poet had written it. He was the maker of nations. He loved those poems called the Psalms. They were difficult Hebrew, and he was much more familiar with Aramaic. But how knowingly, how beautifully they referred to God! How close God seemed to the men who wrote these Psalms! They said David wrote many of them. He was a great man.

"I would like to be like David," the lad Jesus said, half to himself, with an amused smile.

He had delivered Israel from all his enemies, even from Goliath the great giant of the Philistines. David had known and loved God. He had said, "The Lord is near to all who call upon Him, who call upon Him in truth."

And God had seemed so often near to him too. How excited he was. What strange feelings came over him. The moon seemed nearer. Even Rome did not seem so far. And did any one ever see so much beauty? He wondered if other people felt it as he felt it.

Why was there so much ugliness in this world which to him now was so beautiful? Why did his father have to work so hard, and his mother? How he would like to help them. How he would like to help

all the poor people in the village. He would give them plenty to eat and plenty to drink, so that they might laugh and dance and be very happy—if only he could. How he would like to help his people and make them free like Moses and David. Yes, he would love to be like David!

These thoughts filled his waking hours and his dreams. At times Jesus played as other youths played, but often he would go away alone on long walks across the valley into the mountains. He came to hear the numberless voices of the silence as they whispered to him of beauty and hope and longing. The tenderness of the sunset wrote itself on his heart. The thunder and the storm cloud spoke to him of the Great Spirit who had brought this world into being. The passionate moods of nature, her infinite variety and color, reflected the changing moods of his own soul. He could not altogether understand them. He could only *feel* them. But somehow he sensed that the heart of man is the mirror of God's world, and, when it is open wide, man can make his own, in a cosmic embrace of unutterable longing, all of life.

One day he came upon a group of people. They were poor people; he could see that from their dress. They noticed him and invited him to join them as

they made ready their simple noonday meal. Before they ate one prayed:

"O God and God of our fathers, behold the affliction of Thy people. Their portion is gall and wormwood. Their rulers are cruel, their leaders and men of power put their trust in vanities. They see but comprehend not; they hear but heed not. Purge the soul of Thy people. Prepare them for Thy Kingdom. Let the holy spirit of purity be their sole guide. Send Thy redeemer in our time that Thy Kingdom come and Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

Jesus thought he had never heard so beautiful a prayer. It seemed to embody all he had been thinking.

He shared their humble meal and learned the ways of the Essenes. These men had renounced the world, for they believed the millennium was about to begin. They lived in communities and moved from place to place, setting an example of piety and selflessness to an unheeding generation. They took vows of poverty and shared with each other the little they possessed. What mattered goods and substance? God's Kingdom was about to come and man must be prepared. The rich only laughed at them; the poor were hardened, brutalized, sodden, indifferent.

They told him of John, to whom they were mak-

ing pilgrimage; this latter-day Elijah, tall, gaunt, with fiery eyes and the terrible denunciations of a Jeremiah, who was staying for a while at the river Jordan. John called the nation to repentance; they must cleanse themselves of their sins, for only so would God repent Himself of the evil which had come upon them and bring in the days of Messiah.

Would he join them? It is only three days' journey.

Impelled by some fervor within him stronger than he could withstand, Jesus goes with the Essenes. He had heard of John. Travelers passing through Nazareth had spoken laughingly of having heard this fanatic who was fooling the people. But pilgrims making their way farther to the north had told of their experiences. They had been blind before, now they could see. They had been evildoers before; now they would seek to do good. They had been unhappy before; now there was a divine joy in their hearts. The Kingdom was at hand and they were prepared to greet it welcome, the redeemed of the Lord. Jesus thought on these things, and he went with the Essenes to Jordan.

And John baptized Jesus.

What did it all mean? It was not clear to him. There seemed something of recognition, of hesita-

tion, in John's face as he looked upon him. Jesus remembered the exultation of the moment. He stood upon the bank of the stream with many others. He heard the roustabouts standing round ridicule John. He heard their blasphemous oaths. He saw John turn upon them, saying: "I baptize you in water unto repentance; but he who cometh after me is mightier than I, whose shoes I am not worthy to bear; he shall baptize you in the Holy Spirit and in fire. Repent ye, for thy doom is at hand!"

There was something terrible about this man, a burning earnestness born of some inward fire.

He remembered he drew near. There was so much pity in his heart for John. He understood John; these others did not. Not even the simple peasants who came so trustingly seemed to catch the deeper significance of it all. But he did. He had felt so often as John felt. These clods, what could they know? He had known what it was to be lonely and misunderstood. He had known intimacy with God. God had called him too.

In a dream he waded into the water and bowed his head as John baptized him. It was over. He looked at John. John looked at him. Dazed, he stumbled to the river bank. His head swam. Perhaps he lost consciousness . . . he did not know. All he remembered was the great brilliance that seemed to sur-

round him—the infinite aching of his heart—the utter longing of his spirit for beauty, for goodness, for God. And the voice, he heard the voice: "Thou art my beloved son." How happy he was. How infinitely happy. He had known poverty and want and hunger and thirst. He now was satisfied. The disinherited of earth, these were his brethren. He could understand them and love them. He would try to give them the peace that he had found, the peace of God that passeth understanding. Then they would not hunger nor thirst, but their hearts would be full as was his; full to overflowing with love, love of nature, love of life, love of humanity. There would be no place for pettiness and meanness and envy and sin. God's Kingdom was at hand—around the corner of the hastening days. Repent—return! And he walked from the place with a quiet determination.

It was the climax of his adolescent dreams, which had plagued him all these years. The youth had become a man. Jesus had found himself. Life's great purpose had been revealed to him. A great resolve claimed him—held his mind, his heart, his soul. He would teach and lead his people.

Jesus returned to Galilee. The sea of Galilee is a lake of jade in a setting of sun-bathed, golden

mountains. Along its banks were settlements of fisher-folk, and the cities Capernaum and Tiberias. Here Jesus preached, pouring out from his overflowing heart the winged words that gave him immortality. He made his home among the simple peasant folk, who were drawn to him by his earnestness, by the purity of his life, and by the beauty and unselfishness of his soul. They had heard such things before—in synagogue and public gathering; but never was Jewish teaching presented in just that way. There was a freshness, a vitality, and a depth to his words. The pearls of rabbinic wisdom buried under lengthy argument shone with a new eloquence. Furthermore, for illustration he drew upon the things with which they were familiar, the everlasting hills, the trees, the flowers, the animals, the subtle twists and turns of their own human nature. He spoke to them in their own language of the concerns of their own life, their problems and difficulties, their hopes and prayers. There was no gap of caste between them. He was not above them in station, as the proud and noble Sadducees, nor in intelligence, as the learned Pharisees. He was their own and they loved him. True, there were those even in his own city who shut their ears to his message and drew from him the phrase "a man is never a prophet in his own country," but to the majority of the

Galileans he was light and guide, teacher and friend.

There gathered round him a small group of devoted disciples, Simon and Andrew, Peter and John, and the sons of Zebede.

Fervently Jesus preached the coming of the Kingdom. "Repent ye, for the Kingdom is at hand." Deeply he believed this. "There is no time to spare. Make ready a way in the wilderness, for the word of God is about to be fulfilled."

Gathering his disciples about him, he entreated them, "Go forth and preach the Kingdom of Heaven cometh. Get you no gold nor silver for your purses, no wallet for your money, neither coats, nor shoes, nor staff. For verily I say unto you this generation shall not pass away before all these things be accomplished. Aye, there are some here of them that stand by who shall in no wise taste death till they see the Kingdom of God come with power."

If he could only convince them as he was himself convinced that the day of God cometh! Time neither to marry nor make a home. The idea consumed him. It gave him no rest.

One day while he was speaking, his mother and brethren stood on the edge of the crowd, but did not make themselves known to him. Some one told him they were there. And Jesus, driven only by the

one conviction which was now become his whole life, cries out:

"Who is my mother and who are my brethren?" And with that he stretched forth his hands toward the people round him. "Ye are my brethren! For whosoever doeth the will of my Father who is in Heaven, he is my brother!"

What mean earthly relationships, however dear or blessed, what mean the bonds that tie men to one another? God calls—His Kingdom cometh. Man must prepare. Repent—return!

Often had he noticed standing on the outside of the crowd groups of Sadducees and Pharisees. These patricians and priests, these noble and learned, laughed at him. At times they interrupted his discourse and badgered him with questions.

"Give us a sign from heaven!" One day in answer to such a question he replied:

"Ye men who know how to discern the face of heavens, ye who tell if the morrow's weather be fair or foul—ye are wise in such things, but ye cannot discern the signs of the times! Ye are an evil and adulterous generation who seeketh after a sign. Shall a warning be given to such as ye!"

And turning to his friends, he cried: "Beware of the scribes who desire to walk in long robes and to

be saluted in the market-places; who demand the chief seats in the synagogues and the most honored places at the feasts! They are the ones who devour the houses of widows while they make pretense of lengthy prayer. They shall receive great condemnation."

One day at meal in the home where he was sojourning, certain scribes and Pharisees looking in saw that in the company were well-known publicans and sinners, men about town, and loafers and women of the street, drawn to him out of the tragedy of their lives because they saw in him one who understood and who could help and heal their bruised souls.

They shout in: "Hah! See he eateth and drinketh with publicans and sinners, this hypocrite who would teach us the way of God, who preaches repentance in the name of God."

And Jesus looking up replies: "They that are whole have no need of a physician; only they that are sick! I come not to call the righteous, but the sinners!"

How could he turn his back upon them that needed him most? He knew their guilt and their uncleanness, and yet for that very reason he would take them to his heart, show them the way of life, turn their souls to penitence, and prepare them for the

Kingdom of God! These men did not understand! Even as they did not understand him when in the synagogue on Saturday he healed the sick.

But Jesus had made his first enemies. He could not challenge the powers of the land nor hold them up to ridicule, making them the object of the people's laughing, and think they would forget it. Power is jealous of its prerogatives.

Jesus went out into the mountain to pray. All night long he continued in prayer to God. And when day came the disciples gathered round him and together they came down from the mountain and stood in an open field. And Jesus said:

Blessed are ye poor, for yours is the Kingdom of God. Blessed are ye that hunger now, for ye shall be filled. Blessed are ye that weep now, for ye shall laugh. Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you. Bless them that curse you, pray for them that despitefully use you. To them that smiteth thee on the one cheek, offer also the other; and from him that taketh away thy cloak, withhold not thy coat also. Give to every one that asketh thee; and of him that taketh away thy goods ask them not again. And as ye would that men should do to you do ye also to them likewise. Be ye merciful even as your Father is merciful. And judge not and ye shall not be judged; and condemn not and ye shall not be condemned.

Days passed. They lengthened into months. The news of John's death was brought to him. It but strengthened his will to carry on. The flame of his spirit burned within him. The time was so short and the work was so great. He summoned his disciples and sent them forth "to the lost sheep of Israel."

This people, his people, they must be made to understand. He was preaching to them the coming of the Kingdom. Why could they not listen? Had his enemies worked against him? Would they deceive the people and set his work at naught and make him out a traitor? It was for them he labored and for Israel he despaired.

"Think not that I came to destroy the law or the prophets. I came not to destroy but to fulfil. For verily I say unto you, till heaven and earth pass away not one jot nor tittle of the law shall pass away. Whosoever shall break the least one of these commandments shall be called the least in the Kingdom; but whosoever shall do and teach them he shall be called great in the Kingdom of Heaven!"

To Jews he was sent. Jews he would save. His people must know it is not for himself he preaches. He wants no earthly recognition. He is but an instrument, the mouthpiece of the living God, who in but a brief time now will reveal the coming of His Kingdom!

Galilee no longer offered him refuge. The Tetrarch Herod Antipas was at his heels. Could they give him no peace, or was this destined to be his portion?

"The foxes have lairs and the birds of the air have nests but the son of man hath not where to lay his head," he told his disciples one day.

Was he tired of it all? Did he feel he had begun a work which was larger than he realized? Were there any questioning and doubt in his mind?

"Just who am I? Why should I be driven thus by the power of a conviction which is too strong for me to withstand? I am as a reed before the storm, as a cloud before the wind, when the spirit of God enthralls me." Memories of his youth, of that supreme moment of exaltation when John baptized him, recurred again and again. The faith of his disciples, their utter devotion to him, their utter belief in him; the sanction given by his own inner life, these things could not be lies and emptiness.

He asks his disciples: "Who do men say the son of man is?"

And they said: "Some say John the Baptist, some Elijah, and others Jeremiah or one of the prophets!" But he must have help from those who love him. He must test them out. Perhaps they would confirm the

deepest convictions of his own soul and strengthen his resolve. If they spoke out!

He turned to them and put the question direct:

"But who say ye that I am?"

Simon Peter answered: "Thou art the Christ, the son of the living God!"

It was done. They had said the words his faltering heart fain would hear and yet perhaps hesitated to hear. For life was sweet. And this meant—Jesus knew that this meant death.

For the moment he charged them to silence. He wanted time to think, to ponder, to plan. He needed time to adjust himself to the inevitable decision. The test must be made. He must go to Jerusalem!

Spring in Palestine. Along the road the fresh green of the crocuses and the beautiful flowering myrtle. The country-side was fragrant with the heavy pink bloom of almond trees; it mingled with frankincense and myrrh; with the scent of early ripening grapes on the terraced hillside. The wadis sang with laughter. Clear were the glorious days. Clear were the moonlit nights. Cool and refreshment and peace along the country-side.

But in the holy city suppressed excitement. It marked the conversation of the Sadducees as they gathered in the Temple and at the banquet board. It

ran through the talk of the scribes and the teachers. It buzzed and hummed in the crowded market-place at the Damascus gate. It stirred the masses of the people of the city and them who had come there from the ends of the land, to celebrate the pilgrim festival of Passover, with a vague yet thrilling sense of hope.

Could it be true? Is the teacher of Galilee the Messiah? They say he has done marvelous things. They say he casts out demons and raises the dead. The reckoning is correct, the times are fulfilled! Would God it were true and we delivered from the yoke of Rome.

Pilate heard it in his palace and a frown came upon his face. These troublesome Jews! Yet he must send good report to Rome and substantial moneys for the imperial treasury. Surely he was entitled to something over and above this for all his worry and anxiety and his isolation from the center of the world, from the delights of Rome.

And Jesus enters Jerusalem. Quiet he was; observing all; quiet and restrained of mien. He noticed not the hosannas of the mob. Many thoughts raced through his mind, up and down and back and forth like running arpeggios. The dream of his life had come true. He was here in the holy city. Here where

God had called him. And yet he was such an utter outsider, a stranger to it all. The Galileans were not popular in the south. These people spoke almost a different language. The simple dwellings of the north country. How different the great substantial buildings here. All was fixed, colossal, abiding. Here were intrenched power jealous of its tradition and its prerogatives. A sense of futility moved him perhaps. And yet the inner voice—the Jordan baptismal vision—"Thou art my beloved son." The voice of Peter: "Thou art the Christ"—the tender, yearning faith of his followers. How devoted they had been. He could not fail them now. And his God, that God who had been his companion through the weary months, who had opened the very heavens to him and shown himself in the beauty of the world, in the blessedness of brotherhood among men, His God. Jesus would not fail Him now. His head erect, yet noticing all, Jesus and his disciples enter the court of the Temple.

The holy place was filled with a vast concourse of people. Here were the stalls where the animals and doves for the sacrifice were held for sale. It was not permitted to bring one's own offering—only those bought from dealers to whom the chief priests and Sadducees had granted license were Levitically clean for the paschal sacrifice. And dealers and Sad-

ducees battened off these concessions. Here were the tables where the money-changers presided, raucously yelling prices of exchange. Only certain coins were acceptable in payment for the animal sacrifices, and pilgrims brought with them the moneys of neighboring peoples where they dwelt. Men crowded round, keen-eyed, shrill-voiced, bargaining and bartering with all the hectic chatter of the marketplace. "Five for four!" "Seven for ten!" "Too much!" "Too little!" "You cheat!" "You scoundrel!" Priests and scribes and Roman soldiers standing by, looking on.

And there in the background was the sanctuary of Israel's life, "the Holy of Holies," silent witness of it all.

So thus they prepare for God's Kingdom. Memories of the prophets of his people filled his mind, their words leaped to his lips. "The day of wrath must come. God's judgment on his unheeding people."

The little band of pilgrims from Galilee stand by. They look anxiously at their leader. There is something stern about him, something unflinching, uncompromising. They had never seen him thus before. What would he do? They felt themselves apart from it all, helpless, futile.

The noise dies down a moment. A murmur

through the crowd. This must be the man of Nazareth! They have heard of him.

Jesus walks slowly toward the tables of the money-changers. Stops short—then his voice rings out:

"Is this my father's house become a den of robbers and thieves?"

He lifts his pilgrim staff and smites the tables. The mob falls back before him. He drives the money-changers from the Temple.

But he had made active enemies of the rich and the powerful. Caiaphas the High Priest and all the Sadducees leagued against him in whom they saw a challenge to their supremacy, a danger to the accepted order.

A second influential group in Jerusalem was the Pharisees. They were by no means a united party, but were torn by internal dissensions. They were indeed the democrats, the liberals of that day, who resented the assumption of power and priestly authority by the Sadducees. They stood for a liberal interpretation of the law and the principle of an evolving tradition. The Sadducees claimed special privileges of nobility and priesthood and declared the High Priest to be the intermediator between God and the people. The Pharisees said he is only the

representative of the people. The Sadducees claimed only the Torah, the Mosaic legislation was binding. The Pharisees said the rabbinical interpretations out of the needs of the time should govern Jewish life. The Sadducees emphasized Temple and sacrifice; the Pharisees pointed to study and prayer. The Sadducees declared the priests to be set apart as a special class; the Pharisees proclaimed the doctrine that every Israelite was a priest. They formed schools and taught in the synagogues and upheld the rights of the ordinary man.

But there were zealots among them, as there would be in any large group of people. There were fanatics among them, as was natural at such a time of transition. There were hypocrites among them who in their own way were just as illiberal, just as jealous of their privileges, and guilty of the same abuses, as were the Sadducees whom they accused.

Many Pharisees felt that a breakdown of Judaism was imminent. To numerous Jews Hebrew was a lost language. Many had forgotten the sacred tongue of their Bible and prophets. They spoke Aramaic, the Greek translation of the scripture. The appeal of Greek knowledge and culture cast their spell and charm. Some Pharisees felt that the chief danger was not Rome but the assimilation of the Jewish people. They were at best a struggling minority in a pagan

world given to idol worship and all abominations. The worship of the one spiritual God was in peril—in dire peril. They differed too in ideas of Messiah. Some felt it wiser not to challenge Rome. The religion of Israel was not dependent on national independence—it inhered in a literature and a life. It was in Rome's power to crush the people and destroy all of Jewish life by enforcing adherence to the gods of Rome as well as to her laws.

Men of this group decided to put Jesus to the test. When Jesus came into the city the next day they asked him:

"Master, what commandment is the first of all?"

Jesus answered: "The first is: Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God, the Lord is One. And thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy might. The second is this: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. There is none other commandment greater than these."

And the scribe said unto him: "Of a truth, Teacher, thou hast well said that He is one and there is none other than He; and to love Him with all the heart and with all the understanding and with all the strength; and to love his neighbor as himself is much more than burnt offering and sacrifice."

Here Jesus established himself as a true Jew. He uttered what is the watchword of Israel, the protest

which has fallen from the lips of the martyr people in a thousand pyres, *autos-da-fé*, and pogroms; the proclamation of divine unity which the dying lips of every Jew utter when the shadows of death encompass him.

But these people were not satisfied. Had he not been seen walking and talking and eating with publicans and sinners? Had he not failed to wash his hands before the meal? Had he not healed on the Sabbath? They plagued him with questions. They would draw him out. He would incriminate himself.

And Jesus answers: "Behold, God did not make man for the Sabbath! The Sabbath is made for man. There is nothing from without the man that going into him can defile him; but the things which proceed out of the man are these that defile the man."

And Jesus thought to himself: these people cannot understand that the day of judgment is about to come. They go about their tasks as if we were not at the end of things. They deceive and mislead the people. Blind leaders of the blind! Yet they seek to ensnare me with their words. Nothing matters but the coming of God's Kingdom.

Words poured from his lips, overwhelming words of protest and indignation, words of hurt and heartache, words of anguished protest—immortal words of castigation worthy to be placed side by side with the utterances of Jesus' forebears, the prophets of Israel of whom he was the last.

The scribes and Pharisees sit on Moses' seat; all things whatsoever they bid you, these do and observe; but do ye not after their works; for they say and do not.

Yea they bind heavy burdens and grievous to be borne and lay them on men's shoulders; but they themselves will not move them with their fingers.

All their works they do to be seen of men and love the chief places at the feasts and the salutations in the market-places and to be called of men Rabbi! But be ye not called Rabbi; for one is your teacher and all ye are brethren. And call no man your father on earth; for one is your Father, even he who is in heaven. Neither be ye called masters; for one is your Master, even the Christ. But he that is greatest among you shall be your servant. And whosoever shall exalt himself shall be humbled; and whosoever shall humble himself shall be exalted.

But woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! because ye shut the kingdom of heaven against men; for ye enter not in yourselves, neither do ye suffer others to enter.

Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for

ye compass sea and land to make one proselyte; and when he is become so, ye make him twofold more a son of hell than yourselves.

Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye tithe mint and anise and have left undone the weightier matters of the law, justice, mercy and faith. Ye blind guides, that strain the gnat and swallow the camel!

Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye cleanse the outside of the cup and of the platter, but within they are full of extortion and excess. Thou blind Pharisee! Cleanse first the inside of the cup and of the platter that the outside thereof may become clean also.

Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye are like unto whited sepulchres, which outwardly appear beautiful, but inwardly are full of dead men's bones and of all uncleanness. Even so ye also outwardly appear righteous unto men, but inwardly ye are full of hypocrisy and iniquity!

O Jerusalem, that killeth the prophets and stoneth them that are sent unto her! Behold your house is left unto you desolate.

For I say unto you, Ye shall not see me henceforth, till ye shall say, Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.

Weak and spent he made his way to Bethany. But the number of his enemies had been doubled!

The masses of the people whom he loved so well because he understood them, because he sprang from them, they hoped in him—to them he may have been the leader round whom they could gather in the inevitable struggle against Rome. Did not the tradition say that the Messiah would deliver them from the thraldom of the oppressor? Were not the times fulfilled? Did he not come from the east to preach to them? He would be their Saviour. Thus thought the humble folk.

But the Sadducees whose power he had challenged and the Pharisees whom he had condemned leagued themselves against him and sought to lay hands on him, for they feared him. Again they plotted to trap him by questions.

Jesus was talking at the gate. A large crowd of people had gathered round him. Perhaps they were but waiting for the word from him which would start the rebellion and bring them freedom. The emissaries of his enemies joined the crowd. They knew well the questions to ask. They knew if they could but break the confidence of the people in Jesus, if they could show him up as helpless, the disappointed mob would make their plan an easy one.

"Teacher, we know that thou art true and carest not for any one; for thou regardest not the person

of men, but of a truth teachest the way of God. Is it lawful to give tribute unto Cæsar or not? Shall we give or shall we not give?"

But he, knowing their hypocrisy, said unto them: "Why make ye a trial of me? Bring me a denarius, that I may see it."

And they brought it in. And he said unto them:

"Whose is this image and superscription?"

And they said unto him: "Cæsar's!"

And Jesus said unto them: "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's and unto God the things that are God's!"

The crowd stood by and listened.

Was it a moment of weakness? Was he not so sure of himself? Was there perhaps a question at his heart, a gnawing, aching question? Did he fear the power of Rome and so would compromise? Did he think to win back those whom yesterday or the day before he had alienated? Did he sense something of the martyr's joy of self-immolation, believing that perhaps he might in death do more than in life? He had not evaded the issue of the Sadducees and Pharisees. But he who had preached peace and the coming of the Kingdom could not yield to the demand for war and murder and rebellion!

Stirred were his hearers among the humble folk. Here was an opportunity to signal the revolt. This

was the moment for which they had been waiting. But no call to arms! No winged word to stir them to action. Only supreme futility. Dashed were their hopes of redemption. This would-be Messiah counseled patience—advised submission. They would none of him! He was not their Saviour, their Redeemer. The mob likes force—he would yield. How quick they are to turn against a leader who will not be their mouthpiece nor do their dire will.

Thus the number of his enemies had been trebled. He had challenged the power of the Sadducees and priests; he had held up the influential Pharisees to ridicule and set at naught the very things by which they hoped to save their faith; he had failed the fond hopes of the lower classes for leadership in rebellion against Rome. The stage was set. The tragedy runs quick to its inevitable end.

The holy city slept. Next day the festivities for the Passover would begin. The sacrificial offerings had all been prepared. Tired venders, weary pilgrims, exhausted men, women, and children lay upon their couches. Only the tramp of the Roman guard here and there when the sentries were changed broke the night silence. The peace of deep slumber fell upon the city.

But the enemies of Jesus were awake. They

planned to forestall any outbreak of the populace rallying around Jesus on the morrow. They would take him into custody. Already had they secured the concurrence of one of his disciples, Judas Iscariot, whom they had bribed with thirty pieces of silver. Judas was a Judean. Perhaps he was not so devoted to Jesus just because he was a Galilean. Perhaps he had been convinced that Jesus' teaching was dangerous to the public order and it were better that one man perish than the whole people be crushed. Perhaps he doubted that Jesus was the Messiah; perhaps he had been persuaded that Jesus threatened the integrity of the Jewish religion. One scholar says that Judas deliberately betrayed Jesus just because he believed in him; because he thought in this way he might afford Jesus opportunity to perform the miracle which would establish Jesus as the Messiah. Some say it was because he loved Mary Magdalen, devoted follower of Jesus, who did not return his affection, and jealousy prompted him to yield to the whispers of Caiaphas the High Priest. Who knows what was in his mind? Who can ever know? But what he did that night has branded him as the archetype of traitor. What he did that night has brought upon him and Jesus' people unutterable misery for twenty centuries. Legend has it that, mad with remorse and self-reproach, he killed himself and paid expiation with

his life. Yet for twenty centuries a partizan world has held his people responsible.

Jesus ate the evening meal with his disciples and went with them to the Mount of Olives. From this point, 2,500 feet high, all the land flows out, away and down. Twenty-three miles away the Jordan River winds in and out the valley, emptying into the Dead Sea, whose waters in the late afternoon were a deep rich blue. The hills and cliffs of Moab rise sheer from its banks, colored gold and red and brown or broken with dark shadows of ravines. One sees to the left the mountain where tradition says Samuel lived and what was the scene of many battles from early days till now. David and Saul fought there, and Allenby in our time captured it and made it his vantage point from which to take the Holy City. All the panoply of Israel's history, the flow of peoples from east to west, Israel's enemies from Assyria, Syria, Babylon, Media, Persia, Egypt, Greece, and Rome came and went back and forth across the plains. It is a place of memories. Kings and priests and prophets and martyrs have come there and looked upon the magic city that is Jerusalem. And Jesus went to the Mount of Olives.

"Sit ye and wait for me while I go yonder and pray."

Did he know what was in store for him? Did he

know that already the Roman hand would grip him in the darkness, that only one brief hour of freedom would be his on earth?

How can we know what Jesus thought? He sat down upon a rock and gazed out over the Holy City. Darkness, silence. Only here and there a tiny light carried by a centurion; only now and then the distant tread of the guard. The moon shone clear. It spun a glamorous web between earth and heaven. The outlines of city walls rose in black shadow. The central building of the Temple, the Holy of Holies, took faint shape like some wraith structure, insubstantial, whose white stones glowed weird in the light of the moon like some monument of enchantment.

He had done his best. They were too strong for him. He had followed the voice of his inmost conviction. What does a man think who knows his work is done? No, not his work, but his opportunity to labor for his high purpose. He had given the best he had, the best he knew. His words had fallen on unheeding ears.

"My soul is exceedingly sorrowful within me; sorrowful even unto death.

"It was for Thee, O my God, for Thee I did all, I spoke all. O, if it be possible, let this cup pass away from me!

"Have I not drunk enough of bitterness and gall? But Thou know and willest, not I. Thy will be done; not mine!"

Like Moses, he dreamed his dream. Like Moses, he saw the promised land. Like Moses, he must needs relinquish his task before it was done. But they, his disciples, would carry on. They would proclaim unto his brethren that God demands not sacrifice or burnt offering, but humility of heart and loving-kindness among men.

"My soul is exceedingly sorrowful even unto death!" Dark foreboding mingled with deep abiding faith.

And he came back to his disciples and found them asleep. And he said unto Peter: "What, could ye not watch with me one hour?"

He could not know that they, that other Jews, that Christians, that noble hearts of all times and places and creeds and races would watch with him through the centuries, proclaiming the truths of goodness and brotherhood and the love of God. He could not know that in his death he realized the greatest fulfillment of his life; that in his going down he was the instrument that exalted mankind. He could not know that he would not die in vain.

A voice in the night. The clang of men in armor. Voices. Shouts.

And they came and laid hands on Jesus and took him.

The midnight meeting in the home of Caiaphas the High Priest. The solemn sternness of the small assembly. The voice of Caiaphas:

"I adjure thee to tell us whether thou art the Messiah, the son of God!"

Why deny the deepest conviction of his soul? Nothing they could say would still the voice that rang in his ears: "Thou art my son." Nothing he could say would convince them. Nothing he could say would dissolve their hard determination to do him to death.

"Thou hast spoken!"

The words fell from his lips almost as a whisper. He was thinking aloud.

Then the High Priest rent his garments crying: "He has spoken blasphemy. What further need have we of witnesses? What think ye?"

And the men answered: "He is worthy of death!"

The tragic, infinite irony of it all. They sought to preserve the integrity of their faith and their people; they acted, as they believed, in the name of God. He spoke out of the mystic certainties of a man's soul, with which there is nor can be any reasoning. In that supreme moment force met force

and strength faced strength; urges, motives, subtle potencies that rose from the secret places of the divine plan were pitted against each other. And their contact molded the destinies of half the world.

Pontius Pilate received the recommendation of Caiaphas the High Priest. Perhaps he smiled. What matter one Jew more or less? But this Jesus was a pretender, a possible leader of rebellion. There was but one thing to do. The instinct of self-preservation was strong in him. He knew the seething caldron over which he sat; the smoldering discontent of the masses. Who was this Jesus, anyhow? Only a Galilean! "Nothing good comes out of Galilee," he had often heard the Judeans say. Nip the revolution in the bud. Give the zealots no personality about which to rally. It was the Roman way. It was the efficient way. It was the only way.

Jesus was crucified according to the custom of the Romans. And in that last agony, racked by pain and torture, as he poured out his spirit unto death he cried out: "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" Did he perhaps realize the futility of it all? Did he in those last moments question the reality of his conviction that he was the Messiah, a conviction that had come to him out of his boyish dreams,

that had been suggested to him by the loving, prayerful watchfulness of his mother, that had been nourished by his experience with John, that had been strengthened and made firm by the devotion of his disciples; a conviction that was wrought out of the very times themselves and became a part of the texture of his soul, driving him to preach repentance and the coming of God's Kingdom? We shall never know.

But later legend has it, legend that idolized his memory and made of him a God, that Jesus said, "Forgive them, Father, for they know not what they do."

It is difficult indeed to dig beneath the mountains of propaganda and controversy and unearth the core of truth about a personality like Jesus who has been the center of discussion for twenty centuries. Passages like that where Pilate speaks: "I am innocent of this blood," or like this: "His blood be on us and our children," are spurious. They were written down later as propaganda by men whose business it was to further belief in Jesus, the Christ who died to save the sins of the world. They are not genuine. Prejudices died hard, and when these prejudices have been the bulwark upon which the structure of a great religious system has been builded, it is all the

more difficult. The problem becomes well-nigh insuperable when it is obviously to the advantage of the religious institution which is founded on these errors to continue to promote them. The orthodox church is established on the principle that Jesus was the Messiah, that the Jews rejected him. To recede from that point of view means to tear down the structure that has been erected through the centuries and which is hope and sustenance for millions of human beings throughout the civilized world; means to destroy the very foundation of the Church.

Yet truth shall march on. Humanity will lift itself gradually out of error and superstition into enlightenment. Jesus the man-made God must in the end give way to Jesus the God-made man! The gradual triumph of reason and right and freedom of thought over unreason and wrong and slavish superstition is written in the unfolding book of God's providence for the children of men.

It is true that Jews denied he was the Messiah. It is true that a group of powerful Sadducees and Pharisees combined to turn him over to Rome. But it is equally true that the earliest followers of Jesus were Jews. It is true that to many Jews of that day he was not God but the Messiah. It is true that Jews cared for him. It is true that Jews followed him. It is true

that Jews walked with him along the Via Dolorosa and up Golgotha's heights. It is true that Jews wept for him and took his body tenderly down and gave it decent burial. It is true that after his death, as before it, Jews were his first disciples. It is true that the first Christians were Jews and that in the synagogues were preached to Jews the first sermons of the daughter religion. It is true those who first bore the cross of Jesus were Jews. It is likewise true that the Jewish people have borne the cross along the Via Dolorosa of the years, and have faltered up Golgotha all these weary centuries.

Jesus believed he was Messiah, the son of God in a different and peculiar way. He claimed to speak in the name of God. Other prophets of Israel had spoken in God's name, but they had said: "Thus saith the Lord," or "The word of God came to me." But not so Jesus. He seemed to identify himself with the message. "No man approacheth the Father save through the son." He suffered Peter to call him "Lord."

Why? Did he really believe these things? I think so. And it is because he conceived of himself in a special sense as the son of God, different from the usual and current understanding of the term, that the leaders of the time who felt themselves obligated

to maintain the worship of the one spiritual God lent themselves to his execution.

While the Jew apprehended God everywhere, he localized him nowhere. The embattled history of Israel is the struggle against idolatry, against man-made deities, whoever they may be. For this reason no saints nor images, no pictures nor art such as make so colorful the religious monuments of medieval Europe. The God-intoxicated Jewish prophets claimed to be only the messenger of the Divine, His spokesman. But here was one who claimed to be VERY God and whose disciples later claimed that he was God, who came to earth miraculously born, who suffered and died to save the world from the sins which had been inflicted upon it because of the sin of the first Adam. What Jesus' followers did and said of him in the later years justified the fear of the Jew that the unity of God was jeopardized. How could the Jew, to whom the idea of the divine unity was the higher expression of the religious life —how could the Jew accept him either as the Messiah or as God, as the intermediator or the Saviour? Hear, O Israel, hear all mankind, the Lord our God, the Lord is one!

The humanity of Jesus has been lost because of the emphasis placed upon his divinity. Jesus the God

is but the creation of theology. Jesus the man is real. Jesus the man is the object of the love of Jew and Christian alike.

I often wonder, Jesus my brother, what would you say if you could hear and see the things that are spoken and done in your name? What would you think of the blood that has been spilled in your name? Simplest and humblest and tenderest of men, what would you feel as you witnessed the pomp and show and power of them who essay to speak for you? What would you think if you heard the declaration that outside a particular belief about you, a particular form of worship of you, there is no salvation? What would you think of the idea that innocent babes unless sprinkled with the waters of baptism in your name are doomed to everlasting hell? What would you say to those who describe you as the highest type of business man and the pattern of all good advertisers? How you would scourge the hypocrites and scribes and Pharisees of to-day in church and cathedral and synagogue! How you would plead for faith and brotherhood in the name of God, the Father of all humanity!

When you died, most unselfish of men, you died as a Jewish martyr; not the first nor yet the last of many Jewish martyrs. You sprang from our loins.

We understand you, Jesus. The controversies of the past dimmed our eyes to the beauty of your life. Your protagonists have claimed more for you than you yourself could or would claim. They have made of you a god and worshiped you. It is your people who know and understand you best!

SPINOZA

"Whoso truly loves God must not expect God to love him in return."

SPINOZA

TYRANNY sows the seeds of its own destruction. Persecution and torture, pyre and banishment, or forced conversion had won for the sovereigns of Spain the right to be called Their Most Catholic Majesties. It was all so very simple logically. What was the need for two religions? Christianity was right. It was necessary to salvation. Let the Jews become Catholics and every barrier would be razed. As one writer puts it:

"The manifesto to the Jews is still quoted by churchmen to show the excellence, tolerance, patience and love of the Spanish rulers. Turn your synagogues over to the Catholics—come and be one with us—we will all worship the one God together —come, these open arms invite—no distinction—no badges—no preferences—no prejudices—come! . . . In quoting the edict it is not generally stated that the Jews were given thirty days to make the change."

Come to us or leave the land!

Some Jews killed themselves, as did Don Isaac de

Sola, physician to the king. Many fled. Many, outwardly converted, secretly practised the religion of their fathers. They were called Maranos.

But by the end of the sixteenth century the Netherland people had revolted against the introduction of that "beneficent instrument of salvation," the Inquisition, and against the fanatic Philip II. The double oppression of Church and State was more than they could endure. Holland became an oasis in a desert of hate. Protestants, liberals, and the persecuted of earth sought refuge in the land of William of Orange.

Where could the footsore sons of Israel go? The Italian states which hitherto had offered them refuge, dominated now by Pope Clement VIII, no longer opened their sunny gates. England, though then a Protestant country, had driven out her Jews some three centuries before and they were not permitted to live there till the latter days of Cromwell. All doors were closed to them—but one. There was but one place in all Christendom safe for Jews—the Netherlands.

There the weary exiles turned. Amsterdam was their Jerusalem. Michael de Spinoza, Marano refugee from Portugal, brought his family there in 1631 and laid the foundation of a new home in a freer land. One year later a son was born to him,

Baruch, which means "blessed," who was to bring undying glory to his name.

In order to understand Spinoza one must understand the spirit of the Jewish community in which he was reared.

At the head of the synagogue was Isaac Aboab de Fonseca, a venerable rabbi whose eloquence stirred the community. At the head of the school was Saul Levi Morteira. He was Spinoza's teacher. These two men, trained in the olden ways, knew but one mode of Jewish life—that was the way of the Torah—Jewish tradition as interpreted by the rabbis through the ages. Jewish youths in Amsterdam must be grounded in Bible and in Talmud, and in the discussion of the rabbis and teachers of their people preserved through heartache, sacrifice, and martyrdom, in a literature the record of a civilization apart, distinct—proceeding on its unbroken course for 2,000 years. The very antiquity of the Torah brought it honor and homage. Yet observance of its injunctions was essential to the preservation of the Jew. The Tradition was given by God to Moses on Sinai. Every word was true. Furthermore, all the interpretations of the Law which previous generations of rabbis had enunciated to meet the needs of their time—these interpretations too were valid and must be observed, for they were the oral law, the

fluid, living expression of the first written law, and both were holy and obligatory. One must not question; one must accept—and do. If one chafed at the manifold "mitzvoth"—the "commands"—he must remember the injunction of the sages, "Make a fence for the Torah—the Tradition." The Torah was the center of their life. It was the mainspring of Israel's hope. It was given Israel by God as His most precious possession.

They held it in keeping for the children of men. It was no shackle that bound their souls; it was no prison whose cold, bleak shelter they sought; it was no cell that darkened their lives. It was their very life. Rabbi Eleazar had said, "Where there is no Torah there are no manners; there is no wisdom, nor knowledge, nor fear of God." Woe unto the man who neglects the Torah, for the Torah is the light and redemption of the world. The Jew who departs from the "Teaching" is a disgrace to his people, an ingrate before God. The Jewish refugees of Amsterdam were as positive of the truth of their convictions as were the priests of the Inquisition that their beliefs were true.

But the Jewish community was by no means united in either practice or belief. The task of the teachers and rabbis was difficult. Often the congre-

gation was disrupted by inner dissension. Many of its members had for generations lived secretly as Jews, little oases of shrouded light in the brilliant desert of Catholicism. They had taken on Catholic customs and manners, practices and ceremonies. A strange *pot-pourri* of observance in which Rome and Jerusalem met for the moment.

There was the case of Uriel da Costa, scion of a Marano family, who scandalized the community by his criticism of its blind adherence to the letter of the law, by his challenge to the rabbinical authorities. Had he not denounced the leaders of the community as Pharisees and made ridicule of many a ceremonial, sanctified by centuries of observance? Twice he recanted upon threat of excommunication, but finally broke his heart against the impregnable citadel of accepted custom and, in the end, took his own life. Every one remembered him with shame and contumely as a renegade son of Israel. The Tradition must be guarded and observed without the taint of apostasy.

Furthermore, the community felt itself to be insecure. Did they not remember how only a few short years ago, when they had gathered for prayers shortly after their arrival in Amsterdam, the place had been raided and the leaders arrested and haled before the court on the charge that they were Pa-

pists? How ludicrous the charge! Why, they who had fled the persecution of the Church were as opposed to it as the Hollanders who had rebelled against it. They succeeded in convincing the authorities that the Jews shared their feelings of repugnance to anything that smacked of Torquemada, and so all ended happily. Within ten years they had built two synagogues, one larger than the other. Their congregation had prospered, but they must be on their guard. They must retain a rigid orthodoxy.

Indeed, the toleration allowed them was watched with jealous eyes. The Reformed Church had already complained of the freedom given the Jews. "How is it that these new-comers are tolerated, and we who are Protestants, though of a different camp from you, are dealt with so harshly?" said the Remonstrants.

So we find the leadership of Amsterdam Jewry in the hands of men of frozen opinions; that the community itself was fearful of its position, and was forced to regulate its life on the basis of that insecurity.

Baruch was trained, as was every other Jewish boy in Amsterdam, at the school of Rabbi Morteira, from eight in the morning till eleven and from two in the afternoon till five. He studied Hebrew, Bible,

Talmud, and the Jewish philosophers and commentaries. He was a favorite pupil of Morteira, and every one anticipated a brilliant future for the promising lad with the high forehead and deep penetrating eyes. What a renowned rabbi he would make, and what pride he would bring to his teachters and to the Amsterdam community!

But youth does not say everything that is in its heart. There is always an inner shrine to which no one may go except himself. There he keeps secret vigil in the silent watches. There he dreams, and his spirit takes on wings, and a day comes when youth flies. Men look on and wonder and women cry: What can have come over him? He was always so quiet and dependable! Little do they know, they who do not understand the heart of youth, little do they know the hours of heartache, of questioning, of prayer; the faltering agony of longing and the wrack of self-questioning. Little do they know the many times those wings lifted themselves in imaginary flight, only to beat themselves against the sky and fall broken and bruised. But the day comes. It has been fought for and prayed for and won. And youth is ready.

Spinoza learned Latin and the classics of ancient Greece after school hours in the home of Franz van den Ende, a popular teacher in Amsterdam, whose

home drew many of the young bloods of the day. Here he was introduced to mathematics, physics, astronomy, chemistry. The book of science was opened to his mind. Here too he made the acquaintance of Aquinas and became familiar with the scholasticism of the earlier centuries. Is there any wonder that his mind became as a room with many candles, the light from all mingling to illumine his soul? In his thought the deep appeal of Moses and Isaiah, the tender utter faith of the psalmists held converse with the scientific method of the day. Faith and reason talked together and tried to define the limitations of each.

Van den Ende was a man of culture and charm. He was brilliant and skeptical—and a realist. His wide reading and broad experience of life left him no illusions. Besides, he had a daughter, Clara, who combined physical beauty and intellectual vigor. She helped her father in his instruction. It is easy to understand how this home became the center for Amsterdam's intelligentsia. How fascinating to skim over thin ice! In van den Ende's drawing room one could talk and question and there was always an entrancing smile and a warm cup of tea. Moreover, one could say things aloud which elsewhere must be whispered—strange, fascinating, forbidden things.

Berthold Auerbach has written an imaginative story of Clara van den Ende and Spinoza. He pictures the cold, cheerless home of Spinoza and contrasts with it the warmth of the van den Endes'. He weaves a pretty tale of the unfolding of Spinoza's soul drawn out by the beauty and freedom of Clara's mind. She introduced him to art and to all that makes life warm and the great world more cozy. And Zangwill, in his "Dreamers of the Ghetto," makes the love of Baruch and Clara the central theme. This is all very interesting, but the facts are not recorded. One can only conjecture. This much is true. Van den Ende's home was the door through which he passed out of the ghetto into the world.

It was his acquaintance with Descartes that marked the turning point. The great French thinker had attempted to base philosophy on *reason*, not on tradition. Spinoza had drunk deep from the well of Maimonides, the great Jewish philosopher, who had made reason the central point of his system. But Maimonides had been criticized and condemned and his theories were still a storm center in Jewish life. The application of such an idea to Judaism in Amsterdam at that time was obviously impossible. Amsterdam Jews like Amsterdam Christians were pro-tradition and anti-reason! Rumors went the

rounds about young Spinoza. Reports of the questions he asked the rabbis and teachers were carried into pious Jewish homes; he was often a visitor at van den Ende's and was in love with Clara. His Jewish instructors spent many an anxious hour on him.

Furthermore, he had made many friends among the Mennonites, a sect of simple, hard-working people who lived in the low-lying province of Friesland. The Mennonites were radicals of that day. They went further than Luther. They declared religion to be a sacredly personal thing; that the spirit of religion was often lost in the institutions created to express it. Yes, they were quite radical. Menno Simons, the founder of the sect, had written: "A priest is a man who thrives on the sacred relations that exist between man and God and is little better than a person who would live on the love emotions of men and women." These were harsh words. But when men are victims of an institution and have suffered from its oppressive tyrannies, their natural recourse is vehement denunciation. Menno declared that the spirit of religion does not depend upon the institution, the priest, or the sacraments; it is a free gift of God to men. His followers lived in communities, simple, humble folk, working hard for their livelihood and following as

best they could the light they saw. Spinoza's friendships with these people gave him insight into other ways of worshiping God than through the traditions of the synagogue or the liturgy and sacraments of the church.

Thus it was that the doubts of his mind were confirmed by the experience of his life. This is a dangerous combination! It meant trouble.

Baruch took no action while his father lived. He was essentially a peace-loving man. He did not seek a quarrel. He hated discord. Probably he had that deep, inborn respect for parents which is the fifth injunction of the Mosaic legislation. He appears to have visited the synagogue occasionally and to have been called up for the reading out of the Scroll of the Law.

His father died when Spinoza was twenty-two years old. There must at that time have been rumblings of family discontent, family resentment against him. His relatives disputed his claim to a share in his father's estate. Spinoza was forced to resort to the threat of legal proceedings to secure his rights. He won his point, but—and this is indication of the man's character—he took for himself only a bed which he desired as an heirloom.

Meanwhile his heresies had been whispered

abroad. Amsterdam Jews had looked to him for leadership—the keenest mind of all the young men of the Jewish community, commended for his industry and application, for his earnestness and sobriety. Would he too follow the vain and pagan paths of Uriel da Costa and Orobio de Castro? How they needed a leader! Would he disappoint their hopes? Their position in Holland was neither clearly defined nor was it stable. Would he jeopardize it? Jews were not popular with either Protestant or Catholic. They were so annoyingly different. Would he give grounds to his people's enemies to persecute them in this place which up to now had been a real home? Did they fear that he would turn Christian and use his talents against them?

Summoned before an assembly of the leaders of the community, he was subjected to examination. He admitted he had drunk at fountains of knowledge other than that found in the Tradition; but he declared that God was too great to have revealed Himself only to one people and in one law; that neither church nor synagogue inherited the whole truth. They let him go with warning of greater punishment that was to come if he did not yield his opinion and cut the cloth of his mind and his utterance to the conventional pattern.

How could they behold with equanimity his

teaching other Jewish youths to disregard what they believed the truth? How could they sit by and see him mislead the Jewish youth of Amsterdam? They and their fathers had suffered torture and death to preserve the Jewish life. And through the long ages Jews had held the battlements of civilization against the onslaught of the pagan faiths. Upon them was laid the hand of God. To them had God given His testimony. Theirs to guard and protect it, and to hand it down from generation to generation in all its purity and beauty.

Did they not know that in Spain and Portugal there were monasteries and convents full of Jews? Did they not know that many conceal Judaism in their heart and feign Christianity on account of worldly goods? Did they not know that in Amsterdam itself there were monks, Augustinians, Franciscans, Jesuits, and Dominicans who had rejected idolatry? Did they not know that there were bishops in Spain and grave monks whose parents, brothers, or sisters lived among them in Amsterdam and elsewhere in order to be able to profess Judaism? Did they not know that at that very moment when Spinoza was drifting out from the religious life of his people, the smoke and flames of the funeral pyres of Jewish martyrs rose in many a town in Spain and Portugal?

Every month fugitives came, bringing sanguinary tales of Jewish sacrifice. How Mendoza had died with the Divine Unity on his lips. How Lopez had smiled as the flames licked up about him and the burning faggots tortured his limbs. How there had been heard angel voices singing the heavenly declaration: "On that day God will be One and His Name shall be One!" How men and women had risked their lives, relinquished position and power and all the pomp of kingly preferment for the sake of this Judaism—their Judaism. These things the refugees told the Jews of Amsterdam. And they saw and heard. And their faith was deeply confirmed within them. Was the sacrifice of these martyrs futile? Was the community clinging to a lie? Were they victims of a delusion?

No, it was for God and in His Name they would take action!

There was Spinoza, born in free Netherlands; taught in their schools; living unhampered, unendangered by threat of the Inquisition power—he held their time-honored customs and traditions in such scant regard.

Nor was Spinoza's position a simple one. It is always hard to break old ties. And this is true of the ties of one's belief as it is of one's habits; true of

the ties of the mind as it is of the ties of the heart. One's thoughts are like old friends or old furniture or old things. We become accustomed to them and we love them. We turn to them for use and beauty. Comes a day, however, when the spell is broken. A word slipped carelessly from the lips. A clash of ideas. The thing which was beautiful is so no more. The rug has outlived its usefulness. The friend with whom so many childhood hours of joy had been shared—these all fade into the background. The veil of illusion is lifted. The rug is old and frayed. The mind of thy friend is a book which is closed. No further chapters can be written. The pleasant incident of mutual affection is gone. We have wider horizons now; we demand more. Loftier summits beckon us and our spirits are athrill to make the climb. But we must go alone. Alone with our heartache and our memories. Alone with our dreams and our hopes and our prayers.

It was not easy for Spinoza to stand alone against all Amsterdam Jewry; against his schoolmates and his teachers. How different was Descartes. His system was designed to destroy the proud boastings of Catholic theology based upon a traditional revelation; yet he could so divorce his theory from his practice that he could vow pilgrimage to the shrine

of Loretto. Descartes escaped the death of the heretic by compromise with his convictions.

Spinoza's mind was of different mettle. He could and would brook no compromise.

Several companions questioned him one day and drew from him his belief that the angels were mere phantoms; that in the Bible the soul is mortal. Furthermore—blasphemy of blasphemies!—that the terms the Bible uses for God must either be taken figuratively, or if all the words of the Bible are literally true, then those terms make God corporeal. This was, of course, heresy.

Spinoza was summoned before the Beth Din—the council of the rabbis and the learned men.

It was night in the Amsterdam synagogue. Many candles flickered through the colorful edifice. The solemn proceedings began.

Would he retract?

He would not.

If a pension of 1,000 florins a year were granted him, would he visit the synagogue from time to time and would he be silent?

He refused.

A terrible silence in the synagogue. One by one the candles were quenched. Darker and darker the

great auditorium. A light of Israel was going out.

The old teacher stands before the open Ark; above, the single light that burns and is never quenched, a memorial of the eternal faith of Israel. His voice falters.

"The Council has long had notices of the evil opinions and actions of Baruch de Spinoza and these are daily increasing in spite of efforts to reclaim him. . . ."

What it must have cost his teacher. He had taught this boy. He had welcomed him to the pulpit when, as a lad of thirteen, he had spoken the benediction in the presence of the congregation, the pledge of his loyalty to faith and people.

"In particular he teaches and proclaims dreadful heresies of which credible witnesses are present who have made their depositions in the presence of the accused."

Then was read the terrible ban of excommunication:

"With judgment of the angels, and of the saints, we cut off, curse, and anathematize Baruch de Spinoza. . . . And we warn you that none may speak with him by word of mouth nor by writing, nor show any favor to him, nor be under one roof with him, nor come within four cubits of him, nor read any paper composed or written by him."

How well the community had learned its lesson from its persecutors. This use of the ban was the creation of the Church, a survival which lingered out of the past of primitive religion, revived and enforced to increase the power of the Church. Of all the infamies visited upon men in the name of religion, this holding of another human being *incomunicado* is the most dastardly. Yes, these driven Jews and sons of martyrs had learned their lesson well.

This is one of the tragedies of history that men will persecute and even kill each other in the name of an ideal. Both sides thought they were right. Amsterdam Jewry saw in Spinoza a challenge to the faith of their fathers, and a traitor who would bring his people to harm. He remained true to his conscience and his convictions; they remained true to theirs. Each was inflexible.

There is no record from that day that Spinoza ever had converse with his Jewish brethren. He dropped the Hebrew Baruch and was known as Benedict Spinoza.

The next years are fugitive years. He moves from place to place. He had already formed his own circle among the Collegiants, a sect similar to the Quakers, and he took up his abode with a Collegiant

friend several miles out of Amsterdam on the Ouderkerk Road. From here he communicated with his friends in the city by letter.

Now his earlier training stood him in good stead. Jews, while exalting the study of their tradition, while holding the scholar as the highest type of man, nevertheless emphasized the importance of learning a trade. Rabban Gamliel had said: "Excellent is the study of the Torah combined with some worthy pursuit, for the effort demanded by both of them makes sin to be forgotten." All of the greatest of the rabbis were laborers or artisans, shoemakers, saddlemakers, or carpenters. Baruch was a skilled optician. He pursued his trade with unusual success and at the same time taught Hebrew, Latin, and philosophy. Thrice during the next years he changed his lodging—to Rhijnsburg near Leyden, and to Voorburg, a suburb of The Hague. The last years of his life were spent in a little house upon the Pavelioen Gracht in The Hague, where he lived with some humble people who loved him. All during these last years the friends he had made held fast to him. Perhaps they realized that a saint abode among them. Colerus, the first biographer of Spinoza, stated that Spinoza had "a great many friends at The Hague who were all distinguished by their quality or by civil and military employments. They

were often in his company and took a great delight in hearing him discourse."

Among these friends was John de Witt, who for over a quarter of a century was the beloved leader of the Netherland people. Simon de Vries, a prominent citizen of Amsterdam, called him his "most faithful friend" and offered him 2,000 florins that, removed from want and penury, he might with complete ease of mind devote himself to setting down his philosophy. It seems that the genial van Spijck, his landlord, was present at the interview and reports that Spinoza refused this substantial gift, saying: "It would infallibly divert him from his studies and occupations." Later de Vries, having no wife or offspring, and feeling himself near to death, designed to make Spinoza his general heir. Spinoza again refused, declaring that the estate should go to de Vries's brother. This was done, but upon the express condition that the brother should pay Spinoza an annuity sufficient to keep him from worry. When the brother offered Spinoza 500 florins yearly he protested, saying it was too much and that he needed but 300 florins. This was paid him regularly during those last brief years of his life.

Meanwhile he was writing with intensity and persistence. Did he perhaps feel that his days were

short and he must hasten to say all that was on his mind before he died?

Portions of his ethics were written in Dutch and circulated among his disciples in Amsterdam. They translated the manuscript into Latin and wrote letters to him in which they set forth their difficulties.

He published his magnificent plea for liberty of thought—the "Tractatus Theologico-Politicus"—in 1670. The "Tractate" appeared anonymously and under a false title, and it bore the imprint "Hamburg" on the title-page. But every one seemed to know the author. In the New York Public Library to-day there is a copy of the first edition. You can see it if you go there, but you will rub your eyes and read the legend on the title-page twice before you realize that "A Treatise on the Sailing of Ships Against the Wind" is the "Tractatus Theologico-Politicus" of Benedict Spinoza. It brought down a storm of opprobrium upon him. It was proscribed by the Synod of Dort and by the States-General of Holland, Zealand, and Friesland, by synagogue and by church. It was put upon the Index, and small wonder.

He speaks with contempt of efforts to reconcile the contradictions in the Scriptures; he declares that the ceremonies of the synagogue and the sacraments of the Church are no longer binding—they are the

creation of men, not the edicts of God; he opposed miracles. Indeed, he said everything which could offend the pious. Early familiarity with the great Jewish commentator, ibn Ezra, recalled that rabbi's veiled doubts. Spinoza brings these smothered allusions into the open and adds ideas of his own which entitle him to be called the Father of Modern Bible Criticism. He declares that the Pentateuch was not the work of Moses, but was a later redaction of earlier manuscripts edited possibly by the school of Ezra and the scribes, and he constantly points out differences and inconsistencies to prove his contention. He even roughly traces what have now come to be called the various documents that went into the making of the Pentateuch. He saw the Bible not as one book but the work of many authors in different times and places. The miracles? But fanciful explanations, symbolic interpretations of things the author could not understand, but withal clothed in the beauty of Oriental imagery. He declared the Psalms and Proverbs were written at the time of the second Temple and not by David and Solomon. They who try to reconcile the contradictions in the Bible are undertaking "a pretty piety, forsooth, which accommodates the clear passages to the obscure, the sound to the corrupt." The authority of the Bible? It is the authority of men—

inspired, exalted men—but men, like ourselves. The canon of the Scriptures the choice of men. And Jesus? "The voice of the Christ, like the voice which Moses heard, may be called the voice of God" in this wise, that the wisdom of God took upon itself through them human expression, as it does through the initiated of all peoples. But the orthodox ideas of Christ were not only false, they were unintelligible. He pleaded for freedom of conscience and the right of man to approach God in the light of his own needs; he protested against the notion that to any man or group of men the whole truth had been revealed; proclaimed that no religion had the monopoly of salvation, but that all were gropings after the Divine Spirit and the supreme will.

No wonder he was denounced from pulpit and in the press. No wonder he and his work were under interdiction of church and synagogue. No wonder he was followed through the streets with shouts of derision and "Kill the renegade, the atheist!" Turning to the friend who was walking with him, he said: "We must remember that these men are expressing the essence of their being just as I express the essence of mine!"

But his reputation was established. He held converse with the great minds of the day: with Olden-

burg, the secretary of the Royal Society in London; with Huygens, the greatest living authority on optics; with Louis Meyer, the physician of Amsterdam; with Count von Tschirnhausen, the scientist; and with Leibnitz, who visited him at The Hague.

At this time he was carrying on a voluminous correspondence with the great and the near great. A reviewer of these letters declares: "They reveal not only his wisdom and tact and unselfish devotion to the pursuit of knowledge, but also his amazing patience with the most trying bores, his calm indifference to the tactlessness or vulgarity of others; his painstaking endeavors to enlighten some of his superstitious correspondents, his constant readiness to help all who avowed an interest in the search for truth, and withal his outspoken candor and his dislike of all prevarication, even at the risk of estranging some of his oldest friends."

An example will suffice. Albert Burgh had been an intimate friend of Spinoza's. For a time they had lived and worked together as youthful seekers after the light, which they found in van den Ende's drawing-rooms. Later their ways parted. Burgh became a Catholic and addressed himself to his old friend Spinoza in this wise:

"You assume that you have at last found the true

philosophy. How do you know that your philosophy is the best of all those which have ever been taught in the world, are now taught or shall ever be taught hereafter? . . . Do not flatter yourself with the reflection that the Calvinists, the Lutherans . . . cannot refute your doctrines. All these poor creatures are as wretched as yourself and sitting along with you in the shadow of death. How dare you set yourself up above all the patriarchs, prophets, apostles, martyrs, doctors, and confessors of the church? Miserable man and worm upon the earth that you are . . . how can you confront the eternal wisdom with your unspeakable blasphemy? What foundation have you for this rash . . . presumption? What devilish pride puffs you up to pass judgment on mysteries which Catholics themselves declare to be incomprehensible?"

Spinoza's answer is sharp, indeed sharper than was his wont. But the arrogance of Burgh merited his reply. As Pollock, the great biographer of Spinoza, declares: "The arrogance of it would have been sufficiently gross if addressed to a Protestant; to one who had never professed himself a Christian at all it was extravagant."

Spinoza writes: "You who assume that you have at last found the best religion, or rather the best teachers, and fixed your credulity on them; how do

you know that they are the best among those who have taught other religions or now teach or shall hereafter teach them? Have you examined all those religions, both ancient and modern, which are taught here and in India and all the world over? And even supposing you have duly examined them, how do you know that you have chosen the best? . . . The discipline of the Roman Church which you so much praise is, I confess, politic and brings gain to many. I should think indeed there was none more convenient for deceiving the vulgar and subduing men's minds."

Goethe one hundred years after the death of Spinoza, while reading the letters of the great philosopher, said: "His correspondence is the most interesting book one can read in the world of uprightness and humanity."

With recognition of his genius came a flattering offer to occupy the chair of philosophy at the University of Heidelberg. At the command of the Elector Charles of the Palatine, Professor Fabricius sent the invitation, which, however, included this condition: "You will have the largest freedom of speech in philosophy, which the prince is confident that you will not misuse to disturb the established religion."

Spinoza's response is characteristic:

"Had it ever been my desire to occupy a chair in any faculty, I could have wished for no other than that which the most serene Elector Palatine offers me by your hands, and especially on account of that freedom in philosophy which the prince is pleased to grant, to say nothing of the desire I have long entertained to live under the rule of a prince whose wisdom is the admiration of all men. . . . But since I have never been minded to give public lectures, I cannot persuade myself to accept even this splendid opportunity, though I have given long consideration to it. For I reflect in the first place that I must give up philosophical research if I am to find time for teaching a class. I reflect, moreover, that I cannot tell within what bounds I ought to confine that philosophic freedom you mention in order to escape any charge of attempting to disturb the established religion. Religious discussions arise not so much from the ardor of men's zeal for religion itself as from their various dispositions and love of contradiction which leads them into the habit of denying and condemning everything, however justly it be said."

He would not sacrifice his peace nor his freedom even for the honor and emoluments of so exalted a position. He preferred the quiet solitude of phil-

osophic reflection. He had dealt with this offer as he had with another made to him shortly before, an offer which would have enabled him to live in France on a liberal pension for the rest of his life, had he been willing to dedicate some work to Louis XIV. He refused. His conscience was not for sale.

Sometimes for days at a time he would not leave the room on the second floor of Spijck's house, where he made his home. These humble people came to love their guest, so quiet, so "courteous and obliging," so tender and solicitous. When they happened to be sick or afflicted, "he never failed then to comfort them and exhort them to bear with patience those evils which God assigned to them as a lot." Often he would come downstairs of an evening and talk with them. Particularly was he fond of the children, and urged them to be obedient and to attend church. Sometimes he went himself and afterward discussed the sermon round the fire of an evening.

One day, troubled by that vague questioning that rises sometimes in the most pious and devoted souls, Mrs. Spijck asked him if he believed she could be saved in the religion she professed.

"Your religion is a good one; you need not look for another, nor doubt that you may be saved in it,

provided, whilst you apply yourself to piety, you live at the same time a peaceable and quiet life."

Why disturb the faith of this simple soul? Philosophy and speculation were not for her. After all, salvation is not a matter of faith in a creed, nor is it the performance of a ceremonial, nor the observance of a sacrament. Salvation, whatever it might be, is a matter of conduct, and each man must live his life by the light within him.

Meanwhile Spinoza was working at his "Ethics," one of the outstanding achievements of the human intellect. It seems he journeyed to Amsterdam to arrange for the publication of this work.

He writes to a friend of what happened there: "The report was spread everywhere that a certain book of mine was in the press, in which I endeavored to show that there was no God; and this report found credence with many. Whereupon certain theologians (perhaps themselves the author of it) took occasion to complain of me to the prince and the magistrates; . . . Having knowledge of these matters from trustworthy persons who likewise told me that the theologians were laying plots against me on all sides, I determined to put off the publication until I could see the issue of the affair.

. . . But matters grow worse each day and I know not yet what I shall do."

He did nothing in his lifetime except complete the great work. Perhaps he felt after all *that* was the important business. His life was useful only if it could succeed in expressing itself in his philosophy. That would speak for him even after he died. Why enter now into controversy when the goal was almost won? He would finish his message and leave it for posterity. Perhaps he dreamed that the few years' delay would be as nothing compared with the centuries thereafter during which men would study and ponder his words.

One day he said to his friend, Henry van der Spijck: "Take this manuscript and my letters and place them in the drawer of my desk, lock it and keep the key, and after my death deliver it to Jan Rieuwertz, the publisher at Amsterdam."

Spinoza was not strong. For years he had suffered from a lingering tuberculosis. It was hereditary—the only taint on his life—and that was not of his own making. By simple living and strict diet he had delayed the end. It is a matter to marvel at that, weak as he was, he could labor so continuously and so intensely. The body was ill. The soul was mighty.

Sunday afternoon, February 21, 1677, while the

Spijcks were at church, Spinoza fell sick. Only Lewis Meyer, his friend and physician, who had come all the way from Amsterdam, was with him. A great mind was passing into that greater world mind which is God. The dying eyes of the great thinker looked round him. His work-bench where he ground his lenses, some cuts, some pieces of polished glass, and some instruments to polish them; his bed and those red curtains—always he'd had trouble with those curtains. They kept the light out. His camelot cloak which he used for great occasions hung on a peg; another old cloak with a great hole in one side. It had been cut by a dagger thrust intended for his heart. He smiled—an eager yet a wan smile.

The theologians had always hounded him, for he had made short shrift of their pretenses to absolute knowledge. Yes, he had assailed the miracle-mongers who battened upon the superstition of the people. But it was not a crime to have pleaded for the free mind. It was a crime to demand that God, his God, God the immanent reality in, round, about, God the all, the ultimate intelligence, should be bound in the pages of a book or limited by the words of a creed or a council!

He had lived apart from Jew and Christian in spiritual isolation. He believed in God, but not as

they did. Had not Socrates, convicted of atheism and condemned by the Athenians to drink the hemlock, cried: "I believe in God, O Athenians, but my belief is beyond your comprehension."

He believed in God. Not the kind of God to which his contemporaries prayed. Not the God of a neat and compact universe; not the God who would interrupt the processes of nature or nature's laws which *are* God to please petulant man; not a God who, flattered by the prayers, the offerings, the incantations, the masses, and the litanies, would, like some divine mountebank, perform miracles.

He believed in God and his immanence in the universe. All nature and human life—every tiniest living thing—responded to the challenge of the divinity of which it was a part.

The love of God, aye! But "whoso truly loves God must not expect God to love him in return."

This was his God! Sublime, awful contemplation. Aye, indeed it was hard. Everything that was in him cried out for help. How often had he gone on only through sheer force of will—a will renewed and strengthened by conscious relation to the divine will. He had prayed. But not the sort of prayers to which men were accustomed. Prayers for meat and drink and health and prosperity. Not such things.

He had prayed for knowledge and insight and forbearance. What mattered one little life in all the great cosmos? Man must not be so selfish. Man must learn to say to life: Life, I accept you with all your hurt and heartache, your pain and your frustration. Man must learn to give all and be willing to receive nothing. This is the faith of Job and the Psalmist: "Though he slay me, yet will I love him." This is the ultimate wisdom of the universe.

Man's love of God must be shorn of all personal desires or passion. It must be the love of the mind that rejoices in conpanionship with the divine mind of which it is a part, and all things must be viewed "in the light of eternity."

His mind lingered on those words. After all, they were the summation of his philosophy. They expressed his attitude toward life and life's problems, toward God and God's relation to man.

"Whoso truly loves God must not expect God to love him in return."

He had given all. He had asked nothing. But he had found the ecstasy of meeting God on earth and in the heavens and in the countless things that fill the spaces of the firmament; he had found his earthly paradise, for he had found God in his own heart and mind.

He sank back on his pillow. A great peace came upon him and his passing was like a sigh.

He had little influence on his own generation; yet no man has entered into the thinking of the last two hundred and fifty years, has permeated it and dominated it, more than Spinoza. He was understood and appreciated only by a small circle of the elect among his contemporaries; yet the currents and clashes in the realm of philosophy, ethics, and theology have for nearly three centuries centered around Spinoza. Driven from the synagogue, yet no man brought to his race greater glory. Denounced as atheist by Jew and Christian alike, to no man was the apprehension of the Divine Spirit more poignantly manifest. Outcast among his fellow-men, the far horizons of his mind mark the ground where choice spirits, Jew and Christian, range, in that rarer atmosphere above the belligerencies of petty theologians, where man the God-seeker, clear eyed, exalted, meets the condescending spirit of the universal reason; where unreason, bigotry, or illiberality and all that demean and desecrate the human soul melt before the consuming warmth of universal law. The sweetest and meekest, the humblest and simplest, the least militant of men, the power of his thought has broken through

the ramparts of lesser minds, laid low proud distinctions and priestly pretense, and marches on to the conquest of the human spirit, to the achievement of that freedom which is the most precious right of man.

HEINRICH HEINE

He sang to the very last, and they were the songs of his spirit's homeland. He laughed and mocked at the incredible stupidities of men, as he had done in his youth. But in the early days this ribald laughter hid the tears he wept for himself. Now, at the end, his mocking irony hid the tears he shed for all the world.

HEINRICH HEINE

MAN, whose mind is the instrument of the creative will, the playground of the divine fancy, is stirred by an idea. In travail the idea is born. It breaks through convention, custom, and habit. It becomes the new revelation whose thunders startle parliaments and peoples. It overturns institutions and nations and writes new chapters in history till man has given it adequate expression in new law and custom and religion and life. Then these man-made customs, bearers of the idea, become sacrosanct in themselves. The idea vanishes; its instruments remain. The substance departs; its forms abide. These are thy new gods, O ye people! And the eternal mind bides its chance till it can once more break through the crust of human stiff-neckedness.

The sacrifice of substance to form—this has been the tragedy of the world in economics, in politics, and in religion. It has held the cup of bitterness to the lips of the dreamers and has driven the saint into the loneliness of exile. It has dashed the spirit of true religious faith from the altars of church and syna-

gogue and erected idols of conventionalism, ceremony, and practice; it has banished God Himself from shrines erected to His honor and substituted therefor the creeds and litanies of man.

No wonder the dreamers are the revolutionaries. But why does man, who from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof gives praise to his Maker —why does man make it so difficult for the God in whom he says he believes? This is the irony of earthly things. And why does God make it so difficult for Himself? Ah, that is the divine irony whose secret is writ in the mystery of eternal things! Might it not be to give man a new chance; the opportunity and the privilege to seek God again and to find Him in new terms and wider spheres?

Napoleon, the "man on horseback," took his code, together with his sword, wherever he went. With his dream of empire, he visioned too the spirit of human freedom. In the heart of the Corsican was lust for world power; but in his mind there was also the will to free Europe from the yoke of medieval oppression. Cyrus, the destroying conqueror of the ancient world, was called by the prophet the instrument of God. Napoleon too conquered and destroyed, but he sought to build anew on firmer and fairer foundations. So the old repressive laws, spawn

of the dark days of bigotry, went where he came. And when he left they came back again.

A period of reaction followed Napoleon's exile. Upon an unprepared world he had let loose nationalism, that power mightier than dynamite, which can be curse or blessing, compounded of the hopes and memories, the dreams and will of a people. In Germany, in Prussian Germany, it lifted its head and leered in all its ugliness. "Back to the good old days!" became the cry; "back to the days of security and stability." It meant back to the days of credulity and superstition and illiberality, where the human conscience was in the keeping of the Church alone and man had not learned the joy of walking upright in his earthly Eden.

And upon the seed of Abraham there fell once more Azazel's lot—the lot of the scapegoat. He was the sacrificial offering to the returning gods of the conquering Canaanites. This was just a hundred years ago, remember! Pius VII, Vicar of Christ, had been restored to power, and the Jews of Rome were once more crowded into a ghetto. The towns of Lübeck and Bremen ordered many of them to leave the homes which had been their dwelling-places for generations. Francis in Austria humiliated his Jewish subjects, and Prussia, drunk on the wine of the new barbaric nationalism, set out to shame and

humiliate the Jews within her borders. Only in England and in France was there a ray of light. Lewis Way, a distinguished Englishman, advocated the emancipation of Jews throughout Europe, and in France, despite the powerful reactionary nobility and clergy, the rights of citizenship were not denied them.

But throughout Germany rang the cry Hepp! Hepp! It was echoed in Wurzburg and in all the cities of Franconia; in Darmstadt and Bayreuth, in Meiningen and Carlsruhe. Placards nailed on the doors of prominent Jews and on the synagogue were the theses of this counter-Reformation. "Death and destruction to the Jews!" Hartwig Hundt declared: "I for my part hold the killing of Jews neither a sin nor a crime, only a police offense. . . . Let the children of Israel be sold to the English, who might employ them in their Indian plantations instead of the blacks. So that they shall not multiply, let the men be emasculated and their wives and daughters lodged in houses of shame. . . ."

This was but one hundred years ago, remember!

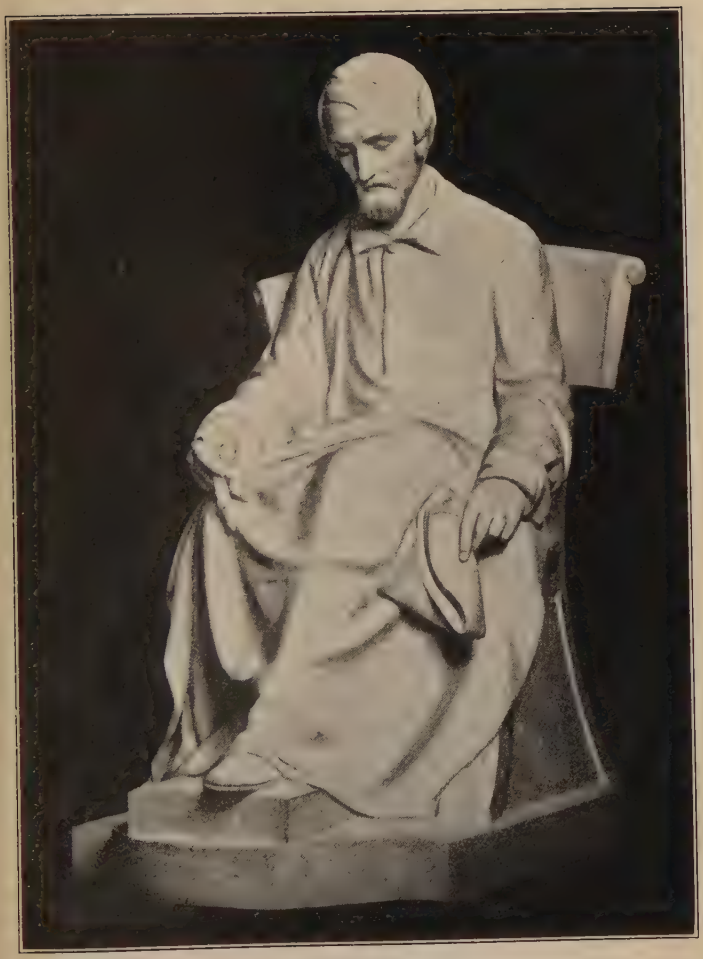
But why add word to word and fact to fact? The record is there for any one to read.

These events are the background of Heinrich Heine's boyhood and youth. We cannot understand

him unless we know these things. What Heine was and did and wrote resulted from the impact upon his hypersensitive soul of this early nineteenth century pagan world. He could have stood the pangs of wounded love—what young man has not laid tenderly aside the ashes of some futile offering? He could have stomached his rich uncle's bombastic, peacock-strutting dignity; he could have smiled at the fat, wealthy, vulgar, and stupid Jews of Berlin and the provinces—had not his heart been branded and his soul seared by his early experiences. Yet it was all of these things together which produced Heine. Like the nightingale, he took flight. Round and round his fancy led him, higher and higher. Ever widening horizons of beauty gladdened his eye. He sang this beauty and tossed his songs down to earth, some of the sweetest, tenderest lyrics that man had ever sung. Up, up into the empyrean he soared until his vision was blinded by that burning point of glory where truth and beauty, love and ecstasy melt into a divine unity—where the very heart of life reaches down for a moment to beat its echo in the heart of man. But always as he winged the untracked leagues of the poet's inspiration, he felt the drag and weight of things that pulled him down. Tied by a string, earth-bound and shackled, there was a limit to his soaring. Thus far and no

farther! His very strength mocked him. The vision of promise that beckoned him on was like some *ignus fatuus* that enthralled him; the voices he heard were the voices of the divine Lorelei, yet he could but echo their song. Browning had not yet written, "Man's reach is greater than his grasp or what's a heaven for." Heine tried to sing the songs of heaven that the children of earth might hear him—yet heaven lent but unwilling voice to him, and earth but indifferent ear. And so he broke his songs with ribald laughter . . . and he bruised his wings in the fury of the flight. At times God Himself laughed! Well, he too could laugh! But the laughter of God is life's irony. In man it becomes sardonic, satanic. Bruised and bleeding, he falls to earth—the morrow to rise again. To that question of a later poet who sighed: "Ah, Designer Infinite! Must thou char the wood ere thou canst limn with it?" Heine answered yes!

Heinrich Heine was born in Düsseldorf on December 13, 1797, of a "magerful" mother, Peira van Geldern, and a lovable, ineffectual father, Samson. Peira's family had been people of importance and she knew it. Consequently she was neither popular nor happy. Samson was one of those dear failures of life, even-tempered, sober, with no gift



HEINRICH HEINE

for business nor inclination to great effort; the sort of person about whom life's storms beat mercilessly; who ducks, goes under, tries reasonably hard, and survives, just keeping his head above water. And yet they were for the most part happy—for they loved each other, Peira and Samson.

When Heinrich was a lad, Napoleon had come to Düsseldorf. The boy had seen him—the conqueror of Europe. Do you remember when you saw your first military hero? Do you remember the thrill and the catch at the throat? Such memories are the precious possession of every child. To a boy like Heinrich they were priceless treasures of experience, lingering deep in his memory. Napoleon made his dashing general, Joachim Murat, governor of Düsseldorf, and he stayed in the Heine home. What stories he told in the evenings to young Heine! How could the boy forget them? How could he fail to contrast the freedom brought to his people by the invading and conquering French with the conditions when the French had been driven out and the Emperor had failed? Once more the Jewish homes of Düsseldorf were marked—he saw the placards. Once more the mob had yelled Hepp! Hepp! He heard it.

He had gone as a little boy to the Jewish school. Later he was sent to a school where the instructors

were clerics and the spirit military. It is not difficult to imagine the influence of all these things upon the sensitive boy. The mother was educated enough to feel herself above the masses of the unemancipated Jews, but not cultured enough to apprehend the wonder and glory of her Jewish heritage; the easy-going, indolent father; the unorganized, uninviting atmosphere of the *cheder* (what miracles of education have come from it!); the studied, regulated discipline of the robed clerics and the constant presence of the figure on the cross—such were the early influences of Heinrich Heine.

He came to feel that he was different with that childish prescience that somehow knows the root of things. Perhaps even then he could not feel the happy security of belonging. Every boy had his gang. But not Heinrich. He was at home neither at the *cheder* nor at the *lycée*. And so he lived in his dream world.

One day his mother heard the sound of a violin, beautifully played, coming from the next room. Heinrich had been taking lessons, but with only fair success. Could it be that the miracle had happened, thought the mother? Happily she flung down the dusting-rag and opened the door. There was her son stretched out on the floor "looking dreamy" at the sky. The teacher was playing. The mother up-

braided the son. He answered: "I was making the most beautiful song, and now you've driven it away!" No wonder he liked to go to the great attic room of his uncle, Simon van Geldern, a man who had wandered carefree through life and round the world, and loved to browse through books of wondrous adventure and handle things that had come from the far places of the earth, fascinating things whose stories one could imagine as he touched them.

At sixteen Heinrich was sent to Frankfort, where a position had been obtained for him in a banking house. Here he came to see the *Judenschmerz*—the world-old sorrow of the Jew. The ghetto walls still existed, and though the Jewish population had increased many times through the centuries, his people were forced to live in the same crowded quarters, enlarged but once in several hundred years. The squalor, the crowding like rats, the physical degradation, the spiritual humiliation of it all. The idea of human beings cooped up and locked in at night like so many animals or criminals! He did not stay in Frankfort long. Two months and he was back in Düsseldorf.

Then came an opportunity at Hamburg, where his father's brother, Salomon Heine, had made a million as a banker. Pathetic Uncle Salomon, who

stood always from then on in the background of Heine's life. Though he did not quite understand this strange nephew who thought in poetry and whose tongue was sharp as the blade of a scimitar, he was proud of him. Uncle Salomon was that kind of Jew of whom there are many in every city today—so anxious to get there, yet never quite arriving! Uncle Salomon was the sort of Jew who, among his co-religionists, remembers his Jewish origin, and among his Christian friends is never permitted to forget it; who wants to be accepted by his rich business acquaintances, but who realizes that his well-lined pockets can never completely buy his way, and who after all cannot quite cut the thread that binds him to his people, and assuages his conscience with doles of charity. Poor dear, laughable, pathetic, ostrich-like Uncle Salomon! You did help to keep a poet from starving, though you gave him barely enough to maintain life and not enough to satisfy his hunger. I suppose the demands made upon you were very heavy, and later you did support the entire family of your futile brother. Even though you did say, "If the stupid boy had learned something he would not have needed to write books," after all, you were the father of Amalie! And Amalie, so beautiful, so unattainable—the lady of Heine's first dreams—called forth some of the

tenderest lyrics that ever a poet penned. You have won your immortality through your nephew. A vicarious immortality which Heinrich Heine permits you to share with him, even as you permitted him to share your ease with you.

Heinrich loved Amalie with that eager, abandoned longing which eats at one's heart and consumes one's life. And though his love was not fulfilled, from the viewpoint of the world it was not in vain, since the racking torture of his unsatisfied yearning for his cousin Amalie, daughter of Salomon, gave poesy in Germany another voice.

After two years in Hamburg and a failure in business, Salomon Heine sent his nephew to Bonn to pour law into his head. But Amalie was in his heart and poignant lines leaped to his mind and flowed from his pen. How could he study law? He tried—tried hard. He attempted to find his place in the life of the university. He was caught up in the romantic movement of young Germany. It fed his adolescent dreams of knighthood. Holy Germany—proud and classic people! He joined the young men's groups and became an ardent nationalist. The German eagle screamed through both beaks.

Yet even here he felt that sense of difference which was to plague him through life and give him

no peace. He could not quite belong. After all, this was really child's play. These youths were but mouthing pretty phrases. Moreover, his hypersensitiveness did not help him. It hindered. Can you not see that again he found himself alone? He was the lonely Jew, understanding all but never understood. He was unhappy there; yet he had to study law; that was the agreement with his uncle. He decided to go to Göttingen. On the way he passed through Düsseldorf. Standing there on the bridge where he had seen the Emperor, he recalled the memories of his boyhood. And there Heine wrote "The Two Grenadiers."

To Göttingen he went, but only to complete his disillusionment. The influences here were the same. These well-fed youths who talked between gulps of beer of the old Germany that must be recovered—he could not chum with them. What the world needed was not the strengthening of chauvinistic, vainglorious nationalism; it needed the culture of the mind and heart which transcended the bounds of nation and people. This was the language of the universal spirit. Why talk of culture and condone a ghetto? Why proclaim humanism and oppress man?

Things inevitably came to a quick end. He was

insulted. He challenged, despite the law against dueling. He was suspended for six months.

There followed the drab days at Oldesloe, where the family, now pensioners on Uncle Salomon, had moved. He knew the sordidness of poverty and dependence as well as the frustration of illness. Amalie announced her engagement. He poured out his soul in poetry.

> My blood is boiling, foaming, mad
> Because of an evil dream I've had. . . .
>
> It was a wedding revelry,
> The guests were seated smilingly,
> And when the happy pair I spied—
> Alas! My darling was the bride. . . .
>
> I saw the bridegroom fill his glass
> And drink, and with a gesture pass
> The wine to her. She drank and laughed—
> And woe! It was my blood they quaffed.
>
> The bride then took an apple and
> Put it into the bridegroom's hand.
> He took a knife and cut it straight—
> And woe! It was my heart they ate!

Then to Berlin—Berlin, capital of Prussia, dominated by the influences which were to reach their flower and fate in 1914. It was the day of the salon. The spacious rooms of Rachel von Varnhagen, a

Jewess by birth and "the most intellectual woman in the universe," were opened to him. His fame had preceded him. He had sung his way into the hearts of the discerning. A new and authentic voice had been lifted. It sounded another note than the vapid musing of the Romanticists.

Rachel von Varnhagen was a remarkable woman. She exercised more influence than most men on the life of her time. She understood Heine with that complete apprehension which only a woman possesses. Heine had affected the Byronic pose of calm indifference, of caustic cynicism, of aloof melancholy, of casual superiority. Rachel saw beneath this crust of assumed vanity the stunted, thwarted, unloved soul. She bore with his eccentricities and poured the oil of a woman's tenderness upon his bruised spirit. She was fifty years old and she knew life and men and women. And so she gave him the sympathy, encouragement, and confidence he needed.

In Berlin he found himself at last among Jews. A group of intellectuals had formed the Union for Jewish Culture and Knowledge, a band of devoted spirits who sought to revive the decadent spirit of the mother faith by searching through the accumulated dust of the centuries and digging down to the solid foundations upon which it was built. Heine

threw himself into this new interest with joy. For a time he felt at home. He belonged. He knew the rock whence he was hewn.

He visited a student friend, Count Breza, in Poland. There for the first time he saw the masses of his people. Something stirred in his heart. Their pain, their hurt and heartache? It was but the echo of the pain and hurt and heartache of his own life. Yet out of their despair they could sing the divine song of the love of man and faith in God. He tried to sing too. The moral heroism of the picture enthralled him. He did not see the filth and squalor nor the superstition which centuries of intellectual inbreeding had engendered. He writes:

"The Polish Jew, with his infested beard, his garlic-laden breath, and his jargon, is still dearer to me than many a German Jew in all the majesty of his government bonds."

He placed the crown of martyrdom where it of right belongs. It is so easy to run with the crowd; so hard, so hard to be different. He came into his own. These weak, pathetic heroes had given him an insight into life's sternest lesson; they had girded his loins for the fight.

He went over to the radical group. He ridiculed the petty patriotism of the bourgeois and the lusty adolescent shouts of Prussian chauvinism. The only

thing worth striving for in life is human freedom. He who had tasted so little of it knew its blessings. He whose life had been so inhibited and whose spirit had so long been bound—he could best preach the gospel of emancipation. And not for himself or his people alone, but for all who were the victims of the blind and selfish reaction of the day.

As his interest in universal emancipation increased, his enthusiasm for the particular emancipation diminished. The more the cry of man lingered in his ear, the less he heard the cry of the Jew. As Lewis Browne and Elsa Weihl point out, "That Man Heine" saw the divorce between idea and fact which characterized the culturally emancipated Jews of his group; how they longed to free Jewish teaching from the incrustations of the ages, yet were apparently unaware of the problems of emancipating Jews from disabilities and distress. They "busied themselves in historical research." He wanted freedom for humanity. The Jew was only one among earth's disinherited.

The tide of his Jewish interest wanes and turns. His literary work was only coldly received. The few friends he had made dropped away. After all, it was not easy to be friends with this self-centered Jew who went about with a chip on his shoulder. Disillusioned—against everything and in favor of noth-

ing—he left Berlin. He was still, though twenty-six years of age, the hopeless adolescent. Indeed, he was immature till that last decade of his life, when death was closing in upon him. Not till then did the impatient, irritable, temperamental poet find himself. Not till then did he become the man beneath whose witticisms and apparent cynicism there throbbed the heart of one who understood life, loved mankind, and believed in God.

His father had given up the fight and frankly accepted the dole of Uncle Salomon. The family lived in Luneburg, near Hamburg. Heine went there and then to Cuxhaven by the sea. How the restless, ever-changing surface of the waters reflected his own soul. How the surging tides, running in and out in endless succession, mirrored the flow of his own feelings!

> My heart is like the ocean,
> With storm and ebb and flow,
> And many a pearly treasure
> Burns in the depths below.

But Uncle Salomon was obdurate. That law degree must be won. And off he goes to Göttingen once again. Meanwhile the "Lyric Intermezzo" had been published whose words a few years later, set

to music by Schumann and Schubert, would be sung around the world.

In Göttingen he was bored to death. His violent headaches frequently recurred, unfitting him for that consistent plodding which is crowned by the doctorate. Yet he attended lectures. Particularly the lectures of Professor Meister. And here occurred an amusing incident. Professor Meister held forth in Pandect Lane. Poor Heine had perforce to listen. The story goes that Heine said: "Sh! Every night there walks in Pandect Lane a ghost. It is the ghost of a student who had been bored to death in the classroom."

His sense of humor was the one thing which saved this volatile spirit from suicide.

Upon the publication of his "Poems" in Berlin, Heine had written to Goethe, the reigning sovereign of German letters, inclosing a copy of the book. What irrepressible boyishness the letter shows:

I might have a hundred reasons for sending Your Excellency my poems. But I shall give only one: I love you. I believe this is a sufficient reason. My efforts in poetry are, I know, of little worth; yet it may be that here and there will be found passages which reveal what I may in time be capable of producing. For a long time my mind was divided as to what is poetry. I was told: "Ask Schlegel." He said to me: "Read Goethe."

This I have done in all reverence. And if in the course of time I shall produce something worth while, then I shall know to whom I am indebted for it. I kiss your blessed hand which has shown me, and the entire German folk, the way to Heaven.

Goethe never answered that letter nor acknowledged receipt of the book.

In his wanderings through the Harz Mountain country he resolved to pay a pilgrimage to the shrine of the master. He wrote for an opportunity and received it.

Hesitant, tremulous, he entered the room. He declared afterward "he had thought out on so many winter nights what sublime and profound things he would say to Goethe." Then—cleft of tongue and with awkward, shuffling feet, his mind a buzz and hum of confusion, his lips uttered the words: "How good the plums are on the road from Jena to Weimar!" Goethe, to be interested and polite, tried to draw him out, and Heine declared: "I too am doing a Faust!"

Picture for yourself the scene. The calm, assured poet-philosopher, the idol of his countrymen; the nervous, overwrought, sensitive poet. The great man who had arrived. The man destined to be great, so anxious to arrive. Just to wring a smile, a word of praise, or even appreciation from the master! He

too had noble thoughts and the gods had granted him the gift of speech and song.

"Have you no other business in Weimar, Herr Heine?" Cold water. A plunge. A leaden heart. A quick rising from the chair.

"All my business in Weimar is ended!"

He smiles perhaps a wan, sick smile and goes out.

Can you not see the scene and understand the inevitableness of it all? Just because Heine was Heine and Goethe was Goethe?

And now another decision which cost him days of anguish and nights of brooding melancholy. He faced the law of Germany. He desired admission to the bar. Good. But he must be baptized, for only they who professed Christianity could be admitted to the bar in Germany.

He wrote: "None of my family is against it; but I consider it beneath my dignity and a stain on my honor to allow my baptism for an appointment in Prussia—in dear Prussia! Vexation may cause me to become a Catholic and hang myself! No Jew can ever believe in the divinity of another Jew."

Christians deified the Jew of Nazareth who said, "Turn the other cheek." Yet who in truth was turning the cheek; who through all the tragic years had always turned the other cheek? Who but the Jew.

And so the only sincere followers of Jesus were the Jews. And they had been forced to submit to baptism in order to enter professional life. But what is a drop of water? Yet it meant the difference between acceptance and rejection. If they could demand the hypocrisy, he could stomach it.

The thing was done. He received his degree and was admitted to the Prussian bar. Then later he said: "I regret very much that I had myself baptized. I do not see that I have been the better for it since. On the contrary, I have known nothing but misfortunes and mischances. . . . Now I am neither Jew nor Christian. . . . The Jews dislike me because I left them. The Christians won't accept me because they have as little faith in the efficacy of the waters of conversion as have we upon whom they pour it. Man cannot change his religion. He can only renounce the one he leaves for another to which he can never belong. I may be baptized—but I am not converted in either Christian eyes or my own." At the same time he could say with sardonic irony, "A regular Christian I have become, for I feast in the homes of rich Jews!"

Heine felt, as the world which claimed him always felt, that he was a Jew. Later in life, after he had gone through a period of devotion to the Greek ideal of beauty and joy, wandered in the abyss of a

despairing unbelief, and won through again to positive religious faith and open proclamation of his loyalty to his Jewish heritage, he wrote:

> Now I perceive that the Greeks were only handsome youths, but the Jews have always been men, powerful, stubborn men, not only in days of yore, but even at present, in spite of eighteen centuries of persecution and misery. I have since learned to know them better and to value them more highly, and if pride of descent were not always a foolish contradiction, I might feel proud of the fact that my progenitors were members of the noble house of Israel, that I am a descendant of those martyrs who have given a God and morality to the world, and who have fought and suffered on all the battle-fields of thought.

Several volumes of the "Pictures of Travel" had appeared which enraged and delighted his varied readers. He dallied and toyed with the pet prejudices of the time, and held the mirror up to human nature as no one had done so skilfully since Aristophanes. His very heart was at the tip of a pen, at times playful, now exalted, now poignant, dipped in his salty, bitter tears or in the venom of righteous hate. He donned cap and bells and paraded through his pages like a clown in a sawdust ring. He scaled the loftiest summits of aspiration and made merry with the gods themselves, hurling out of the serenity of

a summer calm the thunderbolt of his wrath; he laughed with the sardonic humor of the damned. Nothing was sacred. He made charlatans of proud and dignified officials and pulled off the draperies from the conventional writers, revealing their smug thought in all its paucity. He beat about him with a lash and flayed with a mighty bludgeon, yet he sang the secret songs of the human heart with an infinite tenderness. He was Satan; he was God.

Germany became too hot for him. England? A brief visit there. Then to Paris, where the revolution of 1830 had drawn many an exile from the Fatherland. He went there with high hopes and enchanting dreams. There he would act as mediator between the two peoples who faced each other across the Rhine. He would be the voice of Germany in France, the voice of France in Germany. Hostility between nations and the misunderstandings that lead to war, these can be averted if two nations like two people meet and see and know each other. No wonder Nietzsche called Heine's life and work a "European Event." At least he was the spiritual descendant of those greatest internationalists of all time—the prophets whom all the world hears but none heeds.

The powers that stood for "things as they are"

cut him off from this opportunity. The Munich paper for which he was writing was forced to stop taking his letters. He had poked fun at Friedrich Wilhelm III, King of Prussia. He had castigated the Prussian aristocracy: "A handful of common nobles who have learned nothing beyond horse-trading, card-sharping, drinking bouts, and similar stupid rascally accomplishments." Spies in France made his life unbearable. He was not safe. He feared arrest at any moment, and sought refuge in the home of a friend. Then two fingers of his left hand became paralyzed.

He married Mathilde, with whom he was living, so that if anything happened to him she would be provided for as his legal wife. Of all the love affairs of all the poets of the world, this is the strangest. Mathilde was a child of ignorance and poverty, with a certain native grace, an abundance of spontaneous animal spirits. She was the sort that accepted what life had to offer, and responsibility slipped from her as water from a duck's back. The subtler, deeper emotions of love and life she neither experienced nor understood. It is said that even after living with Heine for years she did not know he was a poet nor had she heard of his fame. She loved her parrot and a new dress, and when Heine told her with mock

gravity "that Christ had once been Archbishop of Paris," she really believed it. Heine was her man and, as Alfred Meissner says, Heine was to her "what all the world refused to believe him to be: the best, the kindliest, the most genuine of men." In the heart of this woman he found the admiration so long denied for which he yearned. The mating of these twain is strange; but it is thoroughly understandable.

In 1835 the German states passed a law proscribing the books and writings of young Germany. Enough of these trouble-breeding dreamers. Hard-headed, practical men must run the state. Why disturb the silence of sleeping Hans? The law was so framed that it proscribed not only the past work of the young enthusiasts for democracy but anything they might produce in the future. From the days of Milton to contemporary Massachusetts, the official, conservative mind has not changed its habits. Heine was frantic. Not only did it cut down to almost nothing his very meager income but it silenced his voice, it destroyed his hope for usefulness. His letter to the Prussian Diet shows the naïveté of a child or—a poet.

"You have accused me," he wrote, "tried me, condemned me, without giving me a hearing on

paper or by word of mouth, without any one being commissioned to defend me, without any summons being sent to me. . . . If, gentlemen, you will not grant me a free conduct to defend myself in person before you, then do you grant me at least the right of free speech in the German press and withdraw the interdict which you have placed on everything I may write. These words are uttered not in protest but in petition. . . . As soon as free speech is granted to me, I hope to prove conclusively that my writings are not the fruit of irreligious or immoral caprice, but of a truly religious and moral synthesis. . . . But whatever you may decide, gentlemen, in answer to my petition, you may rest assured that I shall ever obey the laws of my country. The accident of my living outside your jurisdiction will never lead me to use the language of strife, for I respect in you the highest authority of a beloved country."

Of course, nothing came of his petition.

Meanwhile he found himself in debt. What the circumstances were no one knows and Heine did not himself reveal. He owed 20,000 francs. Bankruptcy as well as poverty faced him. Paralysis was creeping upon him—gaining steadily through the months of struggle. Now one hand was useless. He sold all his royalties for the next eleven years to his

publisher, Campe, who bootlegged books in Germany, and so paid the debt. To save himself from actual want he applied for and accepted a pension from the French Government, which, in the spirit of a liberal state, it granted to needy and distinguished refugees who had fled to France for asylum.

All these years he had wanted to write poetry. That, he felt, was his métier. But always there was the pressing need to earn enough to keep Mathilde and himself. The pittance which came from Uncle Salomon and the pension from the Government were hardly enough to keep up with his wife's extravagances. Yet he was drawn into the current of events. Feverishly that stricken hand had penned "The Romantic School" and its companion work "On Religion and Philosophy in Germany." He had cried out with the passion of the evangel against the abuses to which the German spirit had been subject by the Germans themselves. The people leaderless, spineless, had sunk into a smug content. But, he declared, the day of the old gods would come; the spirit of early Germany would manifest itself—the Germany that was hard and militant and uncompromising like its deities of the Nibelungs. There must be no unctuous mouthing of phrases, no smug and sickening wallowing in sensuous emotionalism

which lulled mind and heart to sleep and killed the soul. For a while this neo-paganism sharpened his pen and fired his lips to frenzied utterance.

Though he was profoundly influenced by the idealistic dreams of the Saint-Simon Utopians, he could never swallow the extravagances of the radical Communist groups. Like Karl Marx, who was his friend, he discounted the permanence of the French risings of '48. He had been protagonist of the democratic movement in Germany, and the insurgents of France looked upon him as their ally. When he was cool to their cause, they called him traitor. Indeed, he well stated his abhorrence of the extreme position in after years when he wrote:

I can think only with anxiety and terror of the time when these dark iconoclasts will have gained power. With their horny hands they will heartlessly smash the marble statues of beauty so dear to my heart. They will destroy the fantastic toys and spangles of Art which the poet loved so much. They will cut down my grove of laurels and plant potatoes in their stead. They will tear from the soil of the social order the lilies that toil not nor spin. . . . The same fate will befall the roses, those idle brides of the nightingales; the nightingales, those useless singers, will be driven out—and alas! my "Book of Songs" will be used by the grocer to make little paper bags in which he will wrap coffee or snuff for the old women of the future.

His paralysis reached the eyes. The lid of one eye flapped down, and to read or write he had to lift it up with his right hand, already lame. For weeks he walked almost blind about the streets of Paris, frequenting library and museum, gathering material and writing. One day he was found helpless in the Louvre at the foot of the Venus of Milo, whose armless body brooded over him, symbol of his own pathetic helplessness. He never walked again. There followed the long years when he lay upon his "mattress grave," as he called it, dying by degrees; the paralysis slowly creeping up, shriveling feet and legs and body till only his heart and head were alive. But through all these years a diseased, stricken, tortured man, he never ceased laboring. He jested while he lay a-dying: "The old heathen gods would not deal with a poet in this fashion; only Jehovah, God of Justice, would do a thing like this. He's paralyzed my lips so that I cannot even kiss!" Or: "I am seriously contemplating lodging a complaint against God with the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals."

But the wanderer was going home. As he lay propped up by pillows, memories of boyhood and youth streamed into his mind. He had fought a good fight. He had given himself to causes which claimed his heart. He had not held back nor spared himself.

He had drunk much bitterness from the cup of life, but he knew the joy that only a poet knows. And what a spiritual anabasis had been his. From Judea to Germany, from pagan Greece to present Gaul. He had gloried in the valor of young Germany. He had led in the fight for freedom. He had wandered in a universe where the only gods were men, and had striven to drive out the gods whom men had made. He had lusted for truth and beauty and love, a modern worshiper at the shrine of ancient Hellas. But the Greek died in him. The Hellenes were the play-boys of the world. There was something more to life than even love and beauty. These two alone left one hanging somewhere poised in an infinite nothingness. He must find that which would drag them down to earth, would charge them with content and reality and bind them to the universal whole in an inescapable unity. He was not only the pursuer. He was sought. He did not reck this at the time. Later he knew; just as, soon or late, we all come to know. Man's quest of God is matched only by God's quest of man; just as man's longing for God is met by God's longing for man. Often it happens that man does not realize this divine mutuality. And this is the divine irony of life. Yet the "hound of heaven" pursued him and gave him no peace. He had "fled him down the labyrinthine ways" and sought to

slake his thirst at many a fountain. Like Moses, he smote the rock, but always found the bitter waters of Marah until the end.

The adolescent boy became a man. Those long nights of sleepless vigil—those weary daylight hours. He reached the final station, bent and twisted of body, with spirit straight, unbroken. He sang to the very last, and they were the songs of his spirit's homeland. He laughed and mocked at the incredible stupidities of men, as he had done before. But in the early days this ribald laughter hid the tears he wept for himself. Now his mocking irony hid the tears he shed for all the world.

"God will forgive me—that's his business."

He could not understand the scheme of things. Who could? Who ever did? The first lesson man must learn, and the last, is to say: "Aye, God, I believe in You. Perhaps You are as weary of the spectacle as we, Your creatures. And we do often make fools of ourselves." If we men can laugh, how must God laugh, a resounding roar divine, the eternal comedy of life. But this it is which keeps even God alive—the saving grace of humor. God fails, not because he lacks power, but by reason of the human material with which he works. But he enjoys the game and so should we. 'Twere better so; or else man would go mad, and then where would God be?

At the heart of the universe are beauty and love; truth and freedom are at the end of things; and laughter is the salt that gives the tang to life. His eyes had sensed beauty and thrilled to it; his heart had known love and exalted in it; his mind had sought truth and striven for it; his soul cried out for the peace which only freedom can give. He was weary and dying. But he laughed, the gross and vulgar laughter of the ill-bred and unseemly; the wild, untamed laughter of youth; the savage, scoffing laughter, the grinning Satan's laughter of the damned; the bitter, empty laughter of the disillusioned; the tender, brooding, Godlike laughter of one who has suffered all, who understands all, and therefore excuses all.

Zangwill in his study of Heine puts these words into his mouth:

> One thing I have never blasphemed—Life. Is not enjoyment an implicit prayer, a latent grace? After all, God is our Father, not our drill-master. He is not so dull and solemn as the parsons make out. He made the kitten to chase its tail and my Nonette to laugh and dance. . . . We must have faith, we cannot live without faith, in the old simple things, the personal God, the dear old Bible, a life beyond the grave.

KARL HEINRICH MARX

One may not agree with his philosophy. But who will not agree with his aim? One does not agree with his attitude toward organized religion, but who will not agree that what he wanted to do is the goal of all unselfish religion?

KARL HEINRICH MARX

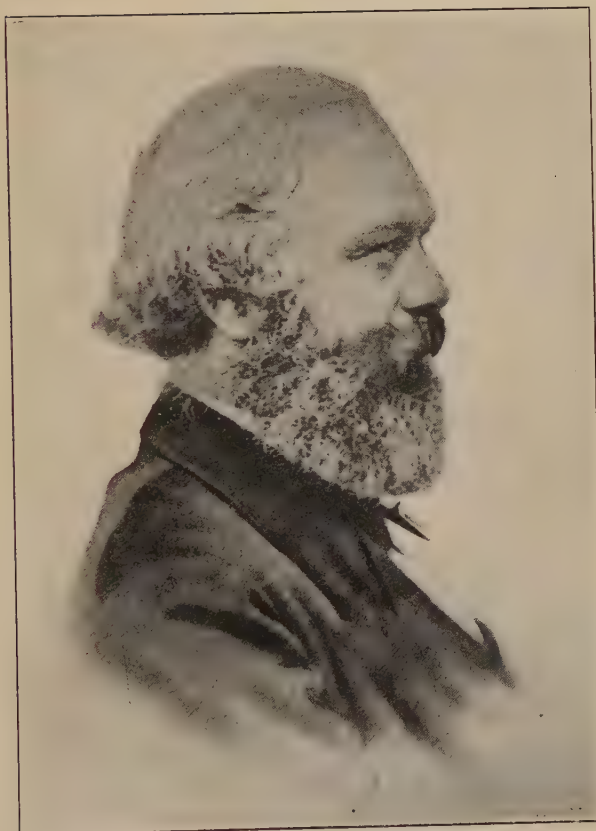
KARL HEINRICH MARX is the most cursed and the most blessed man that ever lived. No one man has received rounder execration than he; no one man has been the object of such genuine praise. These mighty contrasts which his very name suggests are reflected in the experiences of his life. Born of a middle-class Jewish family, he married into the German nobility; descendant of a family of rabbis, his name has been used as the destroyer of religion; reared in a home of comfort, he lived practically all of his life in poverty; his mind dwelling in Utopia, his thoughts ranging to those far horizons of a land where men are free and at peace, he spent his days in strife and actual conflict; one individual among the masses of the disinherited of earth, he caused kings to fear and governments to tremble; possessed by the will to save the world from itself, he released forces of hate and destruction that have not yet spent themselves. Karl Marx is the best loved and the most hated man who ever walked the face of the earth.

Trèves is one of the oldest cities of the Rhineland; it is filled with memories of the past. Julius

Cæsar conquered the Treveri, the most powerful of the Belgæ tribes who lived there, and the city is called by their name. Round about are the oldest Roman remains in northern Europe—the amphitheater, the buttresses of the bridge that spanned the Moselle two thousand years ago, arches and gateways standing grim and silent, eloquent witnesses of the downfall of a classic civilization. Here was born Karl Heinrich Marx, who is the prophet of the decadence of our present civilization.

Heinrich Marx, his father, broke the tradition of the family in which for many generations the eldest son had been a rabbi. Heinrich became a lawyer, a man of excellent character and of fine intelligence, which soon won him a place of high standing in the city.

He seems, too, to have been a strange mixture of dreamer and thinker—idealist and rationalist. Thoroughly at home in the works of Voltaire, Rousseau, Locke, and Lessing, he was a conventionalist, a conservative, perhaps even a stand-patter in politics. But that was the spirit of the time dominated by the thought of Hegel. Men could divorce the life of the mind from the actualities of existence, for only the ideal was real. A comforting delusion through which so many find happiness even to-day. But men cannot "render unto Cæsar the things



Courtesy of Mr. John Spargo

KARL HEINRICH MARX

which are Cæsar's" and "unto God the things which are God's" without creating an inner dichotomy, a devastating dualism which destroys the unity of the human soul, and, running over into the concerns of daily life, brings into being that chasm between thinking and conduct, between belief and practice, which is the father of all the sham and hypocrisy that curse the world. Heinrich Marx was a creature of the age in which he lived. It remained for his son, Karl Heinrich, to prick the pretty bubble, to knock Hegel from his throne, to drive into the consciousness of men that there are such things as poverty, oppression, and tyranny in this world, that these things are real, and that justice and human brotherhood must be made manifest in the lives and relations of men and not left only to the sweet dreams of philosophers and poets!

Yet the father's influence on the son was incalculable. He guided his reading; he recognized the splendid mental machine with which Karl was equipped; he watched and tended and directed it; the tradition of the family for scholarship was preserved. It was not an easy thing to control this high-tempered, keen, impulsive lad on whose heart at an early age the quest for truth and the pursuit of beauty had laid their persistent challenge. The patience and the long-suffering love of that father

meant much in the development of Karl's character. That Karl reciprocated his father's affection and held him in high admiration is evidenced in many a letter.

The Baron Ludwig von Westphalen, a Prussian official and a devoted friend of his father, took an interest in the lad Karl and was an influence "second only to that of his father," according to one biographer of Marx (Spargo). The association of the two families was intimate. Jenny, the beautiful daughter of the baron, was often at the Jewish lawyer's home, and Karl spent hours in the playroom and the library of the Westphalens. Childhood associations lingered on into youth, and although Jenny was somewhat older, and larger opportunities of a social and worldlier character were open to her, she relinquished them all for the love of her girlhood.

Perhaps blood tells. But, anyhow, an interesting bit of Westphalen's family history throws light upon the character of the daughter, who afterward shared willingly the poverty and exile of her chosen mate. The blood of the Scotch rebels flowed in Westphalen's veins. He was a descendant of the martyr Archibald, the Earl of Argyll, who was executed in the market-place of Edinburgh in 1685 at the order of James II. The best rebel traditions were realized

in this devoted woman. Never a word of regret, no resentment, nor even an "It might have been." And he who has so often been wrongly accused of desiring to destroy the family and the sanctity of marriage lived with his wife an exemplary life of sweet harmony—a perpetual honeymoon of marital bliss. Marx could not have been what he was, nor achieved what he did, had it not been for Jenny Westphalen.

In our time, when the university student is under fire, when our theories of education and our ideas of the function and organization of colleges and universities are undergoing the keenest scrutiny and criticism, it is interesting to pause for a moment to see what Karl Marx, young student at the University of Berlin in 1836, was doing. A letter is quoted by his latest biographer, Otto Rühle, written to his father at the beginning of his second year, in which he reviews the results of his first year's work.

"When I left you, a new world had just opened for me, the world of love—indeed, to begin with a love that was frenzied in its yearnings and void of hope." He was only nineteen . . . and thoughts of his Jenny were uppermost in his heart. He writes reams of poetry to her.

"But poesy could only be, must only be, a casual

companion. I had to study jurisprudence, and above all I felt an urge to wrestle with philosophy." He reads Heineccius, Thibaut, and the sources, and translates the first two books of the Pandects into German. He attempts to work out a philosophy of law and is "greatly disturbed by the conflict between what is and what ought to be." He studies Hegel and Fichte and Kant, believing that law must be founded in philosophy. He tries his hand at working out a "new metaphysical elementary system."

Meanwhile, he had acquired the habit of making extracts from all the books he was reading: Lessing's "Laokoön," Solger's "Erwin," Winckelmann's "Kunstgeschichte," Luden's "Deutsche Geschichte." He translated Tacitus's "Germania" and Ovid's "Tristium Libri." He began the private study of English and Italian, and read Klein's "Kriminalrecht und Annalen," together with a mass of modern literature.

"During the first term, I sat up night after night engaged in these multifarious occupations; I went through many struggles and experienced both objective and subjective perturbations; and in the end I found that my mind had not been greatly enriched, while I had neglected nature, art, and the world, and had alienated my friends. . . . A curtain had fallen, my holy of holies had been shattered

and new gods had to be found for the vacant shrine."

Thereafter he confined himself to positive studies —Feuerbach, Grollmann, Savigny, Aristotle. He became a member of the "Doctors' Club," where all the problems of contemporary thought—religious, social, political, scientific, and philosophic—were subjected to the scalpel and dissection of the keenest minds. He was trying to win through to something positive. He felt that the ruling philosophy of the day, that of Hegel, was wrong. The unity which Hegel had achieved between the world of matter and the world of thinking was after all conceptual, metaphysical. It was divorced from life. How bring the ideal into the actualities of human experience?

We see the earnestness of the young German of the fourth decade of the nineteenth century; the serious tradition of the university student; his vital interest in political affairs. We see how young Marx was trying to grip life with both hands, was critically examining it; how he would track it down and find truth.

We who live in a world whose farthest reaches are brought together by wireless, and whose peoples talk to each other across trackless waters, find it

hard to realize what the world was in the first half of the nineteenth century.

With the invention of machinery the face of the earth was changed. It is an old story to students of economics. It was the social laboratory which revealed to Karl Marx a new interpretation of life and history. The power of feudalism had gone. The great middle classes grew in number and prosperity. The might of money was in their hands. They determined the nature and spirit of government. The bourgeoisie was triumphant.

Marx, pondering the situation in later years, summed it up: "It [the bourgeoisie] has executed works more marvelous than the building of Egyptian pyramids, Roman aqueducts, and Gothic cathedrals; it has carried out expeditions surpassing by far the tribal migrations and the Crusades. . . . The subjugation of the forces of nature, the invention of machinery, the application of chemistry to industry and agriculture, steamships, railways, electricity, telegraphy, the clearing of whole continents for cultivation, the making of navigable waterways, huge populations springing up as if by magic out of the earth—what earlier generation had the remotest inkling that such productive powers slumbered within the womb of associated labor?"

And yet what was the status of the man who

worked? Did he and his family share in all the new wealth which his effort and sacrifice and toil had made possible?

Marx heard the old, old cry—the cry that has gone up from the lips of the disinherited of earth from the earliest days; the cry of aching muscles and weary bodies and despairing souls; the cry of men laboring in the bowels of the earth for a chance to see the sunlight; the cry of dried up men and prematurely aged women for a chance for their offspring; the cry of children that they may lift their voices in song; the cry of a man for work—the faltering cry, "For God's sake, I've a wife and baby—hungry mouths to feed"; the cry of men cowed, beaten by the forces against which they pitilessly hurl themselves; the cry of men with gaunt and pallid faces, with fingers grimed or stiff with cold; the cry of the unbroken bread-line that rolls through the midst of the earth's wealth and glory and splendor; the cry of adolescent youth, weakened by work and exposure, white-faced and ill fed, for a chance! The cry of men to be men and women to be women—to inherit their portion of the broad places of the earth; the cry of the human soul—the only Prometheus, shackled, bound—to break its fetters and redeem the earth from dirt and grime and muck and filth!

Marx was caught up in the fires of discontent that smoldered beneath the surface of life in Germany and France. Having no personal religion, might it not be the spirit of the religion of his fathers, thwarted and denied expression in the usual way, which seized upon the uprighteousness of the world and passionately lifted the banner of justice in the name of whatever are the gods of economics and history?

The idea was not new. Amos had thundered for justice. Isaiah had denounced wrong and oppression. Jeremiah and Jesus had pleaded for human brotherhood. For years there had been organizations of idealists who, resenting "man's inhumanity to man," had dreamed of a fairer day. They had had their poets and bards and philosophers. . . . Robert Owen in England and Saint-Simon and Fourier in France. But their protest had been based on sentimental, humanitarian, emotional grounds. Marx's approach was a new one.

He studied the processes of economic and political and social evolution. He followed all the tonal nuances in the unfolding theme of man's development, watched, tracked them, hunted them down, recorded them—much as a scientist conducting an interesting experiment. As a result he came to cer-

tain conclusions which, whether they be right or wrong, have been one of the most profound influences in shaping the history of the last century. Marx developed his ideas first in a series of lectures, then in two books, "Wages, Labor and Capital" and "The Poverty of Philosophy," and summarized his discourses in the now famous "Communist Manifesto" of 1848.

The issue was clearly drawn between the old and the new in Socialist theory. The Utopian Socialists had built their theories upon a purely humanitarian foundation. Marx grounds his upon a scientific interpretation of history, and develops his theses with the inevitability of a mathematical demonstration. They differed in program. The Utopians had demanded immediate activity—conspiracies, plots, and insurrection. Marx declared for a long period of preparation, for education of the worker; there can be no change unless economic conditions necessitate it. The rise of capitalism was just as inevitable as the rise of feudalism. It responded to the law of life. The fall of capitalism was just as sure as the fall of feudalism. It was in the very scheme of things. But the end could not be prematurely hastened. In place of revolutionary activity he counseled open propaganda. It was futile to spend one's self on denunciation of capitalism. Capitalism had

come about through the normal, natural unfolding of life; it would serve its purpose, and could not pass until that purpose had been fulfilled. Meanwhile, the workers of the world should unite; should inform themselves to be prepared against the inescapable day of destiny which would place in their hands the dominant power. When the revolutions of 1848 burst out in Paris, London, Berlin, and Vienna, and all Europe seemed on the verge of civil wars, thus lending some truth to the illusive hopes of the Utopians, Marx and his friend Engels were calm.

And this was his position to the end. He never swerved from it. He it was whose lectures in London gave such an impetus to the educational work among the laborers of England. In a real sense he prepared the British Labor party, so distinguished in its intellectual leadership, to accept the challenge of power which these latter years have offered it.

He had been driven from Germany and France and Belgium. Back and forth from one country to another. Exiled and hounded because of his radical economic theories which governments believed destructive and revolutionary, he finally found justice and refuge in London, "mother of exiles," who opened her doors to the driven and hunted of earth.

Even if one cannot agree with the economic theories of Marx, he must needs stop at his grave and lift his hat in memory of one who relinquished everything for his convictions. He knew want and heartache and hunger itself. There were times when the little family lived in two small rooms; when there was not enough to keep the children from crying for food. The Westphalen jewels which had come to Frau Marx were pawned. The furniture which they brought with them from France was sold. Two of their children died from want of proper nourishment; one, a brilliant lad, Edgar, the apple of his father's eye, slept away because his little body had not been sufficiently nourished when a baby. Quixotic, one may say; stupid, another. Yet the greatest spirits of all time have poured out these sacrifices upon the altar of their dreams; it is no more vain a sacrifice than that of the mothers who give their sons to the slaughter of war.

And at his side was his wife—devoted, sainted wife of his youth. How they had dreamed and hoped and suffered together!

A few sentences from a letter of Frau Marx to a friend:

It is to beg you that you will as soon as possible send us any money that has come or is coming to hand

from the "Revue." We are urgently, most urgently, in need of it. Certainly no one can reproach us for having made much fuss about what we have sacrificed and borne for years. . . . My husband is almost overwhelmed here by the pettiest cares, which press on him in so disturbing a way that all his energy, the quiet, clear, tranquil self-consciousness of his nature, have been necessary to maintain his equanimity in these daily, hourly struggles. You know, dear Herr Weydemeyer, what sacrifices my husband made for the newspaper. [The "Rheinische Zeitung," which was closed by the Government and Marx forced to flee.] For the sake of the newspaper's political honor and to save the civic honor of his acquaintances in Cologne, he took upon himself all the burdens . . . handed over his whole income; nay, in the end borrowed. . . . We had absolutely nothing left for ourselves. I went to Frankfort to pawn the silver-plate, the last thing we had; in Cologne I sold my furniture. When the unhappy epoch of the counter-revolution began, my husband went to Paris; I followed him thither with my three children. Hardly had we reached Paris, than we were driven out again; I and my children were forbidden to stay there. I followed him once more across the sea. A month later our fourth child was born. You would need to know London, and the conditions there, to understand what that meant: three children, and the birth of a fourth. Simply for rent we had to pay forty-two thalers a month. We were able to manage for a time out of the funds we had brought with us. But our poor resources were exhausted when the "Revue" was first published.

Agreements notwithstanding, money did not come to hand; or if it did, it was in such small sums we were in the most terrible situation.

Let me describe only one day of this life, as it actually was, and you will see that perhaps few other refugees have had to suffer as much. Since wet-nurses are exceedingly expensive here, I made up my mind, despite terrible pains in the breasts and the back, to nurse the baby myself. But the poor little angel drank in so much sorrow with the milk, that he was continually fretting, in violent pain day and night. Since he has been in the world, he has not slept a single night through, at most two or three hours. Of late, there have been violent spasms, so that the child is continually betwixt life and death. When thus affected, he sucked so vigorously that my nipple became sore, and bled; often the blood streamed into his little mouth. One day I was sitting like this when our landlady suddenly appeared. In the course of the winter we had paid her more than two hundred and fifty thalers, and then it had been agreed that in future we were not to pay her but her landlord, who had put in an execution. Now she repudiated this agreement, and demanded the five pounds which we still owed her. Since we could not pay this sum instantly, two brokers came into the house and took possession of all my belongings—bedding, clothes, everything, even the baby's cradle and the little girls' toys, so that the children wept bitterly. They threatened to take everything away in two hours. If this had happened, I should have had to lie on the floor, with my freezing children beside me and with my aching

breast. Our friend Schramm hastened forthwith to seek help. He took a cab, the horse fell down, he jumped out, and was brought back into the house bleeding, the house where I was lamenting and my poor children were trembling.

Next day we had to leave. It was cold and rainy. My husband tried to find a lodging, but as soon as he said we had four children, no one would take us in. At length a friend helped us. We paid what was owing, and I quickly sold all my beds and bedding in order to settle accounts with the chemist, the baker, the butcher, and the milkman, who had heard that the brokers had been put in, and had hastened to send in their bills. The beds and bedding that had been sold were loaded on to a handcart at the street door—and what do you think happened then? It was late in the evening, after sunset; the English law forbids this; the landlord arrived with policemen, saying that some of his goods might be on the cart. . . . Within five minutes there was a crowd of two or three hundred people in front of the door, the whole mob of Chelsea. The beds had to be brought in again, and could not be sent to the purchaser until after sunrise next morning. Now that the sale of all our possessions had enabled us to pay our debts to the last penny, I removed with my little darlings to our present address, two tiny rooms in the German Hotel, Leicester Street, Leicester Square, where they were good enough to take us in for five pounds ten a week.

Then:

You must not imagine that I am cast down by these petty troubles. I know only too well that we are not the only ones engaged in such a struggle. I know, too, that I am among the lucky ones, am specially favored, seeing that my dear husband, the prop of my life, is still at my side. But what really crushes me, what makes my heart bleed, is that my husband has to suffer so many paltry annoyances, that so few have come to his help, and that he, who has willingly and joyfully helped so many others, should be left unaided. . . . This hurts me. But my husband thinks otherwise. Never, not even in our most terrible afflictions, has he lost hope of the future, has he ceased to be cheerful; and he would be perfectly content if he could only see me cheerful and if our dear children could play happily round their beloved mother. He does not know, dear Herr Weydemeyer, that I have written to you at such length about our situation, so please keep these lines to yourself. [1]

Yet in all these terrible times Marx never took a penny for his lectures before the workingmen of London. And the children of the neighborhood in which he lived loved the kindly old man with the great bush of whiskers who played with them, took them on his back and drew out candies from the mysterious depths of his pockets. They called him "Daddy Marx." And he gained the love and life-long devotion of that other great Socialist whose name must always be linked with Marx, Friedrich

[1] Translation from Spargo: "Life of Karl Marx."

Engels. Engels stood at his side and time and again came to his rescue even at great personal sacrifice. The friendship of these two men ranks with the great friendships of the world.

All through the last trying years, in poverty, seeing his beloved wife fade and die, his own body racked by illness, he worked feverishly, continuously, often for weeks eighteen hours a day, preparing a great work which was to summarize his economic theories—"Capital." It was not given to him to complete the work. But the loving hand of his friend Engels, after Marx's death, took the notes and scattered manuscripts and edited the final volume.

Few Americans are cognizant of the profound debt the United States owes to Karl Marx.

We do know that for a time it looked as if England would recognize the Southern Confederacy. The upper and middle classes of Britain were outspokenly hostile to the Northern cause. Sections of the British press did not hesitate to shout for official recognition of the seceding States as a separate nation. Gladstone had stated in a public address: "We may have our own opinions about slavery; we may be for or against the South; but there is no doubt that Jefferson Davis and other leaders of the South have an army; they are making, it appears, a

navy, and they have made what is more than either, they have made a nation."

Lincoln was worried. Adams, our minister to England, wrote in his diary: "My term of office seems likely to be very short." The fate of the Union hung in the balance. It seemed as if England would recognize the South as an independent nation.

Then something happened.

Through the inspiration and leadership of Karl Marx, the working classes of England were heard from. Giant mass-meetings of protest were held throughout the country against any recognition on England's part of the Southern Confederacy. Ringing resolutions were passed rejoicing over the Emancipation Proclamation and denouncing the system of slavery, congratulated the immortal American liberator. This was the work of Karl Marx. It turned the tide of English public opinion and effectively halted any consideration of sympathetic recognition of the Southern States.

To Marx, Lincoln represented the movement for redemption and freedom, not only for the blacks but for all workers. John Spargo, in his scholarly biography of Marx, attributes his admiration of Lincoln to a certain passage in Lincoln's address to Congress in December, 1861, in which Lincoln said:

"Labor is prior to and independent of Capital. Capital is only the fruit of Labor and could never have existed if Labor had not first existed. Labor is the superior of Capital, and deserves much the higher consideration."

Marx's grasp of international affairs was astounding. There passed through his door many of the great figures of the world, men despised in their time, but whose names are still an inspiration to the working millions, men who molded the events of Germany, Austria, Poland, France, Italy, and all the Continent of Europe, and whose influence brought into being the intellectual leadership of the Socialist, Labor, and Democratic parties which figure so largely in Continental politics to-day. He had the conscientiousness of the German traditions of scholarship combined with the keenness of the Jewish intelligence bequeathed to him from generations of men who delighted in the fine distinctions of rabbinical dialectics.

His zest for study and more study was never satisfied. Feeling the need to understand the movement for redemption among the Russian masses, he began the study of Russian at the age of fifty-one. Again and again he drove home the need for knowledge among the laboring classes. It is unquestionably

due to his influence that the Labor party in England is something more than a mass movement of the workers; that it is a movement of ideas; that its membership represents a cross-section of the citizens of Britain; that the middle classes and the nobility figure quite largely in its counsels and leadership —that the movement is so eminently respectable because it is intelligent. When Stanley Baldwin was the Conservative Premier of the British Empire, his son was leader in the opposition and Labor party elections.

To Marx is due the first international organization of the workers of the world—the International Workingmen's Association, known as the First International. It is he who gave content and form to the Labor movement throughout the world, charging it with that power which only organization can give, and winning for the working masses better conditions of labor, shorter hours, fairer wages, and a more equitable share in the profits made from their production.

Much of the hatred against Marx is due to fear of change and the prejudice of selfishness. Men are afraid of what is strange and different. It seems to challenge their position. One does not like one's comfort disturbed. And Marx's interpretation of

history was essentially *revolutionary*. But as he himself declared, it was the revolution of an evolutionary process.

It is an absurdity of the most prejudiced and ignorant mind, despite the catchwords of the Bolshevist leaders, to identify modern Russian communism and the methods of the Soviet with the program and practice of Karl Marx. This may seem a surprising statement, but it is nevertheless true and born out by the facts of his teaching.

True he pamphleteered against existing methods of oppressive government. He flayed the misuse and abuse of power, economic, religious, industrial, and political. True he called upon the workers of the world to unite. "You have nothing to lose but your chains!" True he envisioned a world in which there would be no classes.

But that is entirely different from the theory and the practice of Bolshevist Russia. The Soviets have simply reversed the present order. Theirs is an inverted capitalism, with the same vices as obtains in the older order. It is the dictatorship of one class. It is not the abolition of all classes. It may in the end make some contribution to the economic and political life of the world, but certainly it is true that there is no darker, bloodier, and more brutal record in capitalistic annals than that of the wholesale

slaughter perpetrated in the Soviets under the program of party discipline!

Again and again Marx pleaded for patience and propaganda and the slower processes of natural change. He drew upon himself the calumny of those who wanted immediate action, and "opposed the foolish notions of conspirators who played with social forces as children play with fire."

On one occasion he wrote: "The majority has substituted the dogmatic spirit for the critical, the idealistic interpretation of events for the materialistic. Simple will-power, instead of the true relations of things, has become the motive force of revolution. While we say to the working people, 'You will have to go through years of civil wars and wars between nations not only to change existing conditions but to change yourselves and make yourselves worthy of political power,' you on the contrary say, 'We ought to get power at once, or else give up the fight.' . . . Just as the Democrats make a sort of fetish of the words 'the people,' so you make one of the word 'proletariat.' Like them you substitute revolutionary phrases for revolutionary evolution." Marx's idea was that the dominance of certain classes is the result of centuries of economic evolution, that they have risen to their place of power through the working of natural causes, that

they are instruments in the onward sweep of human development—their rule is not the result of intrigue or conspiracy for long. They are created in the natural order of life, do their work by law, and when that work is done, by the majesty and inevitability of the same law they pass out and others take their place. Indeed, it is interesting to note, and Marx himself noted, that Darwin's "Origin of Species" and Marx's "Contribution to the Critique of Political Economy"—afterward developed and extended in "Das Kapital"—both appeared in 1858. Marx believed that his work would do for economics what Darwin's did for science. Engels in his address at the funeral of his friend remarked: "Just as Darwin discovered the law of evolution in organic nature, so Marx discovered the law of evolution in human history. He discovered the simple fact . . . that human beings must have food and drink, clothing and shelter, first of all, before they can interest themselves in politics, science, art, religion."

With Marx the unfolding of history was a process governed by law. Mankind had achieved freedom from the superstitions of the ancients and had thrown off the shackles and bonds of regal tyranny; he was making progress against political despotism, and was on the highway to the goal of democracy; finally and ultimately he would throw off the yoke

of economic tyranny, and the commonest man, redeemed from the fear of lack of food, clothing, and shelter, would rise to the heights to which he was called. This process was writ imperishably in the very laws of life.

So long as man is degraded by poverty, women-driven, ruined, or spent by starvation; so long as childhood is robbed of its sweetness and joy; so long as misery and ignorance and all the woes of "man's inhumanity to man" curse and desecrate the earth—so long will the voice of Karl Marx be heard. So long will his spirit live. His is the voice and spirit of the greatest revolutionaries of all times—of the Hebrew prophets. His protest their protest.

One may not agree with his interpretation of history. Indeed, he left out one of the most vital factors of all: the indomitable spirit, the creative will of man which is ever increasingly injected into the flow of life, and constantly recreates, revives, renews, and pushes along the process to wider reaches and more glorious horizons. One may not agree with his philosophy. But who will not agree with his aim? One does not agree with his attitude to organized religion, but who will not agree that what he wanted to do is the goal of all unselfish religion?

BENJAMIN DISRAELI

Daring, dangerous, dynamic, different, "Dizzy," with the charm of a Frenchman, the industry of a German, the doggedness of an Englishman, the imagination of a Spaniard, the inscrutability of an Oriental, and the moral apprehension of the Jew.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI

On a gray day late in December, 1804, in London, a father stood at the cradle of his baby boy, as millions of other fathers have stood before and since. He thrilled at the miracle of birth. He murmured as millions of other fathers have thought or murmured: O the potentialities!

Did Isaac Disraeli try to gage these potentialities? Did he reckon the cultural strains and soul elements that were the native heritage of the new-born Benjamin? Did he think of the Sephardic, the Spanish-Jewish blood which ran pure in his veins, back to the days when his ancestors had been in Spain before the coming of the Goths; when they ranked with other citizens under Rome; when they had lived on equal terms with the Moors and the Mohammedans, and when they had publicly accepted Christianity while secretly professing their Judaism as Spain became the Most Holy Catholic country of the fifteenth century? Did he think of the long centuries during which these Marano ancestors had inwardly clung to their own religious tradition while outwardly conforming to the rites of the state reli-

gion? Did he call to mind how, when they finally left Spain for Venice, they renewed their loyalty to Judaism with such pride that the very name they adopted—Israeli—was public profession of their faith? Undoubtedly he felt a satisfaction at the pleasure he would give his practical father, that elder Benjamin D'Israeli, who had come to England in 1748, and his bitter, disappointed mother, also a Sephardic Jewess, who resented her Jewishness but resented more her dreamy, impractical son whose interests lay in books and libraries and "Curiosities" of literature rather than in the marts of commerce which had enriched the family coffers.

What kind of future did Isaac D'Israeli envisage for his son at that moment when even the most disinterested and prosaic fathers are prone to dream? Did he covet for him the unworldly world of literature in which he himself lived? Or the career of a banker like those sires of his who had aided Ferdinand and Isabella and financed the expeditions of Venice in her prime? At least he had no basis for day-dreaming of his son as a power in English government, for Jews had no political rights in England in 1804. What would that father have said had he been told that the little, dark-haired, new-born baby lying there beneath the warm covers would one day be Prime Minister of England—indeed, the most

powerful individual in the whole political world?

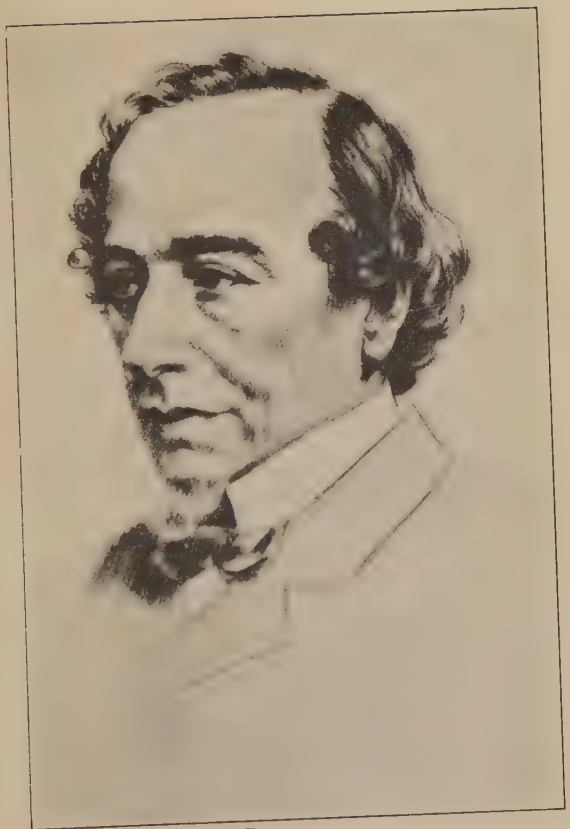
If Isaac had no inkling of that brilliant future in store for his boy, the young Benjamin no sooner began to know things than he began to "dream dreams and see visions." Modern psychologists call it wish-fulfillment, and there is no doubt that everybody indulges in the delightful pastime of picturing himself the hero protecting the queen, the conqueror gaining new empires, the orator spell-binding his hearers, the author confounding critics and compelling readers with the magic charm of the inspired word. Only, most people get their satisfaction out of dreaming. They let the humdrum, matter-of-fact world bind them to sordid realities. There is a vast difference between the dreamer who is content with dreaming and the dreamer who sees his vision and sets out to attain it. It is the difference between the successes and the failures of life. Benjamin Disraeli's life leaves no doubt of the effectiveness of his dreaming. He took the facts of his life—his Jewishness, his physical and psychical difference from those about him—and turned what would have been insuperable handicaps to most people into stepping-stones to success.

Born into the wealthy, Spanish-Jewish home of Isaac D'Israeli, Benjamin was reared in an indulgent

atmosphere by a doting mother who humored her high-spirited, beautiful son. She had only one problem—to keep him from disturbing his father. Benjamin was the second of five children. His older sister, Sarah, was his playmate, comrade, and confidante, and they adored each other.

The D'Israeli family position was rather anomalous socially. While they were members of the Jewish congregation, they had no Jewish contacts. The elder D'Israeli's mother had hated the handicap of her Jewishness and had held her family aloof from her people. Isaac D'Israeli had little patience with the rites and ceremonies of the synagogue, which he felt were out of date, though he told his children with pride the history of their race. Indeed, he had resigned from the Bevis Marks Synagogue, the old Spanish-Portuguese Jewish congregation in London, because, elected to an office in the congregation which he did not desire to fill, he was fined for refusing to accept it. Resenting the fine, he withdrew from any participation in Jewish religious life.

To the D'Israeli home there came many Christian friends, brought there by kindred literary interests with the father, who had written and published his "Curiosities of Literature" with great success. The children knew they were Jews and knew that this



Photograph by Brown Bros.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI

marked them as different from other children. When Benjamin went to school he and another Jewish lad stood aside when the class had prayers, and a rabbi came once a week to teach them Hebrew. But Judaism was neither a religious practice nor a spiritual experience for him, and when his father resigned from the congregation, and when later the children were taken to baptism by a zealous Christian friend while the parents were away one day, it meant no emotional change to the thirteen-year-old boy.

Shortly after this event the new little Christian was sent to boarding-school. His father favored one of the big public schools, Eton or Winchester, but his mother realized how hard such an experience might be for her son; and so he was sent to a smaller school run by a Unitarian minister whom Isaac D'Israeli had met in some of his favorite bookshops.

Benjamin's days at this school proved his mother right. The few drops of holy water had worked no miracles. To the eyes of the English school-boys Benjamin was still the Jew. He was greeted with hoots and jeers and cries of "Old Clo! Old Clo!" Only a pair of sturdy fists, cleverly trained in boxing, saved him from ignominy.

His preparation for entrance into the school had been uneven and unbalanced. He was weak in Greek

and Latin, in which the school was strong; he had little patience with method and scholarly precision, he wanted ideas, and his teachers plagued him with rules of grammar; but he was widely read and quick at invention in writing and spoken repartee. His clever answers often embarrassed his teachers with their slower English minds. Benjamin trained himself in games and sports, organized theatricals, though they were forbidden, and became a leader of a group of boys who were often at odds with the monitors and higher authorities of the school. This brought down their wrath upon his head, so that his father was asked to remove one of "foreign and seditious mind, incapable of acquiring the spirit of the school." At fifteen Benjamin Disraeli's formal education ended.

But his quest for knowledge had barely begun. He read for twelve hours a day in his father's wonderful library, feverishly determined to "know everything," for Benjamin had already decided to conquer worlds. To be sure, he had not yet decided which worlds. The theater intrigued him with its realm of unreality; literature seemed easily accessible with his father's example before him. At last it was decided that he should study law; but the youth made a mental reservation: only as a stepping-

stone. At seventeen he entered a solicitor's office and remained at his desk for three years.

How dull the dirty old tomes must have seemed to this eager boy. He still had interesting outside contacts. Many distinguished people came to his father's table. John Murray, proprietor of the "Quarterly Review," encouraged him in his writing, and a neighbor and friend, Mrs. Austen, became his confidante in his project for a novel. At twenty "Vivian Grey" was published. Disraeli was no longer an unknown lawyer's apprentice. He was "the talk of London town."

There followed a serious illness; all work had to be abandoned. He went abroad with the Austens, but came back to his family an invalid. The D'Israelis had moved to the country, and Benjamin's health improved in the pleasant air of Bradenham. Meanwhile, he continued his writing. Two more novels and three satires appeared which Froude considers the most brilliant of all his writings—"Ixion in Heaven." "The Infernal Marriage," and "Popanilla."

But his career languished, probably because of his indifference to it. He was feeling his way. In 1830 he went abroad again with William Meredith, a young man betrothed to his sister Sarah. They vis-

ited the Mediterranean countries, and his letters are a delightful revelation of himself and his voyaging. In Egypt tragedy ended the pleasant journey, as Meredith died of smallpox. Disraeli came home to his brokenhearted sister alone.

The trip had been inspiration to Disraeli's literary muse, however, and a number of books followed, among them "Contarini Fleming," which was, like "Vivian Grey," autobiographical and accordingly clever. He tried his hand less successfully at poetry; but his literary success, his clever repartee, his elegance in dress to the point of dandyism, made him the lion of London.

And now at last his ambition came to a head; he knew what he wanted. He confessed his desire to stand for Parliament. But to do this required money, and he had none. His habits of life were expensive; and his fashionable acquaintances were wont to play upon his friendship to get them money through his connections with "the City." His Jewish banking friends made loans upon his indorsement, and when these obligations were not met he was involved in debt. But when Disraeli wanted something, mere lack of money was never a deterrent.

He stood for Parliament; and was defeated. And stood again; and was defeated again. But he once

said: "I have tried many things, and though at first I failed, I always succeeded at last." Three times he was defeated for Parliament, but finally in 1837 he won his seat in the House of Commons and his dream was realized.

Or at least the beginning of his dream was realized. For to be in the House of Commons and to be a factor in English politics are not necessarily the same thing. Our American Congressmen know that too! Benjamin Disraeli had yet to prove his mettle; and to prove it against tremendous obstacles. He identified himself with the Conservative party and spoke for the first time on the Irish question. But his style was so artificial, his voice so peculiar, his costume so elaborate, that the House hooted and hissed him, so that he finally took his seat, saying: "Though I sit down now, the time will come when you will hear me."

How true his prophecy. To be sure, Disraeli learned from his first mistake. For a long time he ceased to be flowery and witty, to be clever and scintillating. He confined himself to facts and figures, and by his well-grounded information won the respect of his intolerant hearers.

Another change in Disraeli's status took place at this time with his marriage to Mrs. Wyndham Lewis, the widow of his colleague from Maidstone.

Mary Anne was rich and of most excellent social position and fifteen years his senior. He had once said that he would never marry for love, as he had noticed that all husbands who had done so either beat their wives or ran away from them. He proved his choice wise for his own life—however devastating the philosophy behind it may be to ardent swains and maidens—for he lived in exquisite happiness with this woman so much his senior. He had once regarded her as "tiresome," but she gave him such beautiful devotion, understanding, and sympathy in return for his confidence and loyalty that no marriage could ever have been happier. Through her wealth he was at last able to free himself from debt and soon to purchase Hughenden, their home for the rest of their lives. She was his helpmate, friend, and adviser, ever ready to console his disappointment and enliven his darker hours by just that word of encouragement which a wise woman knows how to speak to her husband. Could any wife ever dream of a more perfect tribute than his dedication to her of "Sybil"?

"I would inscribe this work . . . to one whose sweet voice has often encouraged and whose taste and judgment have ever guided its pages—the most severe of critics but a perfect wife."

He always declared that the happiest moment of

his life was when he was able to make her a peeress and she became Lady Beaconsfield.

It is difficult to summarize Disraeli's career in a brief space. From the ignominious failure of that first speech in Parliament to the triumph of his return from the Congress of Berlin, bringing Victoria "peace with honor" is a very long journey. It took nearly forty years to achieve this, but the goal was always kept in view. Politically, his ideal was a Tory democracy in which "the nobles shall make the people happy." Stressing his own ancient, aristocratic lineage, he saw aristocratic England objectively and felt it to be the first duty of the classes to benefit the masses. He did not believe in free trade, that vital English doctrine, but felt that trade was to be extended by good workmanship and superior merit, not by cheapness and free markets. He neither understood nor liked the political economy of his day. He believed it to be the duty of the wealthy and privileged to improve conditions both in England and Ireland, and when the food riots occurred and the Government asked for more police protection, Disraeli was one of the minority of five who said it was unnecessary, that constructive not repressive measures ought to be tried. By 1842 Disraeli had become a leader of the Young England group.

Yet Disraeli never played politics in our modern sense of the word. When he was identified with Sir Robert Peel's party, which stood for free trade, he spoke his own convictions for protective tariff; he risked his seat by his language about Ireland; in "Coningsby," a novel which came out about this time, he criticized the institution of Parliament itself; nevertheless, in a few years he was chosen as its leader. When "Sybil" appeared, shortly thereafter, he drew a contract between "the Two Nations," as he called the Rich and the Poor, which struck at the very basis of England's economic system and at its weakest spot.

It was a difficult time in English politics. The industrial era was revolutionizing agricultural England with increasing momentum. The railroad and the steam-engine had produced a velocity with which political change could not keep pace, and Disraeli, who loved England more than he did any political party, was able to keep his vision clear about her problems as the party men could never do. By 1846 this upstart of a despised race whom they had laughed at a few years ago, this young man without political pull or court favor, was the acknowledged leader of the House of Commons, no small progress toward his goal for one who had so

many obstacles to overcome and so much prejudice against him!

For twenty-five years Benjamin Disraeli led the Conservative party in the House of Commons. Three times he was Chancellor of the Exchequer under Lord Derby, in 1853, 1857–58, and in 1867; but most of the time the Liberal party was in power, and the prosperity of the country under free trade seemed to prove them right. Only a Disraeli, gifted with a rare political foresight looking far into the future, even to our very day, could comprehend that unexampled wealth in the hands of the capitalistic few was neither a desirable nor a lasting thing, and that there were other elements necessary for the security of the nation. He could not stem the torrent of industrial capitalism, and he always made the best of things which he could not change. As leader of the Opposition in Parliament, he was never obstinate and always fair, and while he was a skilful party chief, Froude says of him that the honor and greatness of his country were always his chief concern. He helped forward bills for shortening hours of labor, for the protection of children in factories, and for the improvement of dwelling-houses for the poor. It is said that he brought Jews into Parliament twenty-five years before they

would otherwise have been admitted. He never let the fact that he was leader of the "out" party impede constructive, forward-looking legislation or embarrass his Government, even when the Indian Mutiny, Civil War in the United States, and the Crimean War would have made this possible. This habit of Disraeli's, aside from being sound patriotism, was excellent political practice. One need not cross the ocean to find other parliaments whose members might profit by this example.

In 1867 the goal was attained. The Conservative party came into power; and though Lord Derby was leader, he was broken in health, and Disraeli shortly became Prime Minister. By sheer determination and real parliamentary ability he had received the highest honor his Government had to bestow on any individual. His political rivals were irritated, but the country at large was rather proud and pleased. The achievements of this unknown Jew reflected pride and honor upon the nation. And every Englishman shared in the success of Disraeli and identified himself with it. When he went into Parliament for the first time in his new rôle he was wildly cheered in the Palace Yard and on into the House, that same House where on his first appearance he had been jeered and ridiculed.

But his day of glory did not last long. A year

later his party went out. In this period he had won the deep affection of Queen Victoria, and on his retirement he refused a coronet but had one conferred on Mrs. Disraeli. He chose to remain in the House of Commons.

While Disraeli was out of power from 1868, his influence was still as strong as ever. Gladstone was Prime Minister but very unpopular. Disraeli never made extraordinary promises nor prophecies. He had helped to drain London; he had brought India under the Crown. The crowd called him "Dizzy," and a nickname is always a sign of popularity in England. Recognition of his signal ability grew until Disraeli was returned to power by a strong Conservative majority.

That was the first time Disraeli triumphed as a result of his own popularity. The first time he was Prime Minister he was, after all, only the heir of Lord Derby, his party chief. Now it was up to him to prove his merit. Two questions were of paramount importance: the Irish question and the relation of the colonies to England. He might have attempted reforms in Ireland, the very reforms which he himself had pointed out as necessary. But he did nothing about this.

It is difficult to appraise Disraeli's work in regard to colonial policy. According to the standards of

his own day he did more for the British Empire in three years than Gladstone and Palmerston had done in thirty. He saw the British North American Act through Parliament, which provided the Dominion of Canada with a charter of liberty and progress; he created the system under which the Indian Empire is governed to this hour; he purchased the Suez Canal, with which achievement Louis Parker and George Arliss have so dramatically made this generation familiar. Whether he did the best thing for the empire or for the colonies in the light of the present unrest and sturdy demand for self-government is something we are grateful not to have to decide. Perhaps his desire to glorify and aggrandize the empire was born of a desire to see himself as empire-builder. Perhaps it was his lack of illusions which made him fail to try to attain the independence of Ireland and the self-government of the colonies. Perhaps it was merely that he was growing old. Perhaps he thought he could smother the fires of radical enthusiasm by arousing national pride.

This was successful only to a degree, though the degree seemed high in 1878 when nationalism was the theme of all Europe, and a European war was apparently averted by the famous Congress of Berlin, in which Disraeli and Bismarck played leading

rôles and from which Disraeli returned to London in a blaze of glory.

But the blaze was soon quenched when war in the Transvaal brought the Government into ill-favor, though Disraeli was in no way responsible for it. The Liberals were recalled to power with an overwhelming vote that seemed to indicate a forgetfulness of all Disraeli's constructive legislation for the comfort and benefit of the people; his patronage of art and literature which he so discriminatingly and generously exercised, and all the other achievements of his premiership.

In 1872 Lady Beaconsfield had died truly mourned by the husband whom she had loved so devotedly for thirty years. In 1876 Disraeli accepted a peerage and took the name of Lord Beaconsfield. He then became leader of the House of Lords. On his return from the Congress of Berlin his Queen bestowed upon him the Order of the Garter, the most coveted of all English decorations. Now, as he steps out of office for the last time, one wonders what he thought of it all. At twenty-one Lord Melbourne, then Prime Minister, had asked him what he wished for. He had answered with typical presumption that he wished to be Prime Minister. He had achieved that triumph. He was more than sev-

enty-five years old and had attained every honor that England had to offer. He had even dictated policies to other European countries. He might well have stepped out of politics now and ended his days at Hughenden, that place he loved so much and where he was so beloved by his tenantry to whom he was so kind. But tired as he was, he assumed his place as leader of the Opposition in the House of Lords with no weakened power. He was in his accustomed place when Parliament convened in 1881. In the middle of March he had an attack of gout and a heavy cold; and on April 19 the brilliant career was ended.

Burial in Westminster Abbey was offered, and the nation would have been pleased to thus honor Benjamin Disraeli, but by his own desire he was buried at Hughenden beside the faithful wife to whom he owed so much. After his death Lord Acton wrote to a friend, ". . . Some one wrote to me that no Jew for eighteen hundred years had played so great a part in the world. That would mean no Jew since St. Paul, and it is very startling."

It is hard for us to appraise the work of Benjamin Disraeli. We Americans are used to "success stories" in which the poor boy rises to position of prominence and fame. But Victorian England was differ-

ent; and Disraeli's achievements would have been different in any age or setting.

One of the most interesting things about him was his genius for capitalizing his handicaps. The men of political England were products of the public school with set prejudices and convictions. One just didn't do certain things! He was self-educated and had no real English traditions, but these very things gave him a freedom of thought and independence of judgment. He was never restrained by the deterring dread of being declassé. He was declassé to begin with. He accentuated this difference by dressing differently, combing his hair oddly, and by queer manners of expression and verbiage.

Credit is due to the generosity of the English mind and the Englishman's inherent sense of fair play that Disraeli had his chance.

As a young man he had a reputation for immorality. He had associated with the bohemian crowd in fashionable London; he had debts, and he was considered undependable. In most people these traits would have put a quietus on a public career; in Disraeli they only seemed to make him more interesting. His opponent in his day of power was William Gladstone, a model of propriety, conventional respectability, and unctuous rectitude. In contrast with this priggish perfection Disraeli's

faults and vices were intriguing and fascinating. Moreover, Disraeli had the gift of speech; he knew the power of words. He was a master of wit and drollery, of epigram and sarcasm. But all his biographers and critics unite in telling how wisely he used these gifts. He had perfect command of his temper; "in all his life he never hated anything nor any one; never bore a grudge or remembered a libel against himself, and even while he assaulted his adversaries in debate, he charmed them by the skill with which he did it." He felt deeply but not too deeply; he loved sincerely but was not consumed by love; he had convictions but he never hesitated to compromise; he was always master of himself and so he mastered others.

It is interesting to think of Disraeli as leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons for more than twenty-five years. This Jew, this outsider, without friends or prestige, without political pull or court favor, rose in a few years from being the jest of the House of Commons to leader of the Mother of Parliaments. That he was spokesman for the Opposition rather than of the party in power was due to his cleverness as well as to his convictions. By temperament and inheritance he enrolled himself with the aristocrats. No titled member of the House of Lords was prouder of his heritage than was

Disraeli. But aside from this he was shrewd enough to see that the Conservative party was weak in leadership, and that he would have greater opportunity for prestige with them than with the Liberals who, rich in leadership, caught the progressive note of the nineteenth century—the hum of mill and rail and engine—and tuned their theme to harmonize. But Disraeli sounded a different note. He felt that the aristocrats should preserve England and themselves by improving the conditions of the poor, "What is progress?" he said, "progress whence and progress whither? The only human progress worth calling by the name is progress in virtue, justice, courage, and uprightness, love of country beyond love of ourselves." This sounds like an echo of the ancient Hebrew prophets.

For after all Disraeli was the Jew. His faults were called Jewish faults by his political adversaries; his virtues are claimed as Jewish virtues by his brethren of Jewish blood. They see in him the eternal protestant, the leader of the Opposition, the iconoclast, the idealist who envisioned a better and happier world and hoped to create it through the teaching of virtue and justice rather than through any change in economic conditions.

Disraeli himself never failed to reckon with his Jewishness as a tremendous element in his own com-

position. He reflects this pride in his novels, which are for the most part propaganda, and are most interesting when they are autobiographical. In "Coningsby," published in 1841, *Sidonia,* the Jewish financier, not only explains England to the English but interprets the Jewish race in terms to thrill the heart of any Jew:

> You never observe a great intellectual movement in Europe in which Jews do not participate. The first Jesuits were Jews; that mysterious Russian diplomacy which so alarms western Europe is organized and principally carried on by Jews; that mighty revolution which is at this moment preparing in Germany and which will be in fact a second and greater Reformation . . . is entirely developing under the auspices of Jews who almost monopolize the professorial chairs of Germany. . . . Favored by nature and by nature's God, we produced the lyre of David, we gave you Isaiah and Ezekiel. . . . What are all the Schoolmen, Aquinas himself to Maimonides? And as for modern philosophy, all springs from Spinoza. . . . The three greatest creative minds to whose exquisite symphonies all nations at this moment yield—Rossini, Meyerbeer, Mendelssohn—are of the Hebrew race.

Disraeli regarded Christianity as a completed Judaism. If sometimes to the rational Jewish mind, "m'Lord [Beaconsfield] protests too much," we can explain if not excuse this as the utterance of a

nouveau Christian which perhaps produces the same inclination to splurge as being *nouveau riche*.

At any rate, we pay tribute to Benjamin Disraeli, who never failed in loyalty to race even if he did in loyalty to faith. To him belongs the credit of removing the last Jewish disability to political rights, so that after 1845 Jews could sit in Parliament and still worship in the synagogue.

Perhaps his Jewishness plus his devotion to England accounts also for the cosmopolitan eye with which he saw his country. Contrast Disraeli's conception of the place and purpose of England with the insular outlook of the Englishmen of his day. R. T. Raymond, in his book "Disraeli: Alien Patriot" says: "he is the first European-minded English statesman since Cardinal Wolsey. But while Wolsey saw England's place in Europe with the eye of the universal church, Disraeli saw it with the eye of the universal race." He saw the dangers before his adopted country, but when he could not correct them he submitted and went on with his major job, making a career.

No account of Disraeli would be complete without some reference to his relation to Queen Victoria. It has been said that Disraeli played politics like a game of chess, with the Queen as the principal

piece. Although the royal house had ceased to be a controlling factor in English politics, Disraeli nevertheless deemed it the part of wisdom to flatter the Queen with implications of her power. He always had the indulgence of women. It was Mrs. Austen who had helped him with "Vivian Grey"; it was Mary Anne who had given him a seat in Parliament and had ensconced him there in ease and luxury. Another woman, Mrs. Brydges Williams, buried beside him and Lady Beaconsfield at Hughenden, made his latter days pleasanter by making him her heir. Victoria was the greatest and not the least adoring of his female admirers. He first won her regard by his tribute to Prince Albert, so that she felt that no one else really appreciated her dead Consort. His letters to her are masterpieces of flattery. He made her feel every inch the Queen. And when he crowned her Empress of India he satisfied her vanity as well as his own imperialistic ideals. A paragraph from one of his letters to her is the last word in exquisiteness:

"His idea of the perfect relationship between the Sovereign and her minister is that there should be on her part perfect confidence and on his perfect devotion. In the blended influence of two such sentiments so ennobling and so refined, he sees the best

security for your Majesty's happiness and the welfare of the realm."

To such courtliness the Queen responded with gifts of flowers, especially primroses when they were in season. Even to his funeral she sent a wreath of primroses, inscribed "His favorite flower," and to this day Primrose Day, the anniversary of his death, is observed by the wearing of his blossom by those who would honor the memory of the principles of the beloved "Dizzy."

Disraeli's novels are the truest revelations of what he thought and what he believed. The stories are often preposterous and flamboyant, but the ideas are interesting and self-revelatory. There is "Vivian Grey," published when he was twenty, and "Contarini Fleming," a little later, in which he pictures his school days. The motto of "Vivian Grey" is as impudent as was Disraeli himself in those crass young days:

> Why then the world's mine oyster
> Which with my sword I'll open.

There is "The Young Duke," a flashy picture of high society which added nothing to the notoriety which he had gained by his first book. Then came "Henrietta Temple" and "Venetia," which sustained

his reputation. "Coningsby; or, The New Generation" was in a new key, an analysis of the aristocratic government of England and a plea to the upper classes to mend their ways so that the existing order might be saved. In it the problems of the day are discussed, and there are character sketches of people which his contemporaries recognized. *Sidonia,* the Jew, voices Disraeli's ideal of aristocracy. It was the old idea of *noblesse oblige.*

There followed "Sybil; or, the Two Nations," in which the poverty and vice of contemporary England are perturbingly revealed. Still later he wrote "Tancred," the novel which he liked best of all his writings; and the "Life of Lord George Bentinck," in which he becomes biographer of his friend; late in life, after his first term as Prime Minister, he wrote "Lothair," the only novel which was not written as propaganda, and which Froude therefore considers his best piece of fiction.

Yet according to the standards of our day, none of these writings is of permanent worth. These portraits and caricatures are no longer interesting, because the originals are not known to our generation. The problems and issues which Disraeli discussed are no longer vital, or, if they are, the bias and emphasis are differently placed.

Strangely enough, Disraeli closed his ears to the

scientific discoveries of his time. When he heard Darwin's "Origin of Species" discussed he declared "it is the choice between descent from apes or angels, and I am on the side of the angels!" Yet we can hardly picture him with Bryan at Dayton, Tennessee. He closed his eyes to the changing economic system, although labor was already organizing and educating itself for leadership. He declared himself for a democratic aristocracy when the funeral march of aristocracy was already sounding on vibrating rail and buzzing machine.

But if Disraeli's novels are obsolete, his politics out of date, his economic theories outgrown, and his scientific beliefs flouted, if everything he did is old-fashioned and everything he believed in is dead, yet Disraeli himself still lives. It is nearly fifty years since he was laid to rest in the little church at Hughenden, yet interest in the personality of the man himself is just as keen and more widespread than ever. Every year sees new biographies written, new letters published. Other statesmen of his day are but names in England's history book. Many of his contemporaries live only in his biographies, but he survives. Is it merely because he was clever and people were fed up with the ridiculous dignities and the artificial restraints of the day? Or because he rose

to such heights over such obstacles? Or because of his many talents as author, orator, and statesman? Or because of his personal magnetism which drew women to him to worship and adore, young men to follow and obey, and the courts of all Europe to heed him and yield to his judgment? Who knows? All we can say is that on printed page, across the theater's boards, and on flashing film, Benjamin Disraeli still lives for us, an ever fascinating, ever challenging enigma. Perhaps the explanation of his immortality is the explanation of his success in life—his indefatigable will to succeed. Who knows? We wonder if he knew himself?

Daring, dangerous, dynamic, different "Dizzy" —with the charm of a Frenchman, the industry of a German, the doggedness of an Englishman, the imagination of a Spaniard, the inscrutability of an Oriental, and the moral apprehension of the Jew!

THEODOR HERZL

He defined the problem of Jewish life which faces not only the Jewish people but all peoples: the problem of the emancipation of the Jew as a people. He made it an obligation not only of the Jew but of the non-Jew to share in the solution of that problem. The details of his program no longer concern us. But when he cast the fate of his people into the drama of history, when he pleaded for the renationalization of the Jew, he discovered, though he himself probably did not realize it, the true meaning and duty of nationalism as the profoundest spiritual experience of a people. He set the compass; he pointed the direction. The nations must hold that course!

THEODOR HERZL

THE Jew has an unbroken history of approximately three thousand years. The first thousand he lived in Palestine; the last two thousand he has lived among the nations. The union of the soil of Palestine and the soul of the Jew gave the world its Bible and its God. In Palestine the eye of the Jew had caught a vision of eternal things; he had given this vision utterance in psalm and prophecy. His thousand years' sojourn there had graven on his heart a glorious and ineradicable memory of his national homeland, and when "the tribes of the wandering foot and weary breast" left the land to make their home among the peoples of the earth, with Bible in their pockets and God in their hearts, they took with them an imperishable memory of Palestine and an unquenchable hope of return and national redemption. It is utterly impossible to understand the history of the Jew either in the past or in the present unless we bear this fact in mind.

From the moment when the Bedouin clans of the Hebrew entered upon the scene of history the Jew

had been forced to struggle. Through the mist of legend which enshrouds his early years we can discern his figure fighting for a "place in the sun." Egypt, Syria, Assyria, Babylon, Greece, Rome, all enter the lists against him. Now it is a battle of arms—now it is the subtler contest against theories of life or against heathen or pagan culture. It is a sorrowful yet an exalting story of spiritual triumph against the Christian emperors, east and west; against the blasphemous infamies of the Inquisition in Spain; it is a story whose pages recount the waves of persecution in France and Germany with the rise of Catholicism—whole congregations killed and hundreds burned at the stake. With the Crusades the skies opened and the storms descended. The pious pilgrims murdered and plundered on their way through Mayence, Metz, Speyer, Worms, Cologne, and Prague. Many Jews killed themselves and their children and set fire to their homes and synagogues. Between May and June, 1096, the record is 12,000 slain. The peoples' passions were inflamed by the flagellant monks. Everywhere were anti-Jewish laws, restrictions of residence, limitation of occupation. This must the Jew do; there must he live; thus must he dress! He was driven in Italy to listen to a sermon intended to edify and convert him—a usage which Browning held up to scorn in "Holy Cross Day."

His sacred literature was anathematized and burned in the public squares—his sages were haled before scoffing assemblages to defend their faith to make a Catholic holiday. Pope Eugene III remitted the interest due to Jews by all who took part in the holy wars, a precedent which was consistently followed. The fanaticism of Bernard of Clairvaux, the persecutions in Norwich and York under John, the Black Death, the blood accusation, Inquisition, and expulsion—these are but incidents in a tale so heavy with misery that it becomes monotonous reading; a tale whose latest chapter was written only last August in blood of the Jewish martyrs of Hebron and Safed.

After the destruction of the Temple and their dispersion over the earth, the Jewish people represented mainly a peculiar religious community, a group apart, declared to be and regarded as a nation but without the dignity of autonomous polity. Their history, aside from the sordid record of persecution, is the development of their religious life and literature in the countries where they lived. Geographical unity had been destroyed; there was only the unity of a common faith and a common historic experience of sorrow. Time and again some great occasion arises which affects all, uniting the far-flung people with a single hope—the hope of re-

demption. Such an experience, tragic in its futility, world Jewry suffered at the time of Sabbathai Zevi, when to the corners of the earth went the word—the Messiah has come!

The dawn which broke upon the Christian world in the fifteenth century did not penetrate the gloom of the western Jewish ghetto till three hundred years later. In 1791 the French National Assembly made all Jews who took the oath of allegiance citizens of France. This new freedom as applied to Jews was not popular in France. The old accusation "alien" was laid against them by their fellow-citizens. Napoleon, therefore, called an assembly of French Jewish notables, rabbis, scholars, and laymen, and laid before them certain questions which were designed to clarify the relations between the religious obligations of Jews and their responsibilities as citizens of France. The answers the assembly of notables gave denied that there was any conflict between loyalty to country and loyalty to Judaism; tended to show that Jewish exclusiveness was due to the repressive measures visited upon Jews by the peoples among whom they lived—that there was nothing upon which to base the charge that the Jew is an alien. The Jew is a citizen of France and a Jew by religion only. These Jews of the west, in their joy at receiving the privileges of citizenship, forgot

the sorrow of their peoplehood. Emancipated as *individuals,* they did not remember the need for their emancipation as a *people.*

What happened in France was the beginning of the Jewish renaissance in the west. Jewish political freedom was gradually achieved through the spread of liberalism in Western Europe. By 1871, when Prussia and England removed the laws discriminating against them, all the Jews of Western Europe were enjoying the rights of citizenship in the countries where they dwelt. The Jewish population in the United States from the beginning had shared the rights, privileges, and duties of American citizenship. This political emancipation was a turning point in the life of the Jew in the west. It opened to him opportunities which had never before been his. Its effects on the Jew were almost immediately seen. He entered completely, whole-heartedly, unreservedly into the national life, which he enriched with his intellectual and spiritual and artistic contributions. When we contemplate how recent a thing Jewish political emancipation is, and the record of achievement crowded into these short years, one can but marvel anew at the Jew's adaptability. He eagerly grasped the hand of fellowship which was extended to him and blessed his liberators out of the stored-up energies of mind and soul which for the

first time in nearly nineteen hundred years had been released. Jewry in the west thought it had heard the old cry Hepp! Hepp! for the last time; believed that the day of darkness was over, and that anti-Jewish feeling was one of the bogies of the past which now in the lands of freedom had been relegated with other prejudices of the dark Middle Ages to the limbo of forgotten things. Jewry in the west was happy, prosperous, content, and smug. The world was a beautiful place for them. Their century-old wandering was over. France, England, and the United States were their Palestine; Paris, London, and Washington their Jerusalem.

But in Warsaw and Wilna, in Kiev and Odessa they still lived under a medieval hegemony. The vast Jewish population dwelling in unhappy czarist Russia was forced into the Pale by the May laws of 1882. Pobiedonostzov, Russian minister of oppression, consistently applied terrorism and pogrom as his enlightened contribution to the solution of the Jewish problem. This was his method of reasoning: one third we'll kill, one third will convert, and one third will leave. Thus the Jewish problem in Russia will be solved!

And in the gloomy Pale of Russian settlement Jewry languished, sustained only by its immortal

dream and its unkillable hope. In daily prayers, on Sabbath and holidays and holy days, through his tears the Jew caught once more the vision of his beloved homeland. On the night of the Passover, the festival of his ancient redemption from Egyptian thraldom, when he sat with his family around him and uttered words of hospitality to all, "Let him who is hungry come and eat," an extra plate was put to table and the door left open for the coming of Eliahu ha-Nabi, Elijah the prophet, forerunner of his ultimate redemption. He voiced his hopes in the prayer *Leshono habo birushalayim*—next year in Jerusalem. This phrase was the expression of his passionate, unfulfilled yearning, belief in its ultimate realization his only source of comfort.

This was the situation in the last decade of the nineteenth century when Theodor Herzl, the greatest figure in world Jewry for centuries, stepped upon the stage. Jewry in the west were comfortable and very much at ease in their local Zions; Jewry in the east, the great masses of Jewry, were bowed beneath the yoke of the modern Amaleks. Theodor Herzl made western Jewry uncomfortable, self-critical, and Jewishly conscious; brought joy and a new hope to the downtrodden masses of Eastern Jewry, and gave organization and substance to the age-old

dream of national redemption. Herzl thus furnished a new impulse not only to Jewish but to world history.

Theodor Herzl was born in Budapest in 1860 among those Jews of Hungary who were 100 per cent Hungarians. From his environment he could know little of the blessed joy which sustains the most miserable of Jews, but much of the pain of emptiness which fills the heart of the most successful of Jews. He had the soul of a dreamer, and even at the age of ten years he thought of himself as the great engineer who would succeed when all others had failed; he would link the two great oceans, the Atlantic and Pacific; he would build the Panama Canal. He wanted afterward to write; but his parents insisted on his studying law. In the end he did what he wanted; he took up his pen. When he was eighteen his parents moved to Vienna and made residence there among the "uptown" Jews in the Wahring quarter of the city. Before he was out of his twenties he was a successful playwright and a journalist.

In his diaries he writes:

Naturally the Jewish question lurked for me around every turn and corner. I sighed over it, and joked about it; I felt myself unhappy, but I was never actually

Courtesy of Mr. Jacob de Haas

THEODOR HERZL

seized by it, although even before I came here I wanted to write a novel on the theme. I proposed to write it during my travels in Spain, which began in the summer of 1891. The central figure was to have been my dear friend Heinrich Kana, who had shot himself that February in Berlin. I believe that through the novel I wanted to write myself free of his ghost. . . . I wanted especially to bring the suffering, despised, and worthy mass of poor Jews into contrast with the rich.[1]

But his paper, the "Neue Freie Presse," sent him to Paris, where he "entered—at least as an observer—into politics," and "saw how the world is governed." The plan for the novel was forgotten for the time, but the memory of Hepp! Hepp! called after him in Mainz and Baden, the memory of his people's sorrow, he could not forget. It lingered with him. It drew a sigh from him even when he walked the broad avenues of the entrancing Champs-Elysées, where the world of politics and society parades.

Then came the famous Dreyfus case. "La Libre Parole," a journal founded by the help of Jesuits, had kept up an unabating campaign upon Jews in the French army. French public feeling was prepared. Anti-Jewish feeling ran high. Captain Dreyfus was accused of treason. Officers high in military

[1] This and other quotations from the dian'es taken from Marin Lowenthal's review of Herzl's dian'es published in the "Menorah Journal."

circles, financiers—Church and State were involved. Let the Jew be the scapegoat! Captain Dreyfus was convicted and his public humiliation took place on the Champ de Mars January, 1895. As they tore off his stripes and broke his sword he cried, "You are degrading an innocent man. Long live France! Long live the army!" The onlooking mob cried out for the blood of the Jew and yelled at him "Judas." The old unholy alliance of Church and State had conquered! [1]

Herzl was cut to the quick. All that was human in him rose up in indignation. All that was Jewish in him, all the slumbering, smoldering passion of the disinherited, rose to the surface of his thinking. This man's sorrow was but the reflection of a whole people's sorrow; this man's degradation was the symbol of a people's degradation. It was the sorrow and the degradation of the Jewish people—his people. Out of the womb of the centuries, out of the maelstrom of Jewish patience and Christian hate, of Jewish fortitude and Christian condescension, of Jewish faith and Christian fanaticism, up through Jewish indifference and Christian blandishment, Jewish

[1] Dreyfus served ten years at Devil's Island, but later evidence completely revealed the machinations of which he was a victim. He was acquitted and restored to his command on the same field where before he had been degraded. His innocence had been completely established.

misery and Christian power, the soul of the new Jew came forth into the world.

"I have been pounding away for some time," the diaries begin, under date of Pentecost, 1895, "at a work of unending size. I don't know even now if I will be able to finish it. It seems to be a magnificent dream. For days and weeks it has saturated me to the limits of my consciousness, it goes with me everywhere, stands behind my ordinary talk, peeps at me over the shoulders of my funny little journalistic work, overwhelms me and intoxicates me.

"What will come of it is too early to say. However, I have experience enough to tell me that even as a dream it is remarkable, and that it should be written down—if not as a memorial for mankind, then for my own pleasure and consideration in time to come. Or perhaps as something between these two possibilities—that is, as something for literature. If no action comes out of this romancing, a Romance at least will come out of this activity.

"Title: 'The Promised Land!' "

He would seek out Baron Hirsh, who had been interested in Jewish colonizing schemes and who "bothers himself about the Jews in such an astonishing and millionaire fashion."

"I have never thought that I would busy myself with the Jewish question. So you never imagined that you would one day be the Patron of the Jews. You were a banker and engaged in big business; and yet in the end you are devoting your time and fortune to the Jewish problem. I have been since youth a writer and journalist, and never thought about the Jews. But my experiences and observations and the growing pressure of anti-Semitism have forced me to the problem."

Hirsh said: "Where will you get the money?"

" 'The money?' I said, with a defiant laugh, 'I will create a Jewish national loan of ten million marks.'

" 'Fantasy!' laughed the baron."

He left—but he had only begun, for there was in him something of the spirit of the prophet who had exclaimed, "The word of God has become to me like a burning flame which cannot be quenched!"

Rothschild turned him down cold. But the eyes of a few had caught the gleam.

"The Jewish State" appeared; it was the child of his travail, which explained the position of the Jew in the world and set forth Herzl's program of amelioration and redemption.

I believe that I understand anti-Semitism, which is really a highly complex movement. I consider it from a

Jewish standpoint, yet without fear or hatred. I believe that I can see what elements there are in it of vulgar sport, of common trade jealousy, of inherited prejudice, of religious intolerance, and also of pretended self-defense. I think the Jewish question is no more a social than a religious one, notwithstanding that it sometimes takes these and other forms. It is a national question, which can only be solved by making it a political world-question, to be discussed and controlled by the civilized nations of the world in council.

We are a people—One people.

We have honestly endeavored everywhere to merge ourselves in the social life of surrounding communities, and to preserve only the faith of our fathers. It has not been permitted to us. In vain are we loyal patriots, our loyalty in some places running to extremes; in vain do we make the same sacrifices of life and property as our fellow-citizens; in vain do we strive to increase the fame of our native land in science and art, or her wealth by trade and commerce. In countries where we have lived for centuries we are still cried down as strangers, and often by those whose ancestors were not yet domiciled in the land where Jews had already made experience of suffering. The majority may decide which are the strangers; for this, as indeed every point which arises in the commerce of nations, is a question of might. I do not here surrender any portion of our prescriptive right, for I am making this statement merely in my own name as an individual. In the world of to-day, and for an indefinite period it will probably remain so, might

precedes right. Therefore it is useless for us to be loyal patriots,[1] as were the Huguenots who were forced to emigrate. If we could only be left in peace . . .

But I think we shall not be left in peace.

The Jewish question [he says in his introduction to his work] is a remnant of the Middle Ages, which civilized nations do not even yet seem able to shake off, try as they will. They certainly showed a generous desire to do so when they emancipated us. The Jewish question exists wherever Jews live in perceptible numbers. Where it does not exist, it is carried by the Jews in the course of their migrations. We naturally move to those places where we are not persecuted, and there our presence produces persecution. This is the case in every country, and will remain so, even in those most highly civilized—France itself being no exception—till the Jewish question finds a solution on a political basis. The unfortunate Jews are now carrying anti-Semitism into England; they have already introduced it into America.

Assimilation will not solve the problem; the non-Jew will not tolerate it; the Jew does not want it.

But the distinctive nationality of Jews neither can, will, nor must be destroyed. It cannot be destroyed,

[1] That is, useless from the point of view of breaking down anti-Semitism. The Jew had been a patriot wherever he lived. Jews served the state, fought on the field of battle, and enriched the life of the lands where they made their home. But all this had not solved the problem of Jew hatred.

because external enemies consolidated it. It will not be destroyed; this it has shown during 2,000 years of appalling suffering. It must not be destroyed. . . . Whole branches of Judaism may wither and fall, but the trunk remains.

No human being is wealthy or powerful enough to transplant a nation from one habitation to another. An idea alone can compass that; and this idea of a State may have the requisite power to do so. The Jews have dreamed this kingly dream all through the long nights of their history. "Next year in Jerusalem" is their old phrase. Now comes the opportunity to prove that the dream may be converted into a living reality.

For this, many old, outgrown, confused and limited notions must first be entirely erased from the minds of men. Dull brains might, for instance, imagine that this exodus would be from civilized regions into the desert. That is not the case. It will be carried out in the midst of civilization. We shall not revert to a lower stage, we shall rise to a higher one. We shall not dwell in mud huts; we shall build newer and more beautiful houses, and possess them in safety. We shall not lose our acquired possessions; we shall realize them. We shall surrender our well-earned rights only for greater privileges. We shall not sacrifice our beloved customs; we shall find them again. We shall not leave our old home before the new is prepared for us. Those only will depart who are sure thereby to improve their position; those who are now desperate will go first, after them the poor; next the prosperous, and, last of all, the opulent. The precursors will raise themselves to a higher grade, equal

to that class whose representatives will shortly follow. Thus, the exodus will be at the same time an ascent of the classes.

Security for the integrity of the idea and the vigor of its execution will be found in the creation of a body corporate, or corporation. This corporation will be called "The Society of Jews." In addition to it there will be a Jewish Company, a self-supporting, paying body.

The work created a sensation. A friend joked with him about it. Told him he wanted a copy bound. "And if you are *meshugge* [crazy], you should be bound too!" Herzl answers, "Who wants to be right in thirty years must be thought crazy the first two weeks." He did not minimize the task before him. He wrote: "To bring all the Jews under one hat will be the devil's own job, especially since each Jew has a head of his own."

But he had spoken the word which fired the Jewries of the world. He became from that time on the evangel who preached the gospel of redemption. It was not a fantasy in the clouds having to do with life after this life; it was bound to earth—bound as all Messianic dreams of the Jew are—he would create in the here and now. His message of redemption had nothing to do with creeds and theologies; it had to do with bruised and broken bodies, with heavy human hearts and stunted lives—these the

bodies of his brethren he would take in his own arms, to these hearts and lives he would bring opportunity and freedom and peace!

From then on he moves back and forth across the Continent of Europe, talking with kings and princes, the unacknowledged spokesman of his people, challenging the sense of justice of the nations and charging Jewish life with a new dignity and consciousness of power.

Within the ghetto before the days of Herzl the leaven of the new learning had been working. Voices had been raised in the plea for enlightenment. Hebrew had been revived as a written language in which the latter-day poets and novelists had expressed themselves. The movement known as the Chovevi Zion had come into being with the ideal purpose of keeping alive the love of Zion and the dream of its restoration; with the practical purpose of helping the few brave colonists who, through the generosity of Baron Edmonde de Rothschild, had ventured to the Holy Land, there to make anew their homes. Moses Hess, a German rabbi, had already written his "Rome and Jerusalem" in which he pointed out the existence of the Jewish nationality and declared that the misery of the Jew through the ages was the fact that nowhere that nationality had a home.

Hirsch Kalischer pleaded for a settlement of Jews in Palestine as a religious obligation. Perez Smolenskin, a leader of the "Enlightenment" movement —the attempt to spread the achievements of European culture through the medium of the Hebrew language—had charged the movement with the stamp of prophetic Jewish nationalism. The Jewish people are eternal, he had thundered! Leo Pinsker, the immediate forerunner of Theodor Herzl, believing that the Jewish people must free itself, wrote his powerful essay "Auto-Emancipation." You must claim your heritage as a people, he declared. Governments know Jews only as *individuals;* the existence of a Jewish *people* is not known to them. Even if individual Jews within the states were granted rights of citizenship, the Jewish people would still be disfranchised among the nations. These powerful voices lifted in the ghetto, while they exerted an influence among groups like the "Lovers of Zion," failed to rouse the Jewish masses. How could the disinherited Jews of eastern Europe assert their nationalism in the face of such persecution? How could they assert political rights as a people when they had no such rights even as individuals? After all, these were ghetto voices. The ghetto, beaten so long, distrusted itself. The leader must come from without its walls; one who did not speak

with the too familiar ghetto accents; one who had the charm of the unfamiliar. This is often the case in Jewish life, that the masses of our people frequently heed the challenging cry of the stranger Jew who can obtain a hearing for the Jewish cause among the nations.

Theodor Herzl did not know Hess and Pinsker, nor any of the Jewish protagonists of the renaissance. He was divorced from the masses of Jewish life. Yet he came to the same conclusion with reference to the philosophy of Jewish history as did they; and he went farther: he gave their ideal of national restoration an organization and a program, something definite to work for.

Herzl came to the conclusion that the tragedy of Jewish life had been that the Jews had lost the dignity which comes from the possession of a national life. The Jews of the east, while they were people-conscious, tempered their despair by their hope for the coming of the Messiah, and daily waited for his coming to redeem them; the Jews of the west had completely lost contact with the masses of the Jewish people and had no consciousness of peoplehood. In the sorrow of their lives the frustrated Jews of the east threw themselves into the study of their literature and traditions. They came to regard themselves not as a definite people with holy and inevitable

claims to the destiny of peoplehood, but as the *Nidche Israel*—"The Scattered of Israel." "Remove the reproach that has fallen upon us!"—how the ritual of the synagogue and daily prayer-book ring with that cry so poignantly sad. And somewhere in every Jewish home there was the *Zecher Churban*, the remembrance of the destruction of Jerusalem, of the Jewish national life—a bit of unfinished plaster, a broken brick, an unpainted wall—silent mementos of the sorrow of a people, yet eloquent testimony of its hope for redemption. The doctrine of the Church had been: make the position of the Jew as miserable as possible; then the Jew would be living and eloquent testimony to the truth of the Church and vindication of Jesus' message: "Tarry then till I come." And the Church proceeded to carry out this doctrine in twenty centuries of persecution. The Jew, because of the perpetual misery of his lot, then lost all apprehension of his rightful place among the peoples. The non-Jewish world also looked upon the Jewish people as the dispersed and scattered fragments of a once great people, to whom no government owed any obligation other than that which it might graciously condescend to give. And up to Herzl the Jews themselves suffered this attitude to continue. Their protests were in the name of justice and humanity. It is true that individual Jews in time

of trouble knocked at the back doors of the chancelleries of the world but they made no claim as a people. In the west they had been emancipated as individuals in the forward-looking liberal states, but they had not been emancipated as a people. The national soul was still pitifully unexpressed. Herzl believed the need of the Jew was emancipation as a people; that the Jewish people must be given opportunity to express their national genius under free conditions; that everywhere the Jew was a guest and that somewhere he should be host. Just as an individual has that which we call, for want of a better word, a soul, the highest expression of the personality, so a people has a soul. Other peoples lived a normal, natural life because they had a center, a homeland for their national soul, a land where they lived under conditions which they themselves had created. Only the Jewish people were scattered among the nations. They had no center, no homeland for their national soul. This anomalous condition of the Jewish people gave rise to much of Christian misunderstanding and Jewish misery. Give the Jewish people the same opportunity as the other peoples of the earth, give the Jewish people a national homeland where they can live a normal life as a people under conditions which the Jew himself shall determine! And where else but in the land which has claimed his

loyalty and devotion, though the Jew has been separated from it for nearly two thousand years.

Herzl had caught the passion of Jewish life. In the silence of his room he wept for his people and anguished over them. There came into his heart the deepest sense of the brotherhood of Israel which neither time, nor circumstance, nor distance can utterly efface.

Du bruder im Dunkel, was drängt mich zu dir
Und drängst auch dich ich fühl' es zu mir?
Du kennst mich nicht und ich kenn' dich nicht;
Doch etwas in unseren Herzen spricht:
Er ist dein Bruder! Ihn liebe!

O thou brother out there in the overwhelming darkness of life, what is this mystic tie that draws me to you and draws you to me? You do not know me nor do I know you; yet something whispers both to you and to me: He is your brother; love him!

Like many another Jew, Herzl had wandered far from his people; he had tried to forget, to be as others; he had been an imitator, a clown, he had not been himself. And like many another Jew, he too had been unhappy, harassed, and had found no peace. Now he came home to the bosom of the mother people who had nurtured him, who had "determined" him even before he was born!

Perhaps Herzl did not dream of the profound effect "The Jewish State" would have. Within three months of its publication the entire world had heard his voice. From a rather popular Austrian journalist and playwright living in Paris, he had become the voice of the Jewish people. Within six months the modern Zionist organization came into being. Never had an appeal to the masses been so quickly answered. It was the word and the moment they had waited. In Sofia he was welcomed by a deputation of Jews and hailed as a leader. The Jewish students of Vienna offered to coöperate in the organization of a "Society of Jews," as he had suggested. Prayers of gratitude and offers of assistance came from the crowded centers of Jewry in the east. With pathetic eagerness these ghetto Jews turned to him, hailed him as their savior. He was one who could understand their need and whose voice would be heard. Herzl was brought to England by Zangwill to speak before the Maccabeans in July, 1896. This effete group of Jews who had "arrived" greeted him warmly as an individual but did not welcome his proposals. Five days later he spoke at a meeting in the East End of London and was given a rousing reception. These Jews were nearer the heart of Jewry.

Within one year the first Zionist Congress, the realization of Herzl's "Society of Jews," was held at

Basel in August, 1897, and adopted the Basel program which is the aim of the Zionist Organization to-day: to achieve for the Jewish people a publicly recognized, legally assured home in Palestine. This was the forum where the Jew could meet as a people and discuss the problems of his people; the Congress was the will of the people which represented the national will and could speak to the world with more authority than any individual. Out of his own pocket he financed a journal, "Die Welt" ("The World"), which served as the official organ of the world Zionist body.

To the Jewries of Eastern Europe Herzl was the voice of their hope; now the dreams and prayers of centuries were to be given substance and reality. It was different in the west. The consciousness of Jewish peoplehood had shrunk, died out. They were comfortable, these emancipated western Jews. They knew no pogrom nor threat to life and property. Herzl got little help from the west.

Herzl believed that all the high hopes for the progress of free democracy which had been given utterance in the shibboleths of the French Revolution and the movements of 1830 and 1848, and had inspired men to greet the nineteenth century as the dawn of a new era, had failed. He pointed out Jewish disabilities and prejudice still existing in the west

which the machinery of democratic government had not destroyed. He pointed to discrimination and anti-Semitism and the Dreyfus trial. His opponents in the west declared they had not failed, and pointed to the greater political rights of the Jew in England, France, and Germany. Herzl replied that the walls of the physical ghetto had been razed, but that they were still compelled to live in a spiritual ghetto, for all that they were citizens in the land of their adoption; that under their correct frockcoats and fine manners they still had ghetto hearts!

Individuals among the "Emancipated" Jews of the west enrolled under the banner of the Zionist Organization, but the bulwark of his support came from the east. For an emancipation was taking place also in the east, though it was of another sort. It was the emancipation from the ghetto psychology. It was not an emancipation from food-restrictions, from dress peculiarities, and from Yiddish; it was an emancipation of the Jewish soul which gave it a new sense of dignity, of self-expression, of power.

The next eight years of his life, all that Herzl lived, he gave to his people who had claimed him.

Herzl made the chancelleries of the world listen to the voice of the Jew not as an *individual* but as a *people*. The nations through his effort came to re-

gard the Zionist Congress as the authentic voice and will of the Jewish masses. Was it the madness of man or the madness of God which caused this Jewish dreamer, "who had behind him neither prestige, money, a potential army, a land, nor a united people," to demand a hearing before kaiser, czar, and sultan? It was not through the so-called representative Jews that he was given audience. As Marvin Lowenthal in his review of Herzl's diaries ("Menorah Journal," 1924) points out:

> Not the Jew Malvono, the actual power in the Italian Foreign Office, led him to Victor Emmanuel, but Count Lippay, the accidental acquaintance of a Venetian café. Not the "great" Jews close to the German court, but the chaplain of the English embassy in Vienna brought him face to face with von Bülow and the Kaiser. It was Newlinski, a declassé Polish diplomat, who first prepared him the way to the Sultan, and Mme. Korwin-Piatrowska, a "charmante" Polish pacifist, who brought him to von Plehve. Only in England the Jews who were in a position to help actually did so; only there was Herzl's position even on this minor count of prestige comparable to that of a normal state-builder; and, perhaps significantly, only there he achieved his modicum of success.

Interesting indeed are the interviews in Rome which Herzl's diaries so piquantly describe. They

throw light on many subsequent events. He was introduced first to Cardinal Merry del Val, for years adviser of the Vatican in foreign affairs. Herzl asked for "a declaration in an encyclical that he (the Pope) has no objections to Zionism, providing the holy places are extraterritorialized." The Cardinal answered: "So long as the Jews deny the divinity of Christ, we cannot declare ourselves in your favor. Not that we wish you ill. On the contrary, the Church has always protected you, for in our eyes you are a necessary witness of the past."

He had audience with Pius X and laid his request before him.

"We could not favor this movement. We cannot impede the return of the Jews to Jerusalem—but we could not sanction it. The ground of Jerusalem is forever holy and sanctified through the life of Jesus Christ. As the head of the Church, I cannot answer you otherwise. The Jews have not recognized our Lord, therefore we cannot recognize the Jewish people."

Herzl: "But we need a land for the persecuted of our people!"

The Pope: "Must it be Jerusalem?"

Herzl: "Do you know, Holy Father, the situation of the Jews?"

The Pope: "We are praying for you—that your

spirit be enlightened. This very day the Church holds the feast of an unbeliever that became converted to the true faith in a miraculous manner—on the road toward Damascus. And so, too, if you come to Palestine and your people settle there, we will have churches and priests prepared in readiness to baptize you all."

There were the memorable interviews with Sultan Abdul Hamid. It is quite certain that at one time in the negotiations, which extended over a period of years and brought Herzl to Constantinople many times, he was at the very brink of success. The Sultan in return for £10,000,000 would have granted considerable concessions and guarantees that would have preceded by fifteen years the Balfour Declaration of 1917, in which Britain declared that she looked with favor upon the establishment in Palestine of a national homeland for the Jewish people. It is to the everlasting shame of the wealthy Jews of the world that this help in this crucial hour was not forthcoming; that they were content to let matters rest; that they did not have either the wisdom or the feeling to sense the greatness of the opportunity. Herzl did not have enough financial backing. The negotiations fell through. He had glimpsed the promised land; he could not enter

it. It remains to be seen whether the lesson learned in 1902 will profit the wealthy Jews of to-day, many of whose spokesmen are high in the councils of the Jewish Agency.

Meanwhile the massacres of Kishenev and Gomel had horrified the world. Herzl despaired. Russian Jewry, seething caldron of repressed ideals, of spirits bruised yet indomitable; Russian Jewry, whose backs had borne the brunt of the battle but who remained true to the traditions of their faith, scorning to compromise; Russian Jewry, the chosen burden-bearers of the chosen people, amid its tears and wailing and mass mourning for the mass murder of men and women and helpless children—rose and demanded that something be done. Their cup of sorrow was flowing over.

Herzl was frantic. These hopes he had raised, were they to be crushed to earth? This will to live as a people, was it to be denied forever? He turned from one place to another. Only in England did he find that practical expression of sympathy and support which, after all, counts. England offered the best that was in its power at that time—a portion of its East African possession, Uganda.

Herzl was in a quandary. The Basel Congress of the Zionist Organization met in August, 1903. He

laid the British proposals before the Congress. Heartbreaking discussions followed. There was only one land which the masses of the Jews wished to make their national homeland, the land of their Bible; the land of their longing and their prayers—Palestine. But Jewish need was immediate and Palestine was not now within their reach. Here was an offer of present help. Even his friends turned against him. They accused him of surrendering Palestine; of disloyalty to the cause of Jewry. Feeling ran high. He suffered as many another leader has suffered; he was torn between the hopes he had raised and the realities life set before him. Like some ancient king, with his great head, his high forehead, his long black beard, his flashing eyes, he dominated the conference. "It is not necessary to accept Uganda forthwith. Let a commission be sent to investigate conditions there. Should we decide to accept it, it is only 'a shelter in the night,' one more stopping-place in the wilderness." And he closed his address with the phrase from Psalm 137, words that pious Jews uttered out of the depths of their beleaguered and driven hearts, "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem."

It was Herzl's last Congress. The strain of his labors had worn down that stalwart body. He died within the year.

Theodor Herzl was the physician of the Jewish people; he diagnosed their ailment and attempted a cure. That he did not succeed in his attempt is no fault of his own. To some Jews and Christians, even his diagnosis was wrong. Our judgment depends upon our interpretation of Jewish life and history and purpose, and, too, in great measure upon our capacity to feel emotionally with the masses of the Jewish people.

Herzl died twenty-five years ago, but the power of the Jewish soul which he released, which he organized and massed behind the movement to rebuild Palestine, marches on. The age-old dream of the Jew to restore the Holy Land has been lifted these latter years out of the realm of visions and unrealities and into the realm of practical politics. The pathetic love of the Jew for the soil of the Holy Land, a love which never died in all the centuries of his ghetto experience, has now been given opportunity to express itself in more substantial ways than in tears and lamentations and poems. In 1917 the British Government issued the Balfour Declaration which pledged that great empire to the work of Palestine restoration as a national Jewish homeland. A few years later the Council of the League of Nations ratified the British Mandate over Palestine. Mean-

while the labor of reconstruction has gone on. Swamps have been drained and cleared, disease driven out, vineyards and groves of citrus and olive trees planted, and the desert made to bloom. A Hebrew University has already been established whose open doors have welcomed Christian and Arab as well as Jew. The Jewish Agency for Palestine, representing Jews of all kinds and classes, has been established; the Agency is the world organization of Jews provided for in the Mandate which is to cooperate with the mandatory power in carrying out the terms of the Balfour Declaration. It will not be easy to fulfill this dream of *Zion ha-Benuiah*—"Zion Rebuilt." Many problems are involved; but patience, sympathy, hard work, and sacrifice will solve them. The land can be made fruitful and productive; Arab friendship and coöperation can be won; Palestine can be restored as the creative center of Jewish life. Herzl's dream, the dream of the Jewish people, is not impossible of fulfillment if the Jews of the world rise to the occasion.

This is the dream of "Zion Rebuilt": that on the soil of Palestine there shall be fulfilled the fondest hopes of a Jewish renaissance. To Palestine shall come Jewish scholars, thinkers, dreamers, artists, workers and laborers from the four corners of the earth. They shall come there as to a shrine. Rooted in

the soil of Palestine and flourishing under the stimulus of historic association, the true genius of the Jew will find complete expression, that genius which walks with God with mind and heart and soul. New philosophies of life grounded in the Jewish *Weltanschauung* shall discover grander truths for man; new psalms shall be written whose exaltation shall once more lead a tired, yearning world to prayer; and latter-day prophets shall be born to challenge the moral and social and religious conscience of the world. "Not by might and not by power," not by bayonet and bullet and bloodshed, but by the spirit of kindliness and understanding, by the spirit of sacrifice and faith shall this dream of the Jew be fulfilled!

Herzl made the world listen to the Jew as a people. He made the nations to accept the Jew as a people. He aroused the world and particularly the Jews of the world to serious thinking on the condition of the Jew. He forced drifting, let-well-enough-alone Jews to realize their position and define their status; he created a forum for the discussion of world Jewish problems; he united the masses of Israel in loyalty to a national destiny; he created institutions for the restoration of Jewish national life; he brought a new dignity to the name Jew and claimed and received

new respect for his people from the nations of the earth; he gave new impulse to the development of the Hebrew language and Jewish culture. Herzl was the great revivalist of modern Jewish life!

But the movement to which he gave birth can do more for the Jew and the world than even Herzl himself conceived that it might do.

We live in a world of intense nationalisms. The deep, unreasoning loyalties of nationalism are used as the motivating force for most of the wars that devastate the earth and the lives of men. But nationalism cannot be ordered out of the world by the fiat of the Third International. Nationalism is here to stay. It is a force in our civilization which must be reckoned with. We must dominate it or it will dominate us. We can and must spiritualize it. Nationalism rises out of the accumulated experiences of the past of a people and expresses itself in a people's hopes and dreams. It is the plus quantity in the life of the nations. It differentiates them and makes them what they are. It cannot be crushed; it cannot be killed. Repress it and it flares up and burns its way like some smoldering fire waiting air and light and opportunity to become a raging conflagration.

Our present-day world conceives of nationalism in political terms, in terms of empire and sovereignty. The Jewish conception of nationalism is different.

It covets no vast acreage. True it centers on Palestine because of that land's historic association with the Jewish people. But it is content to make its home there among the Arabs, asking only that it be guaranteed the right to fix the conditions of its own life without interference from or interfering with the life of the Arab population. Jewish nationalism seeks the opportunity to express the soul of the Jewish people in terms of institutions, culture, and civilization. This is the new conception of nationalism which the Zionist movement expresses and which holds a lesson for our world. Nationalism is a spiritual thing; it is not bound up with extensive territory nor boundaries and all the trappings of empire. Nationalism should not express itself in terms of economic aggrandizement and military glory. That was the old nationalism. The political and economic aspects of the new nationalism are but the instruments the national idea employs; they are not the end. The end of the new nationalism is the fullest expression of the national soul in the creation of those customs, philosophies, and institutions of life which enrich civilization. The old nationalism divided the peoples; the new nationalism will unite them. Out of the very duty and loyalty it demands for itself will come the recognition of the duty and loyalty which each people owes to its own

soul. The old nationalism degraded man; the new nationalism will exalt him, because each nation, giving only of its highest and best, may ask those things of right from the others. The old nationalism destroyed; the new nationalism will create; it will create the new world which will recognize the reason for differences among the peoples, but will not tolerate jealousy and prejudice and hate based on those differences. The old nationalism made for war; the new nationalism will make for peace!

Herzl once said: "I believe we have given something to the Jewish people; to the young, a hope; to the old, a dream; to all men something beautiful." The hope he gave still inspires; the dream he dreamed for his people is on the way to realization; the beauty he brought still beckons to the Jewish masses as the most blessed thing life can offer, and to the world at large as something mystic, compelling, challenging. He defined the problem of Jewish life which faces not only the Jewish people but all the peoples: the problem of the emancipation of the Jew as a *people*. He made it an obligation not only of the Jew but of the non-Jew to share in the solution of that problem. The details of his program no longer concern us. But when he cast the fate of his people into the drama of history, when he pleaded

for the renationalization of the Jew, he discovered, though he himself probably did not realize it, the true meaning and function of nationalism as the profoundest spiritual experience of a people. He set the compass; he pointed the direction. The nations must hold that course!